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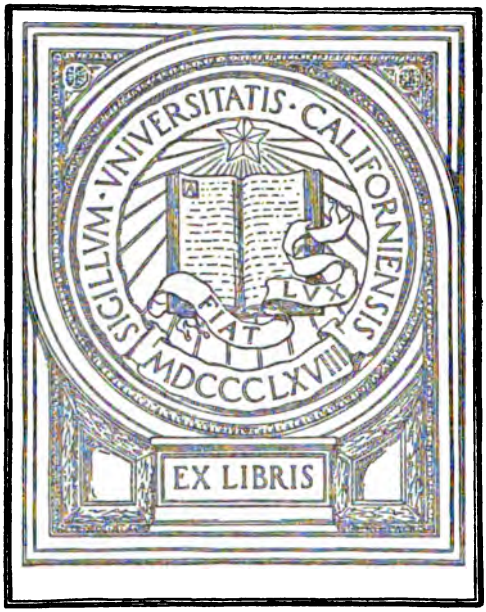
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Yours truly
Thos. H Genin

SELECTIONS

FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS HODGKIN, M.D.

WITH A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY [illegible]

EDWARD HOPKINS, PRINTER,
NEW YORK
1866

Thos. H Genin

SELECTIONS

FROM

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OF THE LATE

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THERE have been two and a-half centuries of American history. The remote historian—going over the annals of this period with that judicial temper which only distance in time from its conflicts, prejudices and passions, makes possible—will recognize therein three Epochs, whereof the conspicuous events are, the Plymouth Settlement; the Declaration of Independence; and the Emancipation Proclamation.

To the first Epoch belong the names of Robinson, Carver, Standish and their peers: their work was the establishment of the Puritan Commonwealth of Massachusetts. To the second belong the names of Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Washington and their peers: their work was the making of a new Nation, nominally, and, in many particulars, actually founded on the principle of Liberty and Human Equality before the Law. To the third belong the names of Lundy, Garrison, Lincoln, Grant and their peers: their work was to make Actual the Ideal given in the Declaration of Independence, involving, through the War of Rebellion, the Abolition of Slavery, and the recognition of the Civil and Political Rights of men regardless of distinctions of race or color. The multitude of events—the conflicts, heroic deeds, warring of parties, and, in the average result, triumphs of right over wrong—which make the bulk of our strange history, all group themselves under, and serve to exemplify one or another of these Three Epochs.

The Third Epoch began with the agitation of the Slavery Question, bringing the great war, and culminating in National

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Reconstruction on the basis of Liberty. This history cannot be written during the present generation. The pen that accurately describes the events of the last half century, must be remote from its passions, its anxieties, its party affiliations and its triumphs. At this date we can do little more than give the Coming Historian the material on which to work. This material is largely in the lives and the works of its pioneer thinkers and laborers. To furnish such material is in part the object sought in this volume. We say in part, for chief among our aims is the presenting a Memorial of great Personal Worth.

In giving names of representatives of different phases of what we call the Third Epoch of American History, we mention Lundy, Garrison, Lincoln and Grant. Of these the two first named are pioneers. This volume will give the Biography and Literary Remains of one who was directly a co-laborer with Benjamin Lundy, and indirectly with William Lloyd Garrison in the early agitation of the question of Slavery in the Southern States; and who lived to see that, at first, most unpopular enterprise, triumph on the field, and become vital and fixed in National and State Legislation.

In the sense of calling attention to the wrong of American Slavery, it would be difficult to determine who are entitled to the praise of being pioneers. Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, and other friends of their race, did this. So palpable an evil could not fail to stir the hearts and inspire the tongues and the pens of good men brought into contact with it. An Anti-Slavery Society was organized in Philadelphia in 1775, with Benjamin Franklin for President, and Benjamin Rush for Secretary. John Jay and Alexander Hamilton were successively presidents of a similar organization in New York. Organizations seeking the same end sprung up in several of the other States—among these Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. The resistance to the admission of Missouri as a Slave State in 1819, was due to the work of these Anti-slavery organizations.

Opposition to Slavery, however, prior to the opening of the present century, can hardly be regarded as particularly unpopular. It certainly raised no strong antagonism. It was not accompanied with mobs and social ostracism. Whitney's invention of the Cotton-Gin gave a new importance to the institution; and the value of slaves as products in the market greatly increased. Then, as never before, avarice came to the defence of the "peculiar institution." The public and the private conscience was debauched. And an attitude of hostility to the "sum of all villanies," was to invite persecution. The State gave it legal support. The Church, with here and there a noble exception, succumbed to it. And to be an avowed Abolitionist was to be a martyr.

We characterize as the real pioneers the men who took a position in opposition to Slavery and organized against it, at the time *when it cost great sacrifices to do this.* The men who in defense of the slave were content to be hissed, hooted, stoned and practically outlawed;—they who at great cost of social position and personal outrage, plead for those in bonds as bound with them, "despising the shame," are *the* Pioneers of the Third Epoch of American History, whereof Reconstruction, on the basis of liberty for all, is the culmination and crown. Of this host of worthies, Benjamin Lundy was first in the order of time—though the antipathy towards him was not so bitter as towards his successors, particularly Mr. Garrison. Among his first and most constant coadjutors, was Thomas Hedges Genin.

In the year 1780, Gen. Rochambeau, in command of a French army, came to this country to operate against England by co-operating with Gen. Washington in the war for American Independence. He reached Rhode Island in the month of July. In the Commissary Department, serving as clerk, was a young man, a native of Labeurville, in the Diocese of Verdun, in France—John Nicholas Genin. He was 25 years old. Here he married an American wife, who, however, did not long survive. For a second wife he married Sarah Hedges, of East Hampton, Long Island—a grave and

thoughtful woman. She was six feet and one inch in height —three inches taller than her husband; and was well-proportioned and straight "as an arrow." The husband was a very impetuous, yet rigidly honest and considerately kind man. Their son, THOMAS HEDGES GENIN—the subject of this sketch —was born March 23, 1796, near Aquebogue, Suffolk County, on Long Island. In his third year his mother died. In May, 1810, his father died. The son at the age of fourteen did not inherit large property. The sale of the small farm left, after paying all the debts, the sum of one hundred and ten dollars. He had, however, secured what was better — a fair education for the day and the community. He enumerates among his attainments, "a good knowledge of arithmetic; so much of mathematics as relates to surveying and navigation; some knowledge from general reading, and a little grammar." He also specifies, in a characteristic strain, "a few vulgar errors, and abundance of room in the world." One of the "vulgar errors" was the notion of "the indispensability of an academy or college to one's erudition, as if a man were to be filled like a beer-barrel, or were passive instead of active in the acquisition of knowledge."

He had also what was better than education even: a royal nature; a conscience sensitive to right, and resistless in keeping him up to the full letter of what he deemed his duty; a vigorous intellect, which served him, and through him, the community, in the advocacy of truths which the world, slow to receive, most needed to know and apply; an industrious turn of mind that made his whole life a career of useful and cheerful toil; and a simplicity of taste, making his wants few, and securing for him a large independence of fortune—giving him the means of greater usefulness.

While perplexed with what he called one of his "vulgar errors" in regard to academic and college training, he received an invitation from William Woodhull, Esq., of Chester, New Jersey, to reside with him. This gentleman had married his grand-aunt. Hearing of the orphanage of his grand-nephew, and being informed that in a recent religious excitement, in which the boys held prayer-meetings, young Genin had "dis-

tinguished himself," he was kindly moved towards him. Judge Woodhull graduated from Princeton College before the Revolution. For twelve years he had been a Presbyterian minister. At different times he obliged the wealthy and relieved the poor by giving instruction.

On making his home with his newly-found uncle, young Genin lamented his lack of college education. His patron at once became interested in him; and he gave him what information he could impart in regard to college studies. Genin became student, and his patron instructor, at once. On the second day after his arrival, he "recited" a long lesson. The uncle was so pleased that he accompanied the nephew through several sciences the following six months.

The regrets he experienced in consequence of his lack of college education were remembered in after days, with no little vexation, satisfied, as he became, that the occasion was but a "vulgar error." Later in life, while writing of an idolized son—whom he insisted on educating himself—he gives vent to his feelings and his conviction in a paragraph so full of force, that we must transcribe it in this connection:

"The vulgar error that one cannot learn but at school is the cause of much ignorance. The teacher, like a finger board at the fork of a road, is useful, but not indispensable. The one and the other merely point the course. The pupil must do the labor of study or travel. Poverty is not an 'unconquerable bar,' and its inconveniences are more than counterbalanced by its incentives to exertion. The rich may feel the spur of ambition, but it does not propel with the force of poverty. The efficient student who feels no need of exertion for a livelihood has merit as superior as labor from choice is to labor from necessity, or acts of affection to those of interest. There are some of all classes who will not try to learn; and as they cannot be filled with knowledge as a barrel is filled with a pitcher and funnel, they remain ignorant. The wealthy may waste money on such, but the industrious and frugal middle class deserves a better fate than to be taxed to help those who will not help themselves. A general respect for intellectual acquirements induces exertions in the student.

This is the basis of all successful mental culture of a people. They must not exalt the ignorant, and neglect the intelligent, if they would promote education or the public interests. The people have more need of the services of the wise than the wise of the notice of the people. Whether education be public or private, success depends on the will and exertion of the pupil. The advantages of either mode are nearly equal. If by the private there is less contamination from evil example, there is less knowledge acquired of human nature, and consequently less capacity for successful intercourse with the world. Dr. Johnson remarks of *Don Quixote* that he was frequently outwitted and imposed upon by Sancho Panza, though inferior in mind, because Sancho possessed a meanness which the Don did not suspect existed in human nature. A knowledge of what is possible is necessary in order to judge of what is probable."

Genin was destined for the law, but before making discovery of the fact, he tried various kinds of industry. In the spring of 1811 he entered a dry-goods store in New Brunswick, to ascertain how he "liked the business." It did not come up to his wishes. He grew impatient to revisit his native Long Island. He went there in March. He taught a school one month at Patchogue, and three months at Orient. His next change was to New York, where he went with letters from Augustus Griffin to Elisha W. King. Mr. King recommended him to Joseph Strong as a clerk or a student-at-law.

His avocation was now fixed. He was to be a lawyer. He remained with Mr. Strong two years. He completed his legal term with Charles Baldwin, whom he describes as "a ripe old bachelor, who, to influence the negotiations at Ghent, in 1814–15, introduced a bill for New York to raise 10,000 men for the United States." In what capacity Mr. Baldwin was serving, that he could "introduce a bill," we are not informed.

While in the law office of Mr. Baldwin, Genin made the acquaintance of New York's greatest Statesman, De Witt Clinton, who had frequent occasion to visit there in the character of a client. On one of these visits, the eye of this distinguished man fell on a manuscript translation of six cantos of

the poem of Quintus Calaber, on the war of Troy. The translation was made by Richard Alsop, and had been left with Genin for his perusal. In a humorous vein, Clinton, suspecting the law-student might be the translator, asked Baldwin "the extent of poetical perpetrations in this office." From this circumstance, quite an intimacy was started between young Genin and De Witt Clinton. Some of Baldwin's pleadings had been prepared by his student; and these Clinton examined, and expressed himself much pleased with them.

In the spring of 1816, Genin, at the age of twenty, became a lawyer in due form, by admission to the bar in New York. Among his papers we find an official document, with the bold signature of Daniel D. Tompkins, dated, April 3, 1816, appointing Thomas H. Genin to the office of Public Notary for the State of New York. In the August following he was married to Miss Ann Hillard, of Randolph, New Jersey. A year after opening an office in New York, he moved to St. Clairsville, Ohio, which ever after was his home.

The warm recommendation of so eminent a man as De Witt Clinton could not fail to secure him friends. Among these was the Hon. Charles Hammond. This gentleman was, at the time of Mr. Genin's arrival in St. Clairsville, about moving to Cincinnati. It is an evidence of his estimate of the moral and intellectual worth of the young stranger, that on his resigning the office of Master Commissioner in Chancery, at his recommendation the Court appointed Mr. Genin to that responsible office. The mark of honesty and fidelity must have been very conspicuous in his face, for during the twenty-six years he was Master Commissioner in Chancery, he was never required to give bonds. It was of course optional with the Court to make this demand. As large sums of money passed through the hands of the officer, it was usual to require bonds. We hardly need say that Mr. Genin never betrayed the confidence placed in him. We may add here, that Mr. Genin never forgot his friend and benefactor, Mr. Hammond.

Our sketch thus far embraces salient facts in Mr. Genin's career to the date of his majority. At the age of twenty-one

he is a lawyer, and has an office in the city of New York. This brings us to the year 1817. It is a memorable date in American history, for the preliminaries of the contest in Congress over the admission of Missouri as a Slave State, are in progress. About this period the agitation of the institution of Slavery, in any form, had become most unpalatable. The Cotton-Gin and avarice had made it so. To take a position as an Abolitionist was to have the doors to "good society" closed. To plead for the slave was to become a social outcast. To take part in the Anti-Slavery movement was to be hated, and to be the object of all manner of evil saying. A man of weak conscience or weak resolution; a man who could tamper with his moral convictions, and frame excuses for evading responsibilities; a man who prizes the world's applause more than the Higher Approbation — would not, by word, look, or act show the Abolitionists sympathy, much less co-operate with them. The file of the *Columbian* for January, 1815, will be found to contain an article calling the Pulpit's attention to Slavery. It was written by Thomas H. Genin, two years before he opened his law office in New York. At this date William Lloyd Garrison, at the age of eleven years, was a "chore boy," living with his mother in Baltimore.

In May, 1818, Mr. Genin—then but twenty-two years of age—delivered an Oration before the "Union Humane Society," in Mount Pleasant, Ohio. It will be found in the proper connexion in this volume—a very earnest and argumentative protest against Slavery. At that date Garrison was serving as an apprentice to a cabinet-maker, in Haverhill, Mass. The letters, speeches and acts of Mr. Genin at this opening of the war upon the petted institution, show that he was deeply sensitive to the essential wickedness of Slavery; that he was reckless of personal considerations in his antagonism to it; and that he was consecrated to the work of emancipation. These simple facts tell the story of his heart, will and character; prove him to have been a man of unselfish fidelity to conviction, and one of the small band of *real* pioneers in the greatest and grandest enterprise of modern history.

In order rightly to estimate Mr. Genin's relations to the Anti-Slavery movement, we must pass in review the history of the work as begun by Benjamin Lundy, and taken up and carried forward by the philanthropist whom history is to place on the highest pedestal of national fame—William Lloyd Garrison.

Benjamin Lundy was born January 4, 1789, in Handwich, N. J. His parents were of the Society of Friends. At the age of nineteen he went to Wheeling, Va., where, serving the first eighteen months as apprentice to a saddler, he lived four years. While here he became an Abolitionist. After a residence of two years in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, he began business as a saddler in St. Clairsville, Belmont County; where, first of the pioneers, he organized an Abolition Society under the name of "Union Humane Society." This devotion to the cause of the slave was too exclusive to admit of worldly prosperity. He literally impoverished himself that he might be of service to those in bonds. His previous labors in his business had earned him a few thousand dollars; but all was lost in his zeal to promote liberty. In January, 1820, he started the first Anti-Slavery publication, *The Genius of Universal Emancipation.* It had a varied history. From Mount Pleasant he took the paper to Greenville, Tenn. From here he took it to Baltimore, where, in 1829, he took William Lloyd Garrison into partnership. Always taking his paper with him, he went from Baltimore to Washington in 1838; from there to Philadelphia in about 1834; to Illinois in 1838; where he died August 22, 1839. Garrison wrote a Sonnet, which shows his estimate of his early co-laborer:

TO BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Self-taught, unaided, poor, reviled, contemned—
  Beset with enemies, by friends betrayed;
As madman and fanatic oft contemned,
  Yet in thy noble cause still undismayed!
Leonidas could not thy courage boast;
  Less numerous were his foes, his band more strong;

Alone, unto a more than Persian host,
  Thou hast undauntedly given battle long.
Nor shalt thou singly wage the unequal strife;
  Unto thy aid, with spear and shield, I rush,
And freely do I offer up my life,
  And bid my heart's blood find a wound to gush!
New volunteers are trooping to the field—
To die we are prepared, BUT NOT AN INCH TO YIELD.

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805—consequently he was nearly seventeen years younger than Lundy. After a childhood and youth of extreme poverty and hardship—trying to learn the art of shoe-making in Lynn; sawing wood from door to door in his native town; doing errands in Baltimore; working as a cabinet apprentice in Haverhill; he at last found something congenial in the printer's art. In 1828, as editor of a paper in Burlington, Vt., when but twenty-three years old, he made a strong Anti-Slavery demonstration in advocating the election of John Quincy Adams as President. In an Oration, July 4, 1829, he made a bold assault on Slavery in Boston. Having formed an acquaintance with Lundy—on occasion of the visit of the latter in 1828 to Boston—he entered into partnership with him in Baltimore in conducting *The Genius of Universal Emancipation.* For an alleged libel on a slave-dealer, he was thrown into prison, from which he was released by Arthur Tappan, who paid the fine and costs. After a period of traveling and lecturing, everywhere producing a profound impression, he started the *Liberator* January 1, 1831; and continued the same till the formal Abolition of Slavery by the Constitutional Amendment.

Mr. Lundy was not an advocate of immediate emancipation. He looked for the result through a gradual process. Mr. Garrison is the pioneer of the cause of immediate, abrupt and universal emancipation. He held and advocated this as a moral conviction—one which admitted of neither truce nor compromise. This gave him peculiar power; and entitles him to the

peculiar honor of being the leader of the American abolition movement.

Some difference of opinion as to the question, whether or not Mr. Garrison was *the* pioneer of the Abolition enterprise, called from Mr. Genin a communication, which appeared in the New York *Independent* for January 2, 1868. As showing the relation of Genin to Lundy, and his interest in the early Anti-Slavery cause, we give here the article slightly condensed. In view of the fact that Garrison had first avowed the doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation, the editor of the *Independent* had said:

"William Lloyd Garrison is the pioneer and founder of the grand moral movement which generated the public sentiment in obedience to which Slavery in the United States was abolished."

Fearing that this might be construed so as to detract from the pioneer claims of his friend Lundy, Mr. Genin replied:

"Mr. Garrison is entitled to very great credit in this matter. I would not detract from him, but would allow the just claims of others. Garrison could have been scarce eleven years old when Benjamin Lundy assembled by his importunity some persons who had virtue in abundance, but rusty for want of use, at the tavern of William Sharpless, in St. Clairsville, Ohio—among them Charles Hammond, subsequently of the Cincinnati *Gazette*—to form an Abolition Association, under the name of 'The Union Humane Society.' The record of their proceedings, in Lundy's hand-writing, is before me. It is without date; but the Thirty-fourth Article of the Constitution they adopted provides that 'all persons who subscribe this Constitution on or before the 20th day of April, 1816, shall meet at Mount Pleasant on that day, for the purpose of organizing the Society.' Under this Constitution, by Lundy's exertions, eight local associations were formed, which sent delegates semi-annually to Mount Pleasant for several years; and the Central Society was represented by delegates to the

Abolition Conventions held in Philadelphia. I was delegate in 1819.

"The inhabitants of St. Clairsville, Ohio, indulged in some pleasantries at Lundy's efforts, in 1818, 1819 and 1820, to sell his little house in that town, for the purpose as he said, of getting the means to publish an Abolition paper. In the latter part of 1820 he arranged to have such a paper printed at Mount Pleasant, called *The Genius of Universal Emancipation.* The following letter of Mrs. Susan M. Wierman, of Magnolia, Putnam County, Ill., eldest daughter of Mr. Lundy, gives its history:

"'MAGNOLIA, February 14, 1867.

"'MR. THOMAS H. GENIN, ESQ.:—My sister, E. S. Griffith, handed to me a letter from you, with a request that I would answer it, as, being the oldest of the family, I would have a better knowledge of the subjects embraced in your questions.

"'1. *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* was commenced at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, on the 21st of January, 1821, and was published there eight months.

"'2. I cannot give the date of the last number published at Greenville, Tenn.; but it was sometime in the summer of 1824.

"'3. The first number published in Baltimore appeared on the 24th of October, 1824; the last I cannot give the date of, but it was about the first of the year 1830. The name of the paper still remained the same, though the form was different; and the greater part of the time it was published in Baltimore it was a weekly paper.

"'4. In the early part of the year 1828 my father visited a large portion of the Middle and Eastern States, lecturing and taking subscriptions for his paper. On this tour he became acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison, whose attention was thus drawn to the subject; and in the fall of the same year father again saw him, and proposed to him to join him in Baltimore; but he was then publishing a paper in Vermont, and could not leave it. But sometime in the summer of 1829 he came on, and entered into partnership with my

father, which lasted only about six months, when Garrison was thrown into prison for an alleged libel on a Yankee captain who was engaged in the slave-trade between Baltimore and New Orleans. After his release he went to Boston, and commenced *The Liberator*. Father continued the *Genius* a few months longer in Baltimore, and then removed to Washington City, about the first of the year 1830, where the paper resumed its old form and again became a monthly. Sometime in 1834 it was removed to Philadelphia, and put in charge of Evan Lewis; and father commenced his extensive journeys through our Southern States, Texas, and Mexico. After his return, he resumed the charge of the *Genius*, and also established a weekly paper, called the *National Enquirer*, devoted mainly to the exposure of the schemes of the slaveholders with respect to the annexation of Texas. This paper was purchased by the Pennslyvania Anti-slavery Society, and on father's retirement to Illinois the name was changed to that of *Pennsylvania Freeman*, and John G. Whittier appointed editor. My father resumed the publication of the *Genius* soon after his arrival here, in 1838; but, owing to difficulty in getting help, paper, etc., he could not issue it very regularly. He had not published more than five or six numbers when his labors were closed by death, on the 22d of August, 1839. The paper was continued, under the name of *Genius of Liberty*, by B. Eastman, our present consul to Bristol, England. It passed through many changes, and is now represented by the *Chicago Tribune*, which may justly claim a lineal descent from the first anti-slavery paper in the United States.

"'5. We have no files of the paper—only a few stray copies. Nearly all the papers we have of any value were given to the Chicago Historical Society, at their request. My father's most valuable papers were nearly all destroyed at the time the Pennsylvania Hall was burned by a mob, in 1838.

"'Truly yours,

"'SUSAN M. WIERMAN.'

"Mr. Lundy sold his house in St. Clairsville, closed his saddlery shop, issued the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*,

devoted himself, soul, body, and business, to the cause of abolition from the year 1815 until his death, in 1839. He published the first abolition paper, commencing in January, 1821, and continued it with little interruption for nineteen years. He lectured and traveled much, and urged others to aid the cause. Not the least of his trophies is his bringing Mr. Garrison into the field. This recruit has done him distinguished honor, though he did not appear in arms until Lundy had been thirteen years engaged—eight years as editor and five as an efficient agitator in other respects.

"THOMAS H. GENIN."

Both Garrison and Lundy could in truth have said, that they knew nothing save the slave and him down-trodden. Their attainments, their talents, their industry, all tended to this great end—the emancipation of those in bonds. For the term of more than a generation, Garrison would suffer no interest to divert him from this one end. He would have no business cares, no social relations, no enmities, no friendships, that directly or indirectly came between him and the poor bondman. He has lived, felt and toiled with an eye single to this glory. He lives to witness a triumph such as seldom comes to the philanthropist in his earthly days.

Mr. Genin was, by the necessity of his nature, compelled to think of many things. To him slavery was the chief of evils, and his antagonism to it enlisted his greatest enthusiasm. But he was a man of business, of varied pursuits; and all public matters arrested his attention. He was always writing—his pen never lay idle. The press—many of the weekly journals near his Ohio home—gave him a vehicle through which he sought to influence the public mind. His mental industry was prodigious. He studied everything. New discoveries, inventions, movements, set him to the task of probing. He had opinions on almost every subject. He was never hasty in his judgments. He took time to search; yet he always searched.

A collection of all his writings would make a running history of the nation for the last half century. The Tariff as a

principle, and all the particular tariffs as measures; Internal Improvements generally and specially; Banking, and particular Banking schemes; Education, and the Common School System; Agriculture; Cheap Postage, and how to make it "pay," and in what ways, apart from money, it "pays;" the Railroad Enterprises, particularly as they affect Ohio; Mobs; the Political Parties; the Democratic Party, in which he saw very little to commend; John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and all the Presidents; Annexation, Secession, and Disunion; the Sciences; Poetry and Poets; Mesmerism and Spiritualism; Criticism and Critics;—in short, what people, as a whole, through the several individuals, think of and write about, Thomas H. Genin, of himself, felt his duty individually to master, and discourse upon. But chief among them, Liberty and Temperance held his attention.

Had it been a possibility for him to concentrate the energies which, in fact, branched out in all directions; could he have given himself wholly to any one great interest—such were his ability, his fidelity, his industry, and his resolution, he would have made a mark upon his age so deep as to have fixed the public eye upon him.

The collection of papers and poems which makes the bulk of this volume will be proof that we have not over-estimated the variety of his gifts, the diversities of his operations, and the persistence of his toil. But the papers which most exhibit his powers are those which deal with the conspicuous enemies of freedom. Dealing with slavery in the *abstract*, he shows sense, foresight, and that prophetic faculty which is ever the sign of the earnest reformer. His oration, delivered before the "Union Humane Society," in 1818, when but twenty-two years of age, is the utterance of a prophet. The style is florid; an honest critic will say somewhat "stilted;" shows the inexperienced rather than the matured rhetorician. It is the warm, impassioned utterance of youth. But it comprehends the slavery question; and is in its essence a history of what came to pass years after it was written.

A year later, the "American Convention for promoting the abolition of Slavery" met in Philadelphia. The eight "Union

Humane Societies," of Ohio, determined to send in a report. Mr. Genin was selected to prepare it—a tribute to his competency from older and more experienced men. It was published in the minutes of the Convention. It shows that a year's experience had toned down his rhetoric. It is practical, forcible, and deals with facts. Its brevity is such that it may fitly be given in this connection, as exhibiting the spirit and vigor and good sense of the writer. It is signed by Thomas H. Genin, *President*, "in behalf of the Society." Considering the date of its appearance, 1819,—years before Garrison's demonstration in New England—it has a historic interest, though it appears here as an important section in the biography of its author:

"The semi-annual meeting of delegates from the eight local Union Humane Societies of the State of Ohio, being desirous of co-operating with the Abolition Societies, in the pursuit of objects so dear to the well-wishers of mankind, is pleased with the opportunity of being represented in their Convention, at a time when humanity has much in jeopardy, when the national legislature is pausing between vice and virtue, when even republican law-givers are undecisive whether slavery should not be sanctioned in their new States, although governments less friendly to liberty are endeavoring to prevent the commerce of blood. The philanthropist will excuse the errors of ignorance, the impertinence of folly, and look with compassion upon the weakness of human nature; he smiles at the stupid simplicity of those who assert that the negroes should be slaves, because they are black or ignorant, though they had no command of their color or education; but has he not cause to weep, if the same want of intelligence and common sense be discovered in the national councils? We have the pleasure to announce to the Convention, that the feeling against slavery is very general in our State; and we have reason to believe, that the constituents of those delegates to Congress, who countenanced the extension of slavery, do not merit the disgrace of that conduct; it has awakened the fears of the people against the call of a convention to amend the constitution of the State; hear-

ing principles so indicative of moral turpitude avowed by men whom they had believed to be friendly to liberty, they are fearful of trusting themselves, and will probably choose to bear with the imperfections of the present constitution, rather than risk it with men whose liability to err is certain, and whose honesty is doubtful. When we contrast the strength of interest with the weakness of virtue with regard to their government of human conduct, we have no reason to be surprised that the latter has not been more successful, but consolation may be reaped from the fact, that in combats between truth and falsehood, though the latter be supported by power, the former will finally triumph; and that the increase of knowledge and piety is the increase of liberty and justice. We have seen the condition of the people of color greatly improved in some States, where avarice tempted less to injustice, by the appointment of a future period when slavery should cease; and since many influential men in the Southern States, seem to dread the difficulties in which slavery is involving their country, perhaps these States may at no distant period appoint a time after which those negroes that come into the world, shall be free at a certain age, and be instructed in the duties of civil life. A considerable portion of our white population have much to learn, in despite of prejudice and natural weakness of mind, before they know themselves, or are capable of acting consistent with the character of Christians, or patriots, or can be instrumental in hastening the consummation of the Christian plan, when all mankind shall unite in the love of God and each other.

"It is doubtful whether the expense of colonizing the blacks at any place, might not be appropriated more advantageously for humanity: those that are now free, are in as good a country as any to which they could be transported; if it be expected that the slave-holders will manumit their slaves that are useful, to be colonized, the expectation must be founded upon the supposition that man will act as he ought to and not as he has done; interest will not cease to influence human conduct; if such only are manumitted as are unuseful to the master, few will be manumitted that are useful to themselves;

no certain decrease of oppression then would be obtained by colonization, but a certain loss of money and the ruin of means that might be more usefully employed.

"It is our opinion that much might be done in the pulpit for the cause in which we are engaged, for it is the cause of religion; we therefore suggest to the Convention whether it would not be proper to invite the clergy without regard to the denominations to which they belong, to a participation in our endeavours. The local societies have respectively done something towards liberating those improperly held in bondage; some are engaged in considerable lawsuits in relation thereto: it was deemed necessary to form an abridgement of the laws in relation to slaves, that each member might be furnished with a director in urgent cases; this work has been partially executed."

In dealing with *men* who, for selfish and party purposes, were the champions of slavery—or, what was less honorable, the champions of measures which involved the strengthening and perpetuating of Slavery, while all along there was a pretence of conviction and purpose hostile to the system—Mr. Genin's style was different. He was a very Luther in the vehemence of his indignation, and the personalities of his rhetoric. He "called names;" and his effusions show no unwillingness to use party phrases and terms of reproach.

During the Presidency of John Quincy Adams, Mr. Genin was a young man. The slavery question was not up in very conspicuous form. The strong effort that was in progress to elect General Jackson was not based on the claims of the "peculiar institution." But the real reformers of that day saw that slavery was involved. Mr. Garrison saw this; and, though hardly out of boyhood, was doing more than a veteran's work in Vermont advocating the election of Mr. Adams. The South was embodied in the "hero of New Orleans," the North in the "sage of Quincy."

A committee of prominent men in Ohio was appointed to present at a public meeting a preamble and resolutions in support of the claims of Mr. Adams, and the demerits of Andrew

Jackson. Mr. Genin was fixed upon as the proper person to write the preamble. It glows with the passion of the time. It is a transcript of the feelings, aims, and attitude of political parties in 1827. Persons of the age of fifty remember the passionate and party assertion, that the election of Mr. Adams was part of a bargain which took away his competitor, Mr. Clay, by putting him into the office of Secretary of State, then regarded as "in the line of succession." The preamble alludes to this. It advocates the re-election of Mr. Adams on the ground of internal improvement, protection, and Northern interests generally, which it was claimed the Jackson party was pledged to injure. Speaking for the Committee, yet speaking his own feelings and convictions, Mr. Genin wrote:

"The Committee appointed to prepare resolutions for the consideration of this meeting, beg leave to report, That having considered how our interests will be affected by change of men in the National Government, we are led to the conclusion that our interests require no change, but demand our utmost exertions to sustain the present administration; its talents, principles, and measures are such as the lover of his country, of domestic manufactures, and internal improvement must approve. The men composing that administration have been weighed by long experience, and not found wanting, either with respect to talents, integrity, or due regard for the laws and rights of individuals. Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, Mr. Rush, Mr. Barbour, Mr. Southard; men who have deservedly enjoyed the confidence of the Republican administrations of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe; men about whose talents and principles there is no dispute; whose characters need no White-Washing Committees; and of no one of whom it can be said as Mr. Jefferson has said of General Jackson, that 'he has trampled under foot the constitution and laws of his country.' In supporting an administration composed of such men, we show that we know when we are well off; that we really hold on to that which is good—we approve the bridge that bears us safe over; and prefer the

bird in hand to that in the bush. All the ordinary maxims of prudence justify our course.

"As the administration suffers Southern opposition for pursuing measures favorable to our views, gratitude as well as interest requires us to lend it our humble aid. We have tasted some of the sweets of its policy, and wish not to see the projects for internal improvement abandoned. We wish not to see the flocks of sheep which are thickening upon our hills disappear, for these flocks have already, in many instances, afforded a market for hay and grain, at our doors. We could not, with justice to ourselves, yield these advantages to accommodate any individual with an office, whether he were a chieftain or a sage. The cultivator of a quarter section of land will not consent to get from $20 to $40 per year less for the produce of his land in order to advance the interests of the cotton planters and General Jackson; especially when the farmer considers that the Southern politicians give him nothing to indemnify him for this loss, but praises of the General and abuse of Mr. Clay, to whom the West owes more than to any other man.

"The attacks made on the administration have uniformly proved its purity; while too often the means employed in those attacks have shown that the leaders of the opposition do not believe the people possessed of sufficient intelligence for self-government. But whether it may be inferred from hence that they believe their chieftain would do well to ease the people of self-government is very questionable—though the blame bestowed on the Paris Mission and countenance extended by the Government to South American liberty, ought not to have been addressed to Republicans ears; and probably it was meant to rally persons inimical to liberty, if there be any such at this day under the Jacksonian standard.

"Since the testimony referred to by General Jackson to support the charge of bargain, has been heard, and so far from supporting has completely refuted the charge, it is no longer a question whether a bargain was made, but whether the General had the least ground to say one was proposed. It seems that instead of persisting in the charge of the bargain,

his partizans now desire to withdraw him from the action without loss of character for truth and veracity.

"In examining the claims of this candidate for the Presidency, (over a people whose safety lies entirely in paper constitutions and public virtue,) we have been at a loss to reconcile his pretentions to *republican* support, with the truisms, 'That what tends to impair the virtue of the people is destructive of liberty; That without a *conscientious* regard for constitutions, by persons in authority, those constitutions are useless; That vices and infringements of constitutions and laws may be encouraged by rewards as well as restrained by punishments; That to give distinguished reward to a distinguished law-breaker, is to give distinguished encouragement to him and others to trample on the laws; and, That to put the Constitution into the keeping of one who has broken his oath to support it, is the same as to put the lamb into the custody of the wolf.'

"Many of the present Jacksonian leaders have accurately described their chieftain, (before it suited their interest to support him for the Presidency,) as a man without capacity; and what is worse, a man either regardless of the laws and constitution of his country, or too weak to understand them. The outrageous violence done to Judge Hall and others about New Orleans; the butchery of the militiamen; the attempt to assassinate Senator Benton; the attempt made to disgrace himself in the National Senate by committing violence on the person of Senator Eppes; his butchery of Mr. Dickinson; his conduct in the Seminole war; and his bloody and singular construction of the 2d section of the Articles, all show that our interest in the morals, the laws, the liberties, the dignity, and the honor of the nation would be ill consulted in his elevation to the Presidency.

"It might be asked why a man with so many stains on his character, receives the support of men of too much intelligence to be dazzled by mere animal courage, displayed in a battle; a quality which hundreds who fought at New Orleans possess in an equal, perhaps superior degree to General Jackson? This question is answered by the Southern newspapers.

They say it is their interest to support General Jackson, for want of a better Southern man. But why he should find supporters here, where every public interest is opposed to his elevation, is not easily seen, though doubtless there are supporters on both sides of questions which divide a people, who are called office hunters, who merely take a side for private ends, in which the public have no interest; as whether a doctor gets 10 or 50 patients, or A or B enjoys the emoluments of an office, does not, so far as patients or emoluments are in view, concern the public. But whether a farmer gets a high or low price for produce; whether he has a home or foreign market; or no market at all; whether the property of the country is increasing in value or not, by the progress or discontinuance of internal improvements, *does* materially concern the public. The doctor or office hunter might not be much affected by public distress; at least the emoluments of the office and proceeds of the patients might greatly outweigh all inconveniences which taxes and low prices of produce could impose, especially if they had no property to tax nor produce to sell.

"If the people think for themselves, instead of listening to such as have interests different from theirs, they will not fail to do right—to be the people of the country, not the people of Jackson or Adams. They will make some distinction between the hero of Orleans and the hero of the Southern policy. In the race between the Southern and Northern interest they will not stoop to pick up the golden apple in Jackson, and entirely lose the prize, not only of the one but of the other interest; for we are fully convinced that not merely the Northern and Western, but the national prosperity will be increased by the principles of the present administration, though our Southern brethren will probably not be convinced of this, save from the lessons of experience.

"At present there is but a very small majority in Congress in favor of protecting manufacturers and making roads and canals; and should a President be elected opposed to these measures, there would be a total blight of our prospects in these important matters, for the concurrence of two-thirds of

the legislatures could not be had in their favor. That General Jackson will oppose these measures there is no reasonable doubt. He must do so or deceive the Southern States to whom he will owe his success if elected. These States may claim much for their trouble in persuading their Northern brethren to embrace the hero, and besides may reasonably ask that the dupers have the prize, and not the duped."

From the election of General Jackson to that of General Taylor—a period of twenty years—the Pro-Slavery spirit was working in various forms in various measures toward pro-slavery empire. First it took the shape of free trade (though having no natural relations to it); then of State sovereignty; and, finally, in the more honest garb of a slave oligarchy. Mr. Calhoun was at once the fanatic philosopher, statesman, and embodiment of the movement. By speeches, legislative votes and influence, and by private correspondence, he urged forward the scheme. For these twenty years hardly a demonstration was made but he was its inception and guide. Failing in Nullification—because the tariff question could not unite the South—he succeeded in the State sovereignty scheme, working on the slavery issue. He wrote his friends in the North that at last the South was a unit. Let there be enough of Northern men with Southern principles to hold the balance of power, and the South was master—free labor sectional, and slavery national. This was his meaning, of course not his words.

Clay, Benton, Webster, Everett, and the whole body, of well-informed Whigs and Abolitionists, saw all this. General Jackson saw it, and made Calhoun his enemy for life, by thwarting him in the nullification game. He did not give Calhoun credit for being really anxious in regard to the agitation of slavery, or for much heart in what he said and did indirectly in regard to it. The Nullifier found by experience that the tariff question could not unite the South. An agitation of slavery, he thought, could. General Jackson had foreseen this, and had said that the protective tariff, as a pretext for secession, would be laid aside, and that slavery agita-

tion would be substituted. Mr. Calhoun had himself said that this policy of a Southern Union must be shifted to the slave question.

Mr. Genin writes in regard to Calhoun as if he had somehow got access to his most private thoughts; and the result showed that he thoroughly understood the great Carolinian. When, therefore, Secession breaking out in 1861, a Peace Congress was called, he wrote as searching an article as the times furnished, to show that Calhoun still lives in his disciples; that to get time was the only object; that nothing less than secession was intended; and that the talk of compromise was a snare. And in writing on this matter, he went over the whole previous history, from nullification to secession. A better transcript of the original plan, and of the plot of its able leader, has not been written. From the files of old newspapers he brought forth extracts clear and conclusive, that the secession conspiracy did not date with the election of Mr. Lincoln, but as far back as the administration of John Quincy Adams. He wrote as follows to the *Belmont Chronicle*, February 7, 1861:

"That your readers may judge whether a compromise with the dis-Unionists will probably be made, or whether they pretend to listen to offers of compromise merely to gain time for the seizure of forts and arsenals, and enable their co-conspirators in other States to accomplish traitorous designs, the following extracts from letters have been copied from the *National Intelligencer* of March and April, 1833, about two months after the first traitorous movement of South Carolina was supposed to have ceased. The friends of the Union should act for its safety, and talk about compromises afterward with those who do not keep them longer than suits their interest. They have enumerated no real grievances, or any but what can be redressed under the Constitution. Of course we may infer that their real object is concealed: Can this be to establish a monarchy?

"The following extract is from a letter published by Judge Wm. Smith, formerly Senator of the United States from South Carolina, in the *National Intelligencer* of March 19, 1833:

"'The Tariff law of 1816,' he says, 'was passed by a majority of only five. Mr. Calhoun carried to its aid six South Carolina votes. Had Mr. Calhoun and his five other voters gone against the bill, it would have been negatived by a majority of seven. This is a mere sketch of the part Mr. Calhoun, Mr. McDuffie, Governor Hamilton, and General Hayne acted in perfecting those systems which they now with one voice publicly proclaim as so oppressive, so unjust, and so unconstitutional, as to justify a dissolution of the Union at the price of blood. Those gentlemen have shifted as if by magic, and have, with a daring unexampled in the history of faction, shifted their own ill-judged and ruinous policy upon the people of New England.'

"The following is an extract from a letter from South Carolina, in the *National Intelligencer* of April 20, 1833:

"'I am a member of the State Convention, and have just returned from its session. In that body I heard expressions and opinions, which convinced me that there was and ever had been, lurking at the bottom of nullification, a fixed and settled design to dissolve the Union, and set up a Southern Confederacy. The project has been abandoned for the present, in consequence of the disapprobation which it has met with from the Southern States. If they had shown any disposition to aid South Carolina in her unnatural struggle she never would have accepted of Mr. Clay's modification of the Tariff.'

"A letter in the same paper, of April 27, 1833, from one of the most respectable citizens of South Carolina, confesses that he has come to the conclusion that *there is a party there whose object is to bring about a Southern Confederacy*, and ultimately *a separation of the Union.* He contends that the 'nullification of the tariff was one of the schemes by which these politicians hoped to accomplish their object; that in this they have been foiled, as they could *not get a single State to join them.* They have now changed their ground. They will new seek to form a confederacy by showing its necessity to secure their property in slaves.' Hayne, Harper, Hamilton, McDuffie, and Turnbull have openly declared that the

battle with the General Government was not over, that it is just commenced. They correspond extensively with others in Southern States who labor to disseminate their principles. *Their efforts will be systematic and untiring.*

"In the same paper, of May 11, 1833, is a speech of two columns by General William H. Harrison, delivered at Indianapolis the previous winter, approving of General Jackson's course against South Carolina. He says: 'Let us try to make these infatuated men sensible of their error. Let us say to them, Direct your rage by constitutional means against our manufactories. Desolate the flourishing towns to which they have given birth. Destroy if you will, if you must, the hopes of the middle and western husbandman of adequate reward for his labor. But spare, oh! spare, the sacred institutions of your country. Spare that Union which is the source of all its prosperity in peace, and strength in war. For myself, I am willing to do anything that is reasonable to satisfy our brethren of the South; but there appear to be difficulties in the way almost unsurmountable. They require not only relief from the protective system, but that we should give up the principle! That we should reduce the imposts so that the amount collected should be exactly equal to the ordinary expenses of the Government. That being done, they will agree, provided it is admitted to be a concession on their part, that the duties levied on the unprotected articles shall be equal to those on the articles for which we claim protection. Was ever so extraordinary, and, I will add, so insulting a proposition made in a spirit of compromise? We must not only forego our right as a majority, to continue a measure which has been adopted, as we believe, under the sanction of the Constitution, but we must give up the principle. In other words, we must surrender to the minority the right to explain the Constitution for us!'

"Thus, according to the South Carolina Senator, Judge Smith (the very best of witnesses), the ordinance of nullification and secession of November, 1832, was founded on a pretended grievance in a tariff of which the secessionists themselves were the authors. The grievance of abolitionism was

so small that it was entirely overlooked when hunting pretexts for the first secession from the Union. The tariff question was at that time found not wide enough to carry the sugar planters (who needed a tariff); the slavery question was therefore resorted to as embracing a greater number of States of the same interest, and not because the secession leaders thought slave-property seriously endangered by abolitionism.

"Slavery was not mentioned in the secession of 1832. Judge, then, if the North can compromise with the South upon any other terms than that of being 'a slave to slavery.'"

The conduct of South Carolina on occasion of the official visit of Mr. Hoar as agent of Massachusetts to raise the question whether a State could, without accusation or trial, imprison a citizen of another State—that conduct has passed into history. It is a representative fact of the twenty years up to the Administration of Zachary Taylor. The reorganization of Southern society has placed a very different class of men in power and influence in that State. But the old Oligarchy in general, and Calhoun in particular, were truthfully represented in the treatment of Mr. Hoar. In reference to it Mr. Genin wrote a vigorous newspaper article, as full of sarcasm as of argument, and replete with both:

"Dr. Watts says the word knave formerly meant a faithful servant. The word chivalry is fast undergoing a change of meaning. It is now applied to those that show all the timidity of guilt; all the bullying and blustering of the coward; to those who claim it as a privilege to oppress the down-trodden poor; who pluck out the eyes of the objects of their oppression, prohibiting their education under severe penalties; who go armed through fear of one another, who tie their foe and then charge upon his back. In illustration, Mr. Hoar the agent of Massachusetts, informs the Governor of South Carolina, that he has come to raise a law question before the United States Court (a Court which that State had assisted to erect, and which has five Southern and four Northern judges). The Governor seems to have heard him with the feelings of a culprit who sees an officer with a warrant; for he runs to the

Legislature with the news. This chivalric (using the word in its modern sense) body is suddenly filled with apprehensions, and forthwith confesses that justice is what it is most afraid of, by resolving that the Governor shall expel the Representative of Massachusetts from the State, notwithstanding his rights under the Federal Constitution; the benefits of which, and not its inconveniences, South Carolina is willing to embrace. Its advantages she would help to enforce; its inconveniences she would nullify. But while she thus tramples upon the Constitution, she skulks behind it, that she may safely insult Massachusetts; well knowing that she has the Federal Government in her hands, through the subservience of Northern traitors. Would she dare to insult an independent State in this manner? Or would she dare to enforce her law against colored seamen on board of an English vessel? And what sort of a State or people is that which fears that a poor black sailor or two may subvert the general safety? Are they of the class described in Scripture as those that flee when no man pursueth, while the righteous are bold as a lion? I do not know how a snake or toad may feel; but knowing something of human nature, I would scarce accept of existence on the terms of feeling that my safety required me to attack shadows; to be afraid of everything; to employ spies; to flee when no man pursued; to take every bush for an officer, like the thief in Shakespeare. No! I would pray for death to come and take the poor pusillanimous, cowardly, contemptible organization apart, that it might assist in some other form of being less disgusting to heaven, less shameful to men. A historian, speaking of the tyrant Domitian, says, 'His jealousies, increasing with a sense of his guilt, he was afraid by day and by night; and in proportion to his fears he became more cruel.' The histories of all tyrannies is much alike. Fear, meanness, cruelty, injustice, variously exhibited—a Miss Delia Webster may set a chivalric host to trembling. There are more Polanders than those oppressed by Russia."

A bill for the Annexation of Texas having, February 25, 1845, passed the House by a vote of 120 to 98, on the first day of March was passed in the Senate by the close vote of

27 to 25, and was signed by Mr. Tyler the same day—just three days before his term of office closed. A change of one vote could have stopped the measure, averted the Mexican war, and deferred for years the war of Secession! It was the greatest triumph the Slave Power had yet won. It really made the Slave Oligarchs masters of the nation. It put them into a position of such secure power, that nothing but their own madness could have dethroned them.

The greatest amount of labor in his country's cause Mr. Genin attempted, was the contribution he made to the effort to prevent this monstrous folly. Men honestly opposed to Slavery, were indeed filled with alarm. Few prominent men of that crisis spoke or wrote with a clearer perception of the significance of the scheme, in its bearing on the future of Slavery as a power in the nation, than the subject of this sketch. The prospect of a large ascendency of the champions of the institution in the United States Senate—the sure result of Annexation—stirred the Anti-Slavery spirit of the Sage of St. Clairsville. The stupid logic that annexation would not make a new slave was potent to confuse not a few men of Anti-Slavery spirit; and to reconcile them to the measure. But Calhoun's chuckle, in reply to a fling from Benton, "I, then, am the author of annexation," was unmistakable. The great Champion of Negro Servitude as a corner-stone of Republican Institutions, did not glory in the acquisition of Texas without seeing therein a triumph of the South over the free labor of the North. That measure carried, the Senate, to all human appearance, became the Gibraltar of the Slave Oligarchy.

In the political campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Polk, the Anti-Slavery men were divided as to the proper policy to pursue. A minority distrusted Mr. Clay, and on what they deemed principle, gave their votes for the Anti-Slavery candidate, Mr. Birney. Others, knowing that in case of Mr. Polk's election, annexation was certain, reasoned that, even though Mr. Clay's Anti-Annexation views were not very pronounced, yet his election was the triumph of the party which, as a whole, opposed Annexation. They threw their

votes for Mr. Clay. Among these were Mr. Genin. He entered upon the campaign with his accustomed weapon of attack and defence—the pen. The *Belmont Chronicle* for 1844, contains ten elaborate articles, many of them filling columns, in advocacy of Mr. Clay's election. In these essays, Mr. Genin went over the whole ground of the pending controversy.

The Anti-Slavery spirit and antagonism to Annexation, dominate in these newspaper articles. But the whole question involving tariff, protection to Northern industry and commerce, is presented from every conceivable point of view. The North representing free labor, and the South representing slave labor; the one embodied in Mr. Clay, the other in Mr. Polk; and the two arrayed against the other—this is the burden of those ten essays.

"Mr. Clay," he says, "has become identified with Northern and Western interests; Polk with the Southern, the cotton-growing and slave interests. Clay represents the agricultural and manufacturing interests, or the interests of the farmers and mechanics; Polk the cotton-planting and slave interest, or the interest of the cotton-planters and the slaveholders. Polk favors the immediate Annexation of Texas, that the market for slaves may be improved, and the number of slave States increased, to outnumber and outvote the representatives of the other interests; and is opposed to protecting our own mechanics or manufacturers, in order to repress population, and restrain the rapid increase of voters in the North and West, and induce foreign nations to admit cotton, rice and tobacco, on favorable terms."

The Annexation he argued would bring an assumption of Texas debts. "If Polk is elected," he gave warning, "the treaty with Texas is to be confirmed, as a consequence our public lands are to be absorbed by a few aristocrats. The people are to be taxed to pay the debts of Texas, or standing in her shoes, take the glory of repudiating her debts, if they exceed ten millions. To do this would give us a comfortable stock of infamy: our nation must be bankrupt in every sense, in honesty, honor and purse, or pay all the debts of Texas.

The mention of ten millions in the treaty, as the estimated amount of the debts, does not exempt us, who assume her responsibilities, from the payment of all her debts, for she becomes merged in us. The government of whom payment will be demanded, after annexation, will be ours, not that of Texas; for her national existence will be gone."

But a worse result would be war with Mexico: "Another consequence of the confirmation of the treaty is a war with Mexico, promised in advance by her minister. This, however, is not alarming to her Oligarchy. They will only see in war a chance to pour the resources of the nation into Texas to raise the price of land and scrip, and to make fat offices for their cousins. They will be willing to let the nation lose a hundred millions if they can secure one million to themselves, or merely advance their own relative weight in the nation. The vast commerce we have afloat they have but little or no interest in. They are valiant in exposing the lives and property of others. They may think it easy to get out of the war after they have sweated and reduced the thriving free States down to a certain tameness. But even they ought to reflect that experience makes fools wise; and that their repeated experiments on the Democracy will at length open its eyes."

A still more deplorable result, the nation, as guilty of crime, would lose its prestige. At the close of the Revolutionary War, "we were rich in public virtues. The prayers of continental Europe were for us; we had then no commerce that had awaked the jealousy of other nations, we had Holland, France, and Spain in the field, with their colonies, covering a large part of the world, contending on our side; who, together, made a population of at least seventy millions, to which add our own three millions, and we have a population of seventy-three millions, whose combined navies were superior to that of England, ready to support our pretensions. But in a war to rob Mexico of her territory, and extend slavery where shall we look for allies? Whose prayers will ascend for us but those of the wicked? All the morality, all

the pure religion of the universe will point their thunders at our guilty cause."

But not merely to sustain slavery as an institution; not only to strengthen slaveholders as a class; but along with these things, to give dominance to a select number of slaveholders, an Aristocratic Few and Calhoun as chief—the establishing permanently the slave oligarchy: this was the chief and controlling end to be secured in making Mr. Polk President, and annexation was to be the instrument in his hands.

In another article, the responsibilities and liabilities our Government would assume by annexation, were stated with great clearness. Under Tyler the annexation scheme had already passed the House, but was thus far kept back by the Senate.

"The people are asked to reverse the decision by electing Polk. I pretend not to see into all the depths of that treaty; but some of its provisions ought to alarm every one; their tendency to inequality is so manifest. I allude to the assumption of the responsibilities of the Texas government, by the Government of the United States; and to the undefined limits of Texas. This, in connection with the acts of the Texas government, prescribing extravagant boundaries to the Texas Republic, and granting whole States to single individuals, indicate a fixed design to establish a perpetual inequality, not only in Texas, but in a large part of the United States. On viewing the actors, one can scarce doubt that the exciting of the rebellion of Texas against Mexico; the making of large grants of her land to single individuals; the creation of her debt and its depreciation and sale, for from two to six cents for the dollar; and the project of the treaty of annexation, were the parts of a plan for erecting a stupendous oligarchy. The stupidity of the North and West was relied on to assist in accomplishing the speculation; by which immense riches would come to a few, and they, in return, would rule the many. The word *democracy* was doubtless deemed sufficiently narcotic to keep the reasoning powers

asleep; for bold experiments had already been tried with the word, on the purse, the morals, and the pride of consistency of the people, with great success. John C. Calhoun had found his individual advantage, in a few having all the political power in South Carolina. No wonder one so consistent as he in pursuing his object of crushing free labor, merely varying the means by which he does it, now supporting and now opposing the same measures, should desire, first, To have the land of Texas granted chiefly to a few individuals; second, To have the land lying within the United States owned by the same men, or granted in the same large quantities; third, The debts bought mostly by those in the secret, for two to six cents on the dollar, paid off at par, with the interest thereon, amounting perhaps to $1.50 or $1.80 for each dollar, as this would afford both the means and the end; the means as bringing a swarm of interested advocates for the treaty; and the end, as making oligarchs of the large scrip holders; and fourth, As the means of effecting the three preceding objects, obligating the United States, by treaty, to pay all the debts of Texas; fulfill all her obligations, and issue patents to her land claimants."

Pages might be filled with extracts equally pungent and pertinent, from those ten articles in the Belmont journal. Enough have been given to show those of a later day that Mr. Genin comprehended the issue, and saw, with prophetic eye, the consequences. Such as he were then called fanatics. Now, history accepts them as the true prophets.

Mr. Polk, by the unhappy turn of the election in the State of New York, was elected. Annexation had, in form, triumphed with the people—we say *in form*, for the number whose eyes were open to the real purpose of the measure was comparatively small. Three days before Mr. Polk took the oath of office, Texas was annexed so far as the action of our Government was concerned. In the *Belmont Chronicle*, March 21, Mr. Genin again prophesied what just before he died became history.

"Congress (the lower House,) has, by annexing Texas, thus far declared war against Mexico. What for? Plunder—to

perpetuate slavery, and raise the value of Texas scrip! England will probably be a party in the war. The slave power will contrive to mix the Oregon with the Texas matter, to enlist the West in the quarrel. A quarrel which might dissolve the Union as the least of evils. If the Union permits itself to be used to establish the slave power, the contest will be long and terrible; and if victory declares for the party whose standard bears the motto, 'Slavery or Death,' our liberties will be gone. The poor whites of the slave States, as well as those of the free States, will be utterly crushed by the slave power. The same meanness that makes them take the labor of the poor for a peck of corn a week, will, on occasion, appear in other things. The free States will vomit their 'doughfaces' who have dared to commit them to a crusade against liberty, through hope of office, to be given by the slave power. Eight of the nine democrats from New York, who voted for annexation, were left out at the last election. They may not get their reward just in the way they look for it, if I read rightly the temper of the times. How many that would sacrifice everything in a just cause, would find it almost impossible to prevent themselves from doing justice to those vermin, who have dared to shame their mother, give the lie to the Declaration of Independence, and proclaim that their country is a nest of pirates. Especially after they have heard of the death of their kindred in the sickly South, or seen the pale corpses of their sons brought from the scenes of hateful war, and worse than murdered by their sycophantic votes. The Constitution has been boldly violated. It could not be more so if the slave oligarchy had turned Congress out of the Capitol. They will whip Northern sycophants into their traces, as often as it suits their interests to do so. They make the Constitution a bar to us; it is thin air to them. It is seriously in our way, if our rivers are to be improved, or internal commerce promoted; but not at all in the way of assuming the debts of England or Texas. It is time we should teach our own dogs not to bite us. Let no one get it into his head, that if his child is called a calf, he must, therefore, sell it to the butcher; nor because one is called a democrat, that he must,

therefore, be a slave to slavery, and do its bidding, though it impoverish the people, disgrace the nation, and murder our children. It is time we distinguished names from things.

"The contempt of the slave mongers for the 'doughfaces' must be extreme. Ours ought to be inexpressible. They shovel filth with their costliest tools; and would not, therefore, stand on ceremony with the traitors. They show little regard for General Jackson. While the United States adjoin the possessions of England on the East and North, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, they publish the General's apprehensions of joining her on the Sabine, to the great amusement of the world, and of the English editors in particular—thus showing, at one stroke, their opinion of the common sense of the people, and their regard for General Jackson's reputation. But nothing is too good to be sacrificed to advance the power of the oligarchy. The interests of a very large majority of the Southern people are trampled on to promote this power."

Mr. Genin saw the culmination of all pro-slavery abomination in the administration of President Polk. He looked upon the man as weak. The power behind the throne was Calhoun. Mr. Buchanan, while Secretary of State under Polk, was regarded as servile in the hands of the Oligarchy—eager to consummate the work of annexation which, alone of all the members of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Affairs, he had advocated. In an article entitled "War for Slavery," published in the *Belmont Chronicle*, for March 31, 1845, he thus expressed the anti-slavery estimate of public men and the schemes of the slave-holder. In special allusion to Mr. Buchanan, as head of the State Department, he said: "This Northern man, with Southern, or slave-sustaining principles, is to conduct all our foreign relations; arrange matters with Texas and Mexico; settle the North-western boundary; make commercial treaties, while licking the feet of the slave power, that demands that every thing be sacrificed to its political preponderance, and to cotton and rice. Of course the foreign ministers, whether taken from the North or the South, will probably be men supposed to be capable of braving the detes-

tation of mankind, for the sake of the crumbs of office. They will be mercenaries in the war of slavery against human rights, ready to sacrifice northern interests to the slave power and denounce Banks that have no vote on account of wealth, while they uphold slavery, that gives votes to wealth."

Then to show the attitude of the Administration in respect to foreign nations—the efforts to induce Great Britain to fall in with American propagandism of slavery, he adds:

"The *Nashville Union*, edited by a late United States Senator, speaks of the selection of a minister to Great Britain, as Mr. Polk's most important duty—as 'the minister will have to probe to the very bottom, the policy of that government as connected with our institution of slavery.' 'What she has been doing to carry out her doctrines of universal abolition of slavery, our government has a right to understand.' 'He should have the moral courage to stand up in the face of all Europe, and vindicate his country against the libellous charges levelled at her reputation in connection with the institution of slavery.' 'We believe that this momentous question must soon come to a crisis.' 'Let the crisis first come in a contest with England. Let all the civilized powers of Europe be found arrayed on our side, and abolition at home will give us but little further trouble.' This paper is said to express Mr. Polk's views. If so, the war for slavery is to be prosecuted. Civilized Europe, that despises slavery, is to be made our ally; at what price? Will France assist us, if we will take, free of duty, her manufactures of iron, cotton, woollens, and silk? Will the Germans assist us on like conditions? For there must be great advantages offered them to make them assist in rolling the wheels of civilization backward, and trampling on the laws of God and nature. Can the slave power purchase help by the sacrifice of the dearest interests of the free States, and the oppression of a large majority of the whites of the slave States of our Union? That power holds the reins of government, with all its means of bribery and menace, and may sell us for its benefit.

"And we are to be plunged into the horrors of war for the support of this pretty slave institution! Texas annexed; Mexico robbed; the Oregon treaty violated by Congress; war provoked; our lakes left undefended; and no ship canal proposed by the government, from Chicago to the Mississippi, by which to send war vessels to the lakes, while England, by the Welland canal, is prepared to put larger ones there than Commodore Perry's flag-ship, of the last war.

"But what cares that government that imposed the embargo, broke down the tariff, and lets millions upon millions of property be yearly destroyed upon our rivers? Yes, what cares that government for the destruction of the whole northern frontier? Its danger, and not its safety, is what the government seeks; judging from its actions. Of the ten millions paid yearly by the Mississippi valley into the federal treasury, what paltry sums are returned to improve our rivers; and Tyler has withheld even these."

Several of Mr. Genin's newspaper articles, more or less directly relating to the Annexation Scheme, or to matters growing out of it, have so prophetic a character, that we reserve them to give, entire or in part, in the compilation of his Literary Remains in this volume. Among these we include his article in the *Belmont Chronicle* on "The Lexington Mob." Cassius M. Clay had made himself very obnoxious to the Slave Oligarchy by the vehemence of denunciations of the institution and its abettors, in connection with his opposition to Annexation. In 1845, after the election of Mr. Polk—in whose election the South had secured a great triumph and Annexation was prospectively lost—Mr. Clay started a paper in Lexington, Kentucky, to advocate the cause of Emancipation. He had incurred great hostility from his earnest opposition to Annexation. He was a marked man; and his paper was feared. The legitimate way of counteracting his work would have been a resort to argument. But Slavery never did this when by mobocratic violence it found a shorter road to the same end. And the press in Lexington was destroyed. Mr. Genin's article on the outrage is both history and philosophy.

The Annexation secured, the next game was to quarrel with Mexico. Texas was large—the area of bondage was greatly extended. But a slice of Mexico was coveted for the same purpose. The Abolitionists and Northern Whigs believed that hostility with Mexico was not *accepted* by the party in power, but that it was wickedly and ingeniously *sought*. Where there is a will there is a way. Mr. Polk and his advisers soon hit upon a scheme.

The final consummation of the Annexation Measure, consequent upon Mr. Polk's election, had, with grave reason, greatly angered Mexico. It was a skillful device to ignite the flame of her irritability, by assuming a boundary line between Texas and Mexico which would rob the latter of territory she thought rightfully her own.

Mr. Polk claimed a line considerably to the west of what Mexico conceded. The boundary had in fact never been definitely determined. The rival claims made the territory between the two points, "disputed territory." On that territory Mexico had planted a military force. In view of this, General Taylor, with a federal army, was ordered to the "disputed territory," and that President immediately sent a message to Congress calling for an army and supplies, submitting a resolution with these words in the preamble: "Whereas, war exists *by act of Mexico*."

Never was there a more ingenious device to trap a great party. If the Whigs voted against the resolutions on account of the preamble, they would be damaged in the eyes of the people, on the ground of opposing the resolutions—of refusing supplies to a gallant army! If they voted for the resolutions, in order to protect the army, they put themselves on record, as voting for the preamble, that the war existed "by act of Mexico!" The Democratic Party was too strong to admit of any modification of this preamble. A few protesting against the preamble, the majority voted supplies, and so went on the records, as voting that Mexico was the guilty party!

In common with the Abolitionists and Whigs of the day, Mr. Genin characterized the preamble as a "lie." All through the discussion of the merits of the Mexican war, the words,

"the war exists by act of Mexico," were treated as a deliberate falsehood. When a change in the political character of Congress attested the unpopularity of the war, the supporters of Mr. Polk fell back upon the plight in which their tactics had placed their opponents, in constraining them, against their inclinations, to go on to the record, as voting that Mexico took the initial step in the hostilities. Hence on every occasion they coupled allusions to the merits of the war, and the relations of parties to it, with the preamble announcement, that Mexico had begun the war. This led Mr. Genin to indite a brief and spicy article for the *Belmont Chronicle.* It condenses the history of that phase of the war history, and is a fair specimen of the party invective and party epithets of the time. His article appeared February 18, 1847, as follows:

"Will the political leaders of the Democrats never believe that *Mexico began the war?*

"Who oft repeats a *lie*,
Himself deceives thereby;
For as his memory fails,
His will o'er truth prevails.

"They would not let the ten millions of money and the fifty thousand men be voted for, without the insertion of the *lie.* They would not let a vote of thanks pass to General Taylor without an effort to crowd in the same *lie*, to wit: That *Mexico began the war.* It is laughable to see how they persist in exhibiting their own disbelief of it; particularly Mr. Polk. He occupies in his annual message many columns to show that we have a right to make war on Mexico; a needless labor, if he believed the aforesaid *lie* to be a *truth*, unless he thinks that we may not defend ourselves when attacked. What a pity that the people of the United States have lost the good opinion of their servants at Washington, who address them as if they had not intelligence enough to be accountable beings. If the sovereign people bid the head

Jack to hoy or gee a little as he pulls the national cart, endangering the load, he brays out treason, "aid and comfort to the enemy," and rushes on spilling from 50 to 100 millions in the lap of Texas, in part, and claims to rebuke his masters, instead of being castigated by them.

"But the most degrading compliment that has found its way from Washington; one that carries more of hell on its face and prospective misery, than pen can describe, is, that our people are fond of war, right or wrong; or that all wars are necessarily popular with them. If the politicians have judged correctly of the inclination of the masses for war, they may well wish to preserve the Union! Its dissolution would be the signal for human butchery."

In a newspaper article published December 17, 1847, Mr. Genin analyses President Polk's message to Congress, to show how studiously the untruth in the famous preamble was put forth. There is a string of quotations, which seen in juxtaposition, are most significant. "The war in which the United States were *forced to engage* still continues." "The Mexican Government involved the two countries in war by *invading* the territory of the State of Texas,' 'by striking the *first blow*, and shedding the blood of our citizens on our *own soil*.' 'She *commenced* hostilities.' 'Though the United States was the aggrieved nation Mexico *commenced* the war,' 'and we were *compelled* in self defence *to repel* the *invader*.' 'The unjustifiable and unprovoked *commencement* of hostilities by her.' 'A just war on our part, and one which by *the act of the enemy* we could not honorably have avoided.' 'By her own conduct we have been *compelled* to engage in the present war.' 'The war which Mexico has *forced upon us*.' 'Their faithless Government which had *commenced* hostilities."

Mr. Genin reasons that such constant reiteration of the allegation betrays a doubt, on the author's part, of the truth of the general statement. Men are content to say what they honestly believe. But sincerity does not continually recur to

the allegation. Too much protestation is indicative of an uneasy conscience. Mr. Genin follows up the quotations with an apt comment:

"When a servant told his master he had shut the gate the third time, the master began to suspect he was lying; but on hearing him assert it the fourth time, he lost all confidence, and on going to see if it was shut, found it wide open.

"By attempting to wrap wickedness in the cloak of justice, Polk pays a compliment to the virtue of our people; but what opinion must he have formed of their sagacity? Does he suppose they cannot discriminate truth from falsehood? He talks as if he had very little respect for the intelligence of the people though he does them the honor to suppose they have a sense of justice. Will not schoolmasters be embarrassed in correcting certain faults of youth if the urchin may plead the President's example? May not the little word of three letters be at length supplanted and knock-downs come off from the charge, "*you have told a Polk?*" The word *dun*, it is said, came from one John Dun who was noted for his obstinacy in the pursuit of debtors."

The anathemas heaped upon those who opposed the war, to the effect that they were traitors, aiding and abetting their country's enemies, were potent to silence the tongues of not a few, who were at heart and in conscience convinced of its iniquity on the part of the administration. But such things affected the anti-slavery war-horse of St. Clairsville, about as much as a shower of sand would have daunted a mail-clad warrior. His pen was ever ready, in the use of bitter invective, to uncover the "lie" and characterise the wrong. Alluding to previous predictions all made good, he exclaims: "We have war, destruction of the protective tariff, the subtreasury, almost total disregard of Northern and Western interests, emptying of the national purse into Texas, to benefit her land speculators; the nation made the slave of slavery; if Texas' debts are not assumed, ten times their amount incurred to conquer land for her, and to make good her grants

to individuals, to build up an aristocracy; a large army under the rules and articles of war; the agricultural wantonly sacrificed to the cotton planting interest. There is wanting only direct taxation to complete the series of evils which it was said would follow Polk's election; this sweet morsel is reserved for the next succeeding session of Congress perhaps. The slave-power will meet our detestable doughfaces to carry this measure; but it will not be ready to enforce it to the extent of its wishes, until a sufficient military force is at its disposal. This force it may get on pretence of raising troops for Mexico. Polk would not have dared to violate the Constitution by taking it upon himself to make war if he had not been promised impunity by the clique behind the curtain. A fourth rate man, invested with power, is commonly the tool of first and second rate men, who make him do what they would not do themselves; just as they use a poker to stir a fire, thrusting it where they would not put their own fingers."

Mr. Genin saw nothing but a conspiracy aiming at plunder in the inception and progress of the war—the lords of the plantation dividing among themselves the spoils. "The slave clique," he says, "agree to make each other rich; start rebellion in Texas; parcel out small quantities of land to the rank and file; take thousands of square miles to each of themselves; 'startle' Tyler with proposing the treaty of annexation; which he accepts, the Senate, however, rejecting. No matter, the doughfaces annex by joint resolution while war exists between Texas and Mexico, and thus declare war. Polk then orders Taylor into Mexico. The Mexicans resist, of course, and peace must not be made unless the bounds of Texas are enlarged so as to enable her to make good her vast grants of lands to individuals, and pay off her scrip. It was thought our very intelligent people would not see into this method of assuming the debts of Texas, and using the resources of the nation for the benefit of as worthy a band of speculators as ever combined to build palaces with fools' money, regardless of human misery; the tears of parents, widows and orphans."

The audacity of waging war in the interest of slaveholding speculators, at enormous cost of money and men, while every species of industry in which the North and West were interested; the neglect of western rivers and lake-harbors on grounds of constitutional scruples, while in defiance of the Constitution, the Executive placed an army on disputed territory: these things belong to the history of Mr. Polk's Administration. Mr. Genin's sarcasm and complaint put forth in a newspaper article in March, 1848, are a transcript of the feeling of the majority in the North and West at the period. He wrote:

"It is said that the Government of the United States has sent persons to explore and survey the Dead Sea in the continent of Asia—a sea whose size is about seven miles by twenty-four. The river Jordan falls into it. Its water is clear, and so heavy with salt and bitumen that the human body will sink in it no farther than the shoulders. As the grave of guilty cities, it is an object of interest to all, and particularly to those whose conscience upbraid them for the enormous wickedness of the Mexican war. While laws for the improvement of our harbors and rivers are vetoed for a pretended want of power in the Constitution to protect us from snags and storms, which yearly destroy millions of property and hundreds of lives, the President, it seems, finds no difficulty in sending an expedition some 6,000 miles even without an appropriation by Congress, merely to gratify *curiosity*. He may wish to know the shape of its shores, its depths, and especially whether any remains of the *wicked cities* can be found in it; but it is not unlikely that the intelligence that originated the adventure wished to know what farther responsibilities the President might be permitted to assume. The cat's-paw often has one object, the wire-worker another. John Tyler was got to make a treaty, annexing to the United States a State at war with a foreign nation. Whatever he intended, the intelligence that acted in the matter meant to involve us in war. Although the Senate rejected this treaty, the same intelligence persisted

in its object; made Congress annex by a mere majority, or attempt to annex; for no legal annexation can exist until two-thirds of the Senate shall ratify a treaty of annexation. So says Albert Gallatin among others, yet, though not in point of law, in the Union, the votes of Texas have assisted to impose on us the tariff of 1846, whose evils a foreign famine has concealed. Though not *lawfully* in the Union, Texas is there *in fact*, doing war upon free labor, and sustaining the slave power—a power that will expend for us sixty-two millions the current year ending July 1, 1848, and, perhaps, annex Mexicans enough to give that race the balance of power in all time to come, in this Government."

The Mexican war waged by a party, and urged for the purpose of keeping a party in power, was, in the not very remote result, likely to overthrow that party from a cause that gradually became obvious. The brilliant victories of Gen. Zachary Taylor had made him the idol of the people; and Gen. Taylor, though not, as he himself said, an "Ultra-Whig," was nevertheless a Whig. Gen. Scott was leading a victorious army towards the Halls of the Montezumas. And Gen. Scott was an avowed Whig. The great success of the war had raised up rivals in the opposition party: the prize was in imminent danger of being snatched away.

Gen. Scott was outspoken in his belief that the Administration was arranging for him a defeat. Gen. Taylor, though not so communicative, had the same impression, it was at the time confidently believed. Official reports gave the generals large armies. Gen. Scott complained that they were paper armies. In his report to the Secretary of War, September 18, 1847, he complained: "This army has been more *disgusted* than *surprised* that by some sinister process on the part of certain individuals at home, its numbers have been, generally, almost trebled in our public papers—beginning at Washington." He then states that he had at Contreras, Churubusco and other places, August 20th, but 8,497 men, and in the two days, September 12th and 13th, the whole

operating force was but 7,180 men, the remains of 10,738, (after deducting those killed and wounded, and left in garrison,) with which he marched from Jalapa.

A war correspondent, writing from the city of Mexico, October 3d of the same year, said: "It is difficult to account for the fact that we are here, in the great Capital of Mexico—*not the* 22,000 *paper men of the* UNION, but what is left of the 10,000 real men by whom the work of subjugation has been accomplished. After a succession of battles—each one of which may be counted a forlorn hope—after a succession of victories—each one of which was obtained over an immensely superior force—'here amid the Halls of the Montezumas' the *numerically insignificant band* of Anglo-Saxons has found a resting place from its toils and dangers." A statement in the Administration organ, gave Taylor 9,000 men at the battle of Buena Vista. His actual force was less than 5,000, if the General's statement is to be believed.

The temptation to ruin the successful generals, under the circumstances, was very strong. It is a serious charge, however, that a party in power would for any cause, be guilty of so great a crime. Possibly the facts may be explained on some other hypothesis. Mr. Genin, and the great body of Anti-Slavery men and Whigs, whom he represented, believed the party of Polk capable even of so great a treason. In view of the facts just given, he wrote:

"A reflecting people (declared by their demagogues to be the most intelligent on earth) will see in this conduct of the *Union* a conviction on the part of the Editor and his employers, that both Scott and Taylor were not provided with forces sufficient to insure victory. And why? Ah, why! Congress certainly had placed sufficient means at the disposal of the Government, and all it demanded. Did the Government intend that those generals should be defeated? Did its organ, the *Union*, circulate a lie in advance of the expected defeat? with the view of throwing the blame of that defeat upon the generals? Was the Government alarmed at the popularity of those generals? Can the Government be so wicked as to

try to sacrifice thousands of their brave countrymen merely to depress political rivals?"

The war over, Mexico humbled and her territory conquered, and Gen. Taylor in the Presidential chair, the Oligarchy grew yet more insolent. They met with unlooked-for virtue in the President of their choice. But death soon removed him, and the reorganized Administration was adapted to the next move on the political chess-board. The "Wilmot Proviso," restricting Slavery from new territory, was defeated. The Fugitive Slave-Law was passed, and enforced with every accompaniment of insolence, oppression and brutality.

The South needed another pretext for aggression. The folly of the brave John Brown was opportune. The entire North was laughing over the fright of Gov. Wise. Mr. Genin did not believe the Virginia Governor frightened. He saw in his *seeming* fear, a piece of strategy, making the most of Brown's raid to fire the Southern heart. Among his unpublished papers we find a letter, dated St. Clairsville, December 24, 1859, addressed to Sidney C. Genin, a nephew, from which we make a few extracts:

"Gov. Wise is not as great a coward, perhaps, as his acts indicate; nor is the slave power as apprehensive of Northern aggression as it pretends to be. The hubbub is made as part of a plan to unite the South, so as to rule the North by purchasing the leaders of one of the parties in the North with Federal offices—these offices to be placed at its disposal by means of Southern united action. By making much noise about Old Brown it hopes to reduce the size of the Republican Party, and unite the Southern people, so as to give the slave power the strength of unity. Still the leaders, (like the French *noblessé* when they joined with the extreme Democrats against the moderates or philosophers in the revolution of 1790,) may set a ball in motion which they cannot stop at the safe point. They threatened the dissolution of the Union if Fremont was elected, though elected constitutionally; which means that they must rule or ruin. They thought to break

the Missouri compact, and then drive off plain farmers from Kansas, by sending Mayor Buford with his three or four hundred ruffian Southerners with weapons instead of ploughs; but Brown and others sent them howling back to their Southern employers. And Brown has given them a slight taste of the same treatment, at Harper's Ferry, on behalf of liberty, which Buford accorded in Kansas on behalf of Slavery. The invasions of both Buford and Brown have luckily been repelled. The slave power began the contest, which may end in the dissolution of the Union much sooner than the slave power expects. It wants the Union as Pharoah wanted to retain the Hebrews, and for a similar reason. With one-third of the white population it has appropriated three-fourths of the federal offices, the other fourth being sufficient to purchase the necessary amount of doughfaces for declaring Florida and Mexican wars and purchasing slave territory, and giving up territory in Maine and Oregon to which it had declared our right was unquestionable, and certainly it would like to thrust its evil hand into Northern pockets to purchase Cuba. It is not content to work negro slaves, it must have Northern men with collars with Southern principles. The Southern leaders were probably never more bent on Union than now, when loudly threatening disunion. They threatened disunion in order to be allowed to have things in their own way—to make the timorous abstain from voting for Fremont, and continue the sceptre in the hands of the slave power. The impudence of this slave power exceeds the imaginative powers of most minds. About one-twentieth of the white population of the South own slaves. This one-twentieth assume that it is criminal, or at least highly incendiary, for the other nineteen-twentieths to discuss their own interests, lest it should interfere with the interests of the one-twentieth.

"If it should be discovered that it has allured Old Brown to invade Virginia—though very improbable—it would be perceived that it might have done it on the same principle that Douglass was allured to propose the breaking the Missouri compact; for the object is to keep up some pretext or ground on which to agitate the subject, whereby the whole South

may be kept together. If the invasion is without its seeking, it is still a God-send, of which it evidently means to make the utmost use in uniting the masters by the pressure of fear, and by the political force of that unity intimidating the timorous of the North, and encouraging the party in the Free States that acts in concert with the slave power."

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. With every victory the insolence of the Slave Oligarchy increases. Each outrage upon liberty successful led to another still more audacious. The Mexican War was followed by most tyrannical legislation in Congress, offensive to the North. The Missouri compromise was repealed. Then came secession. Then the long and dreadful war. And, at last, victory to the Right. The nation was saved, and the oligarchy forever disenthroned. Liberty was triumphant. As these later events came to pass, Mr. Genin had ceased to be young. But he had not ceased to feel a deep interest in the welfare of his country; and the several papers on the war of rebellion, which make a part of this volume, may be left to tell in what spirit, in what clearness of vision, in what fidelity to conviction, and in what intellectual strength, he did service for his country, in the hour of its greatest peril. The nearness of the crisis renders needless for the purposes of this Biographical Sketch a detailed analysis of its conflicts and triumphs.

The gun fired upon Sumter opened a million eyes to the purposes of the oligarchy. It did not open the eyes of such as Thomas H. Genin. In the Secession Conspiracy, men like Mr. Genin saw becoming actual what they had so long predicted. And they did not fear the issue. The venerable sage of St. Clairsville for the hundredth time flew to his pen. He once more gave a warning not to tamper, not to compromise with the conspirators. The spirit of his exhortation was, Stand up for principle, fight for the Right, and the end need not be feared. He did not close his mortal eyes without the glory of seeing all his patriotic prayers answered—a nation purified, saved, and made potent and active, on the side of Liberty, regardless of Race or Color.

In sketching the character, career, and work of Thomas H. Genin, we have given prominence to his anti-slavery history. This is the characteristic in which he has the greatest claim upon the gratitude and reverence of the age in which he lived. It is the feature which those who best knew and esteemed him, will most care to see preserved in this Memorial. We have, therefore, given a running sketch of the anti-slavery history, from the demonstration of Lundy down to the abolition of the institution through the war of rebellion. And, omitting for most part other matters, we have traced Mr. Genin's relation to that history in chronological and consecutive order, using freely salient paragraphs from his writings. In the publication of his more elaborate papers, such as it seemed best to omit in this department, his work will find recognition. Let him be known in coming time as the bold, faithful, and intelligent Friend of the Slave—the fearless and effective champion of Freedom—the unselfish Patriot, who sought his country's welfare in seeking to amend its wrongs, as well as to maintain its rights. Sacred be the memory of the liberty-loving, patriotic sage!

We have taken note of the fact, that by a necessity of his nature, Mr. Genin was compelled to think of many things. He could not concentrate all his powers upon any one enterprise, no matter how vast, nor how much it might claim a consecrated toil. All subjects, all interests, all enterprises, all discoveries, must be brought in review by this many-sided thinker. The papers which, in part, make the literary compilation presented in this volume, will be the tangible evidence of the variety of his gifts, and the varied manifestations of his laborious mind.

Next to the Slavery Question, Mr. Genin seems to have regarded the question of a protective tariff of most importance among matters of State or National concern. But he evidently saw a vital connection between the two. The South was opposed to such protection to native industry, because they saw therein a measure inimical to slave labor. Mr.

Genin was a zealous advocate of protective tariffs, because, among other things, he saw therein a way to strengthen free labor in competition with labor by slaves. In a tariff he saw an aid to freedom—a foe to slavery; so he thought. Hence, in one of the series of articles in which he opposes the election of Mr. Polk, on the ground of opposition to annexation, as a pro-slavery measure, it seemed to him no digression from the main subject, but rather a legitimate phase of it to add.

"A word on the necessity of a tariff. Suppose we have a tariff—England wishes to destroy say our cotton manufacture. She offers a premium of two cents a yard on all cottons exported to the United States. Our manufacturers of that article must then quit the business. They would even ship the raw material on hand to England to be sold rather than work it up at a loss. In two years or less the manufacture would disappear; the operatives be scattered; gone to England for work; or become farmers. Then cottons would rise. England would regulate the supply according to the demand, and not supply such an amount as to injure the market,—as the Dutch used to burn ship loads of spices in the East Indies when the amount on hand was seen to be more than would keep prices firm in Europe. What now sells for eight cents would soon rise to twenty cents per yard, then the English exporter could afford to pay his government an excise duty of three cents per yard. If that government should disburse ten millions in premiums to destroy our manufactures, it would soon be reimbursed twenty millions from the payment of excise. Now, a tariff prevents foreign nations from attempting such enterprises against us. Domestic competition keeps prices as low as from the nature of things the article can be made for. When the tariff is moderate the foreign article swells the competition and aids in reducing prices after having paid the government a duty, which duty is paid by the foreigners. If a man come to the St. Clairsville market with butter, does he get any more for it per pound because he has paid toll for it at the turnpike gate on his way thither? Supply and demand regulate price; it falls with increased supply and rises with increased demand."

The relation of the Banking system to the slavery question is not so obvious as that of the tariff. But in the development of party measures growing out of the administration of Andrew Jackson, hard money, as well as free trade (except so far as a tariff was an essential to the National revenue), became, along with slavery, a "Southern measure"—at least the strength of those measures was among the Southern politicians. Mr. Genin opposed Jackson. Accordingly, he became a champion of banking institutions, and a defender of particular systems of banking. He studied the subject as a political economist. He wrote of it as a philosopher, as well as a partizan. A few of his essays on the general subject will be found worthy of careful reading. They will appear in the proper connection in this volume.

Mr. Genin was among the first to see the necessity of a reform in Postal Laws. Cheap postage, he argued, would encourage letter writing, strengthen social relationship, greatly increase the spread of knowledge, and in various ways "pay," in other senses than putting money into the treasury. And he prophesied—wisely as the result proved—that cheap postage would increase the revenue. The following petition to Congress was drawn up by him in 1843. It is worthy of preservation for the soundness of its reasoning, and the sage wisdom it embodies:

"The undersigned, citizens of Belmont county, Ohio, request that the postage be reduced to five cents on all letters for all distances, not exceeding a half an ounce in weight; and that three cents be added for each additional half ounce; and that all printed matter be charged indiscriminately one half cent per sheet of five hundred square inches—and that the franking privilege be abolished, because,

"1. *It will promote the public convenience*—to effect which measures should be taken, whether they defray their own expenses or not—next to measures of national defence, we could scarcely be taxed for a greater good, if taxation would be necessary to supply a deficiency which we do not admit—For,

"2. *It will increase the revenue*—Thousands of business inquiries will be made, which the present high rates discourage.

The trunks and pockets of travellers will be disburdened of lettters, private express will be discontinued, as well as other rivals of the public mails. *The affections will be cultivated, and the Union cemented*, for more than one-third the whole population of the United States has migrated, and but for the present prohibitive rates of postage would keep up an extensive correspondence with old friends and connections. Thus the western social attrition would cast its brightness on the east, and the latter reciprocate the intelligence.

"3. *It will advance the cause of education*—As well by the rapid interchange of productions, as by inducing correspondence between relatives and acquaintances, whose mutual criticism would greatly improve. Nor should those States, from whose citizens the larger part of the revenue will be raised, because of their capacity to write, object to this reduction, as it seconds their policy. According to Dr. Isaac Watts and other good authorities, nothing confirms the acquirements of the student and contributes to his improvement so much as 'frequent and accurate composition.'"

Mr. Genin had ceased to be young when the railroad interest appeared in the community where he lived. It would have been natural for one of advanced years to take a conscientious view of the policy, and either appear or remain silent in regard to the enterprise. On the contrary, he threw himself with his constitutional vigor into this new and better method of developing the resources of the country. And not only did he advocate the building of railroads, but he bent his energies to the task of comprehending the principles on which they should be built. He wrote of railroads, not only on the score of their utility, but also in reference to topographical conditions of their construction. He also saw at what points railroads should touch; where they should find termini. The course of valleys, the height of hills, the practicability of bridging rivers, the natural centres of trade—all these things are discussed in a series of articles in the *Belmont Chronicle*, entitled "Railroad to Wheeling."

As illustrative of his proclivity to master the science as well as the financial importance of public enterprises, the fol-

lowing essay entitled "A Word on Railroads," is worthy of an insertion in this connection:

"Railroads are most cheap, permanent, and easily kept in repair, when made on dividing ridges. Cheap, because the earth to be removed is thrown downward, and immense quantities of it may be removed at less expense than the making of a few feet of bridge in creek bottoms, near the mouths of the numerous small rivulets, that fall into the creeks on either side. Permanent, because exempt from the action of great accumulations of water, which at times, covers the bottoms, or sweep down the ravines, and are easily kept in repair; because the great changer of the earth's surface, the rain, has power to do mischief according to the square of the distance from the top of the ridge. As one looks from the top of a dividing ridge, to the right and left, he sees the earth torn out or gullied, deeper and deeper, in exact proportion to the rain drops, concentrating into masses, acquired the strength of union—at first moderately indenting the soft earth, but, farther down, breaking through the rocky strata, and forming lofty precipices. Thus nature certifies as to where a railroad may be most advantageously made. Ridge routes may be shortened, from the ease with which hills may be thrown into hollows; and the road, when done, is really done, and is not to be rebuilt after every flood. Even if it cost more at first it will prove cheapest in the end; but it will be found cheapest both first and last.

"Had I not seen how difficult it was for some road makers to comprehend that the handle of a bucket is no longer when lying down on the side of the bucket, than when standing over it, I should not have thought I could throw any light upon this subject. The locators of the national turnpike do not seem to have understood this problem of the bucket handle, more than King George comprehended how the apple got into the dumpling; a sad memorial of this exists about one mile east of St. Clairsville, known as the hill of accidents. I last week, at the request of the driver, with all others in the stage, got out and walked down the hill in the night, in a

snow storm, reflecting that a similar curve extended sideways to the right, would have saved us the trouble, and that possibly the Lord sent the ground, but the devil the engineer, as in the case of the victuals and the cooks."

Mr. Genin's practical interest in agriculture is evinced in the elaborate addresses he gave on the subject, which, for most part, are presented in this volume. They evince original thought, and have durable merit.

His essays "On the Preservation of Morals and Causes of their Decline," published in the Wheeling *Gazette*, in 1821, are also included in the present compilation.

Mr. Genin had what is often called a "literary turn." It was a necessity with him to write. Had there been no such art as that of writing, it would seem that he must have invented it. His tendencies required such a vehicle of thought, such a method of communication. In early youth, as his oration before the "Union Humane Society" in 1818 shows, he had the faults of that gift or necessity. The rhetoric is stilted, declamatory, and not a few of the sentences are over-wrought. This, as the other papers evince, he rapidly outgrew, and his style losing nothing in force became more natural. He is always quaint. He is never feeble. He never wants for epithets. Comparisons came at his call. He is sarcastic, vehement, searching. He never palters in a double sense. Ambiguity is at the furthest remote from being among his faults. He had genius, and of course, the oddities which always accompany genius. He was in a marked degree of eminence, an Original Man.

Of the poetical works reprinted in this volume something must be said. Particularly in regard to the greater poem, "The Napolead, in Twelve Books," an interesting history might be written. In a prosaic age, almost entirely given to utilitarian pursuits, and in the least noble sense of the word utilitarian, the attempt to write an epic seems a piece of

audacity. The immediate impulse is to sneer at such insane presumption, and gibbet the adventurer without the form of accusation trial or sentence. And here we feel the necessity of rescuing our author from the contempt a majority of readers will be inclined to bestow upon him, and this prior to all examination, of the merits or demerits of the "Napolead," by bringing before them at once, a statement which will be an assurance that such rash judgment is not safe.

John Quincy Adams read the "Napolead," and was so affected by it, that he wrote the author a letter of thanks as a matter of duty. De Witt Clinton gave it strong expressions of approbation. Henry Clay wrote the author a favorable judgment. The details will be given presently, but we feel the necessity of thrusting the names of those witnesses at once upon the reader's attention. John Quincy Adams was himself a poet; he was a master in the realms of literature and belles-lettres; he was a judge of the merits even of epic poetry. He may have over-estimated the "Napolead," or he may not. Surely, whatever its imperfections, it must have had extraordinary merits to have taken so much of the precious time of that veteran scholar, and move him to put his name to a letter of approbation. We cannot err, therefore, in assuring ourselves of the reader's respectful attention, while we give a condensed history of a poem which was extraordinary in its pretentions, and to which its author fully believed time, which proves all things, would at last give the infallible signet of approbation.

On examining a bundle of documents relating to this poem, we find that proposals for publishing it by subscription were issued at the city of New York, on 20th November, 1815. The *Columbian* of 11th January, 1816, edited by Wm. B. Irwin, the *Evening Post* by Coleman, and *Commercial Advertiser* by Stone, of the same month, contain extracts from different Cantos of the Poem without comment.

On the 14th January, 1816, the New York *National Advocate*, edited by Andrew Caldwell Mitchell, has a notice of the poem, in which it says: "It is impossible to give a correct

opinion of a whole work of which we have only seen a part; of that which we have seen, however, we feel no hesitation to speak; and our opinion *is decidedly in favor of its merit.* There appears a vast deal of poetic fancy, and imagery, which declares the author to possess that *genius* which *can alone excel in this branch of literature.*" "The following is an extract from the book we have seen (the 6th), and the reader will perceive the fanciful and poetic arrangement of the author. He has chosen Homer as his model; and throughout he personifies and gives corporeal agency to the passions, the attributes, the motives, and even the seasons when introduced." The same was endorsed by the Long Island *Star*, January 31, 1816, edited by Alden Spooner, who publishes the same extract. On the 24th of June, 1816, the *National Advocate* contains a more extended notice of the work, stating that the author maintains throughout his machinery one chain of reasoning, showing the secret hand of Deity directing all events by a variety of agents; and adds: "while we do not announce this as a faultless production, we *feel a pride and pleasure in recommending it as one of considerable merit, doing honor to the genius of our country*, and well deserving of encouragement."

Extracts from the poem were published in several successive issues of the paper. For that of July 3, 1816, is the following deprecatory notice from the Albany *Advertiser*, edited by Theodore Dwight, a Federalist.

"A new epic poem, in twelve cantos, called the Napolead, by a *native genius*, is announced in the New York *National Advocate*, as ready for the press. If his cantos are only of a moderate length, the author must work quick if he has already made up a poem worth the trouble of publication. In old times it used to be a serious job to make a poem. We mean when such men as Milton and Dryden and Pope wrote."

"The foregoing remarks," said the *Advocate*, "are from the dapper pen of Domine Dwight, ex-Secretary of the Hartford Convention. That he should be the first to throw a stone at a performance as yet novel in America, was perfectly in character. We would rebuke his editorial sarcasm rather

from the anti-American feeling it displays, and the prejudices it harbors, than from any motive of reflecting merit on the Napolead, which, although far from faultless in its present state, still, *contains more beauties, more management, and more poetic fancy than we have before met with in the genius of America*, when directed to the arrangement of an epic poem. 'By a native genius?' This is enough to awaken his ire. Heavens! can any man write an epic poem on this side of the Atlantic who was not born, bred and educated in the land of the Lord's anointed? No, this would be a crime against doctrine and creed," etc. To this Mr. Dwight rejoins:

"By some strange fatality we are peculiarly unfortunate in all our intercourse with the enlightened editor of the *National Advocate.* We used the words 'by a native genius' to express our gratification that the work was *not foreign.* We are very friendly indeed to native genius. We hope soon to see the epic, and promise to be pleased with it, if it is a good one."

Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, December, 1815, endorses on the first canto, that, "This composition evinces respectable powers of mind, and a promising talent for versification. The rule among the critics is, that there should be unity of action, and a fortunate issue. It does not instantly appear how these two requisites will be embraced in the poem. The personifications of Philanthropy, Policy and Intrigue are perhaps the best parts of the first book."

Gales & Seaton wrote: "From the cursory examination we have given the work, we think it possesses merit."

The foregoing are notices of the poem while in manuscript. In the fall of 1833 it was printed. No bookseller was interested in it. A few copies were sent to individuals of distinction in politics or letters. Henry Clay writes, April 21, 1835, that "he had received a copy about a year previous, and hopes to be excused for the omission to make in proper time his acknowledgments for the author's friendly attention and for the *pleasure derived from the perusal of the poem.*"

John Q. Adams writes a characteristic letter, which we give without abridgment:

"WASHINGTON, 9th May, 1835.

"THOMAS H. GENIN, ESQ., St. Clairsville, Ohio.

"SIR,—The receipt of your poem, the Napolead, ought to have been acknowledged many months since. My thanks for your kindness in sending it to me should have accompanied the acknowledgment, and *the merit of the work was entitled to a testimonial from me, which should not have been withheld.* Perhaps a prejudice against the subject of it has contributed to the delay, which I cannot undertake to justify. Please to accept my grateful thanks now, and believe me to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"J. Q. ADAMS."

"I forward with this a copy (bound) of an Oration upon the Life and Character of Lafayette, of which I request your acceptance."

On the 22d October, 1834, the Washington *National Intelligencer* contained a column and more of extracts from the poem, with the suggestion that "the question whether Southey, Cowper or Milton would have *managed the subject* better than Mr. Genin, could be answered forty years hence with more certainty than now."

By comparing dates, one may reasonably suspect this notice induced Messrs. Clay and Adams to read the poem.

Mr. John Duffie, editor of the *Journal and Enquirer*, of St. Clairsville, in the fall of 1834, rebuked Adam Waldie, proprietor of the "Journal of Belles-Lettres," of Philadelphia, for misquoting from the Napolead; and then, without pointing out any defect, attempting to sneer at it in five columns of nonsense. To which Waldie replies, that "it argues little judgment in Duffie to bolster up the attempt of Mr. Genin for the *London Athenæum says of the Napolead:*

"'The days of epics, we suspect, are gone by; or if they are to be charmed back, it is not by Mr. Genin. Twelve books of blank verse corresponding with Adam Smith's definition of blank verse, that which has neither rhyme nor reason, are something beyond an ordinary dose; and we freely confess that we could only swallow but a small part of the same. *The*

subject is too high and vast a one to be grasped by other hands than the strongest.' "

To this Duffie rejoins: "After this who will doubt the sources from whence Waldie gets his astonishing powers of discoursing upon men and books. Is it possible that neither Homer, nor Virgil, nor Milton, nor Shakespeare, after all we have heard of them, were men without rhyme or reason."

Joseph R. Chandler states in his paper of 1834, concerning the Napolead, substantially, "The genius of America has at length *achieved an epic poem*, but it should have been written in rhyme."

The New York *Sunday Morning News* of May 22, 1836, contains a notice of the work said to have been written by James Nack. He says:

"The author anticipates in a well written preface some of the objections that may be urged against his poem; but with whatever ingenuity these objections are combatted, we cannot forbear bringing them forward; and, first of all, we object to the *subject*. The career of Napoleon is of itself a magnificent romance, to which fiction can add nothing without impairing the interest. But the machinery is the most serious defect of this poem, infusing into it a narcotic property. The insipidity of allegory has been fatal to more celebrated poets. All the beauty and splendor of Spenser's genius cannot prevent a feeling of languor from stealing upon the reader, whenever personages are introduced, whose very names remind us that they have only a figurative existence. It would have been better for Mr. Genin to have dispensed with machinery altogether. It is no more essential to constitute a modern epic than a chorus to entitle Shakspere's Othello to the appellation of a tragedy. Notwithstanding the serious defect we have noticed, it must be allowed to contain many passages of great merit; and as an instance, we quote the spirited and picturesque description of Murat leading to the charge."

Gen. Lewis Cass, writing to the Hon. Benjamin Ruggles, from Paris, 9th June, 1841, says: "I have read the work of Mr. Genin with great interest, and I think, considering *the difficulty of the subject*, that he has acquitted himself of his

task with *no little ability*. Many of his lines *breathe the spirit of poetry*."

Professor N. T. Cunningham writes, October 30, 1844, to the author: "I have read your volume with much pleasure, also with instruction. Want of time forbids my noticing particular passages, especially where I find so much to admire: though I think I was most pleased with the sixth canto, in part, owing to the excitement of the subject; but principally to the eloquent and masterly manner in which those thrilling scenes are depicted. It has been said, with some justness, that imagination could add nothing to the romance of Napoleon's career; but I think that you, without any attempt at exaggeration, or straining after effect, have succeeded in throwing around his history an additional charm and interest."

The New York *Dispatch*, of February 7, 1858, contains comparisons of descriptions of similar matters in the Iliad, Paradise Lost and Napolead to show the manner in which different authors use the same idea as to duty of station—the scales of fate—and gigantic stature, conceding that as the same nature is attempted to be described by all the poets, there would be resemblances of description though each were ignorant of the other's works.

"The Vast may, or may not be sublime, according to the capacity of the reader. If it elevates and refreshes the mind without causing an emotion of the ridiculous, it generally approaches the grand or sublime. A man may be sublime in action or sentiment; but the vast in stature must be of ideal beings. To be efficiently sublime, the idea should be easily comprehended. Homer says Olympus was shaken by the nod of Jupiter. This impresses most readers more forcibly than the idea of immensity being moved, notwithstanding the infinitely superior vastness of the effect of the deity's motion."

On the 19th of September, 1860, the Rev. J. M. Hedges writes from Herkimer, N. Y.: "I have seen in the New York *Mercury* some fine extracts from the Napolead; by which some critic has called attention to some passages of sublimity found in that poem—which gratifies me, as a proof, that it has, what Milton desired for his poem, 'a fit audience, though

few,' of appreciative and admiring readers. I did not preserve the number from which I cut out this enclosed criticism; I think it was dated some time in October, 1859."

From the *Mercury:* "We take great pleasure in laying before our gossipers a communication from a gentleman styling himself 'Z.' He is evidently a scholar of quick discernment, and fully able to appreciate the sublime in poetry."

"'On reading the poets I have sometimes underscored lines that appeared to me sublime in sentiment or in description, or particularly beautiful with a *curve*, *serpentine* or *straight* line, to distinguish each kind. On looking back through the pages read in past years, I find the mark denoting the sublime in sentiment far less frequent than the others. Notwithstanding a supposed mental servility to English literature, an American poem, which I read some twenty-five years ago, contains more marked passages of this description than others of considerable celebrity. My attention was called to it by Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, who stated in his newspaper notice of the Napolead, that the genius of this country had at length achieved an epic poem. Learning too that it was written in Wall Street by a New Yorker, I felt the more inclined to look into it, and on doing so, was thankful to Mr. Chandler for his hint.'"

We add a few remarks on the foregoing notices of the poem.

The history of literature shows that the world has been slow in coming to an agreement on the merit of epic poems. The unlucky judgments passed on them in former times and reversed by posterity, have made the more capable critics unwilling to express opinions, and the incapable to sneer without pointing out beauties or defects, as dogs bark at the moon. Some prefer to let the poem speak for itself by extracts; others, while they praise very justly, claim it is not faultless—and recognize again the impossibility of perfection.

The *subject* and the *machinery* are objected to by Mr. Nack. Still Dr. Mitchell thinks the personifications of Philanthropy, Policy and Intrigue are, perhaps, the best parts of the first book. Possibly as he was an M. D. as well as an LL. D.,

he took a utilitarian view of the machinery, as adding to the *materia medica* a useful narcotic.

The *subject* of the poem seems to be an object of general distrust. It is thought too vast, and the poem likely to fail in those matters of which statesmen take cognizance. But a work that gave Henry Clay pleasure in the perusal; that De-Witt Clinton averred bore the stamp of immortality; that John Q. Adams writes of as possessing merit which entitled it to a testimonial from him, that should not have been withheld—a merit discerned in spite of his admitted prejudice against the subject; that Gales & Seaton considered meritorious; that Professor Cunningham approved for good reasons assigned; that J. R. Chandler pronounced a success in epic poetry; that Lewis Cass read with great interest, and thought, considering the difficulty of the subject, evinced great ability in the author,—such a work cannot be supposed to have materially fallen short in the intelligence in which these men were so distinguished. No subject of any book has yet been exhausted. The most one can do is to treat a subject well as far as it is discussed. Neither the London *Athenæum*, nor the other commentators on this poem have pointed out any mismanagement of, or failure to treat the subject properly. They seem to see in it a mountain they will not venture to ascend; and, therefore, deem it presumption in others to attempt the ascent.

The subject of the poem is "vast;" but, as far as explored, from the above testimony, it has probably been well treated. The author could not furnish brains as well as ideas, nor taste for the grand and sublime to minds of no affinity for such things; which the Editor of the London *Athenæum* supposes possible to be done by a poet of great genius, when he speaks of "charming back an epic age." We would like to know when such an age existed? It was not when Homer was so little heeded that seven cities disputed as to which of them he appertained. It was not in Tasso's or Milton's time. Although such writers animate the literature of long periods, they have been slow in coming to the knowledge of the masses. There has been, and will be in any age, but few who

take great delight in their majestic march of thought and expression. These few will shape the judgment of the many; though they cannot impart to them the mind needed to feel and enjoy the dignity and beauty of epic poetry. Hence there are many who own and praise Paradise Lost without reading much of it.

It is the style and spirit of a poem that make it interesting; not its fortunate or unfortunate issue, nor its structure with machinery or without it. In illustration of this, we might refer to two translations of the Iliad. The unity of action and successful termination is the same in both; but the tame and spiritless one is neglected, while that of the most spirit and beauty of style is eagerly sought. An epic poem is not expected to be a treatise on politics, strategy or tactics; but it should be correct on all matters of which it incidentally treats.

The machinery in the Napolead might be abridged in some parts of the work. Its action in the Sixth Canto is too long; but to dispense with it altogether is not desirable. It adds to the vivacity of expression, instead of enumerating the reasons that lead to a wise or prudent conclusion, and stating the objections thereto, suggested by Pride or Vanity, these principles are given tongue, grace of form and action, and make speeches in support of their respective views. It is probably not more metaphysical than was originally the theogony of the Greeks, Mars representing the principle of War, Venus of Love, Minerva of Wisdom, etc.

The Chevalier Ramsay claims to have discovered a resemblance in all the mythologies of the nations bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, growing out of the nature of things. All have a supreme, a middle or atoning power, and a good principle opposed to the principle of evil. The author of the Napolead calls the principles by names significant of their nature; not confining himself to one or another mythology for names. He designates the Supreme God by the appellations of Jove, Jehovah, Lord of Nature, Almighty: so Mars, War, Discord, are used as synonymous words. The prosopopœia is in frequent use. While it is conceded that the reader's knowl-

edge of the physical non-existence of the speaker or actor lessens his pleasure, it may be claimed that his pleasure would be still less without the vivacity of the oratorical manner of statement. The half loaf may be worth acceptance, since beings more real for machinery cannot now be had.

The writer in the New York *Dispatch* seems, in effect, to yield the palm of sublimity to the Napolead touching the nod of Jupiter; but offers a rule for its efficiency that would degrade the epic Muse. He says it must be easily comprehended to be efficient. Cotton might well have offered this argument in justification of his travestie of the Iliad. It is better to raise mortals than bring down angels to their level; but when it can be done without sacrifice of dignity, an author

> "Should let his words so well be plann'd
> That blockheads can't misunderstand."

It is an amusing conceit that the sublime depends not on its intrinsic merit or quality; but on the capacity of the reader. A volcano can shake a mountain; but the Deity alone can move immensity. In the Napolead the weighing of the destinies seems to be a mental operation. In Paradise Lost it is stated that the scales are yet on hand "betwixt astrea and the scorpion sign," and the work was accomplished by such physical appliances that Satan saw the operation, and fled murmuring. The party vanquished in the struggle has the lightest scale in the Napolead and Paradise Lost, and the heaviest in the Iliad.

The plain sense of the Napolead is "that the Deity heard the prayer of Alexander, and considered the respective merit of France and Russia, and found that the merit of Russia was greatest, and rendered judgment accordingly." The scales is a mere figure of speech to describe the mental operation. Which writer has used it most aptly or awkwardly we will not undertake to decide. Homer describes the article as *golden*, Milton as composed of *material globes*, Genin as consisting of *consideration*. Jove could have decided quite as well without the gold, or the globes; but *consideration* was indispensable.

An author may be glad to see his work condemned by persons of small capacity, as it shows the work is above the level of their minds; particularly if the same work is commended by such men as DeWitt Clinton, J. Q. Adams, Lewis Cass, and others above-quoted.

In 1816 the Federalists were abusive and the Democrats eulogistic of Napoleon. Hence, probably, the former published extracts from the poem without comment, the latter commented and approved. It may be inferred that the Federal Editors saw something of merit in the poem, which restrained their partisan action against its hero. Of the extracts given by the Editors only two lines are repeated, showing that interesting passages are not scarce. When carpers give no reasons, we infer they have none to give.

The London *Athenæum* refutes itself; has "swallowed but a small part" and assigns no error as to that part; but in his thoughtlessness the Editor runs foul of Shakespeare, Milton, and others. Though all the greater epic poets have flourished in spite of discouragements, he suspects the days of epics have gone by, as if there had ever been a time when they were generally patronized.

The writer in the *National Intelligencer*, without deciding that the *subject* is impracticable, suggests that the question, whether it could have been managed better by Southey, Cowper or Milton, than by Genin, could be answered forty years hence with more certainty than now—and giving no opinion, furnishes extracts, that the poem may speak for itself.

May we infer from this that he doubted whether those poets could have managed the subject better than Genin?

The subject affords thought for many volumes; but Genin has not seen fit to discuss it beyond one volume; and it should not be expected that he would accomplish more than he intended.

In his biography of his son, Sylvester—the lawyer and artist—he publishes one of his own letters, addressed to the son, in the course of which is a characteristic allusion to the "Napolead." He was always conscious of the seeming presumption of venturing upon so ambitious a literary enterprise. Hence

he had no vanity in regard to it—no conceit. He was conscious, in a judicial way, that the poem had merit, and he would not undervalue his own abilities by any affectation of delicacy. This appears in the following extract from the letter alluded to:

"I would not advise one to attempt an epic poem, or even to cultivate poetry beyond a portion of one's leisure, yet I would not annihilate what I have done in poetry, or abandon its enjoyment, for any pecuniary consideration. I should dislike the responsibility of advising one to a course, in which the chances of failure so far outnumber the chances of success: and in which success itself is scarce discoverable, except by posterity. The same feeling makes one distrust his own judgment, when he views what seems excellencies in the higher efforts of literature and the arts, if made by a contemporary as to whose merits the world has not yet agreed. I do not recollect of any one speaking otherwise than discouragingly to me of the 'Napolead,' except De Witt Clinton and Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, who at the same time cautioned me against expecting any temporal advantages from it. My literary friends, of less capacity, while they professed to admire my short pieces, could see nothing but presumption in my attempting an epic. This is so natural that I am surprised to have found an exception, or a Clinton; for I am not sure but he determined the opinion of Dr. Mitchell."

With this literary history of the poem we leave the *Napolead* with the reader.

Of the other poems in this volume, all save "The Fatal Disunion," "A New Year's Address," and "To the Flag of our Union," appear in print for the first time. They are formed on the plan of the older poets. The author's taste had been formed by the reading of Dryden, Pope, and Thomson, before the advent of Tennyson, and most of the American poets. The manuscript betrays great care in composing; the interlineations and alterations are numerous—showing that in their present form they are matured products, not spontaneous ut-

terances. They exhibit an extraordinary faculty for versification. The rythm is near perfection. They are not unworthy of the pen that produced the great poem, which challenged the admiration of John Quincy Adams and other literary masters.

In regard more particularly to "The Fatal Disunion," we must add, that the approval of a few literary masters, and the sneers of others not so well known to fame, awaited it. It was a production of youth, making its appearance when the author was but twenty years old. It may be well to insert an article in reference to it, which appeared in the *Olive Branch* for March 24, 1820, published in Circleville, Ohio, over the signature of "Alpha," with which we shall leave the Poetical Works to the discrimination and judgment of the reader:

"The Americans have been accused by Europeans of being devoid of poetical genius, because no poet equal to Homer, Virgil, or Milton, has appeared among us. Our libellers have been ably answered by Jefferson and others. But it is a melancholy fact, that we have produced but few poets; though Dwight, Barlow, and Trumbull, have sung in numbers as lasting as our language, and have raised monuments to their fame which will stand unimpaired by the ravages of time, until their and our slanderers are buried in oblivion.

"But there are substantial reasons for our producing so few poets, founded on our state of society. In Europe, rewards are held out to genius, which are wanting here. There rulers have patronized the poet, by conferring distinguished honors upon him; by giving an annual stipend, ample enough in many cases to support him in ease, if not in affluence. Critics there have been men of character, of high standing as scholars, as men of talents, and of virtue. They never suffer themselves to become mere 'word catchers,' or, as Horace calls them, '*anceps verborum.*' The moral aim of the author is looked at in remarking on his productions. Such critics never suffer themselves to descend to ribaldry and low abuse. Modest merit is not unceremoniously trampled under foot. As the eagle teaches her young to adventure on the feeble

wing, in short essays, around the nest, so the able critic teaches the truant Muse how to soar, until rising aloft on its full-grown wings, it is lost to human sight in the full effulgence of the mid-day sun. Such is the state of things in Europe, which have produced the proud results we behold.

"But how changed is the scene here! We have a few literary men who love learning for her own sake, scattered over a vast extent of country, without patronage themselves, without political power, because they scorn to stoop to the low arts by which only it can be obtained or preserved—themselves pelted in every dirty newspaper; by every low wretch, who wishes to prevent their rising in the estimation of the public. They droop the wing, they cower beneath the frown of the political quack, the illiterate ignoramus, and the anonymous libeller. No sooner does some writer appear possessed of genius, zeal, literature, and science, than every worthless creature who can write his name, pounces upon him, in some little newspaper. To contend with such wretches would degrade any decent man; to put up with the abuse unanswered, would render him unpopular with the common people, as wanting the spirit to defend himself. In such a dilemma, he gives up all thoughts of attending to literary pursuits, and turns to some professional business. Here and there one, in despite of all that these worthless wretches, these self-styled, would-be critics can do, boldy presses forward in his literary career, until a want of patronage, and the urgent demands of creditors, compel him to desist in his efforts, which, in a different state of society, might have led him to fame as well as to wealth. Others again, though never persecuted by this low tribe of writers, because having no patron to bring their works before the public eye, like the flowers in a wide wilderness, 'are born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

"These reflections pressed themselves upon my mind, on carefully perusing the work whose title stands at the head of this communication. Mr. Genin is a young man of much promise, who now resides, and for several years past has resided at St. Clairsville in this State."

The personal peculiarities of Thomas H. Genin were very striking. Socrates was "odd." In the same sense he was "odd." Men of genius are usually eccentric—at least they seem so. Acting from themselves, rather than from what is conventional, they impress with a sense of oddity those whose law is the way "they" do it.

Mr. Genin was in his habits and manners a law unto himself. He was simply himself. He was very hospitable; and his reception of friends was cordial. He assumed that his visitors knew this—could see it in his manner. Hence he seldom *expressed* satisfaction on receiving them; never urged them to "stay longer" when they proposed leaving. To ask a man to stay longer than he intended to stay, was to know better than that friend his own business! It was to ask him to appropriate for the benefit of his host time he had need to employ elsewhere! And this was no fancy, no affectation. It was his philosophy; and he acted always from principle. But he had a way of inducing friends to stay longer, when sure that in so doing they would make no sacrifice. An amusing instance may be here related.

Mr. John N. Genin, of New York—so noted in the Jenny Lind epoch, and usually spoken of as "Genin, the New York Hatter"—was a nephew of Thomas H. Genin. When he visited his uncle the satisfaction of the latter was expressed in every way save the formal. When he left, the regret of the uncle was unmistakable; who, however, never so much as asked him not to hurry his departure. On occasion of one visit, John the nephew reminded Mr. Genin that his large and and valuable Cincinnati property needed looking after; and he proposed on leaving to make a trip to the Queen City and attend to the business suggested. This would add about a week to his absence from his own business; and he proposed doing this.

"Have you time, John, to remain so much longer from home? Can you spare the extra week, to look after my Cincinnati interests, as well as not?"

The nephew, presuming his proposition was to be accepted,

promptly answered, that without any detriment to his business or other duties, he could stay from home a week longer.

"Well, then," said the uncle, "*stay here!*"

Mr. Genin was a man of extraordinary courage. Like Nelson, he never knew fear. In the midst of danger he was self-possessed, and could act with judgment. He was known to be a man of great property; and it was known that he kept large amounts of money and other portable valuables in his house. And as his house was away from the village, alone by itself, he was certainly in great danger at the hands of thieves and other desperate characters. Late in life, he had no one in the house save his housekeeper. Yet with a full knowledge of his dangerous situation, he usually slept on a ground floor, with loaded gun ready for thief, robber, or burglar. And the situation did not even affect his imagination.

One night, returning to his home, he passed a grove. In the grove he could descry the forms of several desperate looking men, evidently seeking to conceal themselves from his sight, intending, no doubt, to spring upon, waylay him, and rob him. All this flashed upon him at sight. With strange coolness and presence of mind, he affected to draw a concealed weapon, and hold it in readiness for attack! He affected this, but was in fact defenceless. But the ruse was successful, till he got somewhat in advance of them. Then with his utmost speed he ran for his home. The robbers pursued, but were not able to overtake him till it became too much of a risk for them to continue the game. Entering his house, he saw that the robbers had been there. There lay his housekeeper on the floor in a state of insensibility, and bleeding from blows which the desperadoes had dealt her! They evidently supposed they had killed her. But not being able to discover the valuables, they had watched the return of the proprietor, probably expecting to extort a disclosure, and then perhaps act on the maxim that "dead men tell no tales." The housekeeper's wounds happily did not prove fatal; and on her restoration she told the tale of the violent entrance and murderous assault.

The occasion was a warning to Mr. Genin to remove his valuables to a safer place of deposit; and to have other men in his house. But with original tactics, he proposed to plan a different sort of protection. He had his bed moved to the chamber. In the floor of the chamber he had three holes cut, and the opening filled with loose pieces of board, which could be easily removed. The plastering under the holes was taken away, and the spaces covered with white paper, simply pasted on. Explaining his queer fortification to a friend, he said:

"Now, sir, here are my gun and ammunition—in the chamber ready for instant use. Robbers must enter the lower door, and come up the stairway. That I have so barricaded as to require time to force a passage. And before they can make their entrance, I with my gun and the three 'port holes,' can easily act upon them, while they cannot act upon me. You see, sir, I have command of the situation!"

His coolness, courage and self-control were traits of character well known. He would have defended his fortification, and the "port holes" would have been put to use. In fact, he was never after disturbed.

Boys used to infest his orchard. He cared little for the loss of property. He cared more for the misdemeanor. He thought the orchard thieves should be taught better. One day he took a cord and tied together the limbs of the tree that was most tempting, in such a way that one limb could not be shaken without shaking every limb. Then the cord was continued to the top of the piazza of his house; and then so fastened to a lot of tin pans and kettles that if a single bough was shaken the pans and kettles, with horrid sound, would fall to the floor of the piazza. Night came, and the orchard proprietor retired. So soon as every room was dark, the thievish urchins came to the choice tree. They shook a limb! Suddenly there arose such a din of horrid noises that the young robbers fled in consternation, so frightened that they never suspected the nature of the strategy that occasioned their terror. And as they were never informed, they never after invaded the orchard. They would as soon have entered a haunted house on a dark night.

Mr. Genin had a quiet humor; but his way of showing it was peculiar. His manner was oratorical, and his fun was put into phrases as stately as the sentences of Gibbon. A "widower with money," it was natural to joke him to the effect that he was game for the widows, who, if they did not love him, would be tempted to try to make him think they did. On a certain occasion, a friend rallied him on this point, asking him which he most preferred, the widow's smiles or ten per cent on his investments.

"Sir," said he, "the ancient philosopher has said that up to the age of fifty-five love rules in the breast of man; after the age of fifty-five, avarice rules. Sir, I am more than fifty-five!"

He had a fancy for reading what few men were tempted to read. He had a passion for knowledge out of the beaten track. One day a friend called upon him, and found him late in the afternoon in his field, making a few needed repairs on the fence. When commended for his industry, Mr. Genin replied:

"I have devoted the former part of the day to the reading of Milton on Divorce. Up to this day, I have never examined that treatise of the English classic. Now I have done so. I have this day read Milton on Divorce."

The question, "What is the most healthy place?" is an ancient one. It is always being solved. Usually it is the town or village "where I own several lots." Sometimes a more unselfish and philosophical explanation is given, such as pertains to climate, high ground, exemption from malarious districts, proximity to sea, lake, or river. At one time, Mr. Genin addressed himself to the task of endeavoring to ascertain "the most healthy place." One is forced to smile at, and at the same time admire, the peculiar wisdom his plan evinced. It was inductive—thoroughly after the canons of Lord Bacon. He made an extensive tour, visiting, at remote points, a large number of villages. In every place he entered the graveyard, noted down the number of deaths with the

respective ages on the tombstones, *and then struck the average age at which the people died!*

He believed in the Shakesperean maxim, "To thine own self be true." What he thought of himself, he would say. In writing of his son, he alludes to the father as "an accurate lawyer." This was the simple truth. We hold that it shows moral courage for one to be true to himself, when the fashion calls for self-depreciation. Mr. Genin had no faith in those nominal Christians who are ever prating about their great sinfulness, yet never give the particulars. He would have a man express his honest thought, even though himself were the subject.

That Mr. Genin had a passion for "saving things," can not be regarded as another reason for calling him peculiar. Any old garret, especially in farm houses, will attest that a disinclination to destroy things is not uncommon with the race. He had this passion however in so extraordinary a degree that it may be set down as a personal peculiarity.

We will give one example in which we are sure the reader will see something of the ludicrous. Among the papers placed in our hands for the preparation of this volume, we find part of an old newspaper, from which he had torn something he wished to use. What remained was nothing but advertisements; and a discolored, shabby fragment it is. We think that "mankind in general" could have brought themselves to destroy *that*. We found it *carefully filed* among Mr. Genin's papers, and labled "Of no use!"

He was always experimenting. He had an almost annoying propensity to test opinions and judgments. Men who made a boast of their wisdom, he would often humble by expedients they could not themselves question. It amuses one to read in his published letter to his son: "I would not inspire a contempt for mankind; but their boasted reason encounters so many disturbing forces, that she, with difficulty, sits uprightly on her throne. Envy and jealousy less often disturb than weakness and pusillanimity. In my youth, knowing the range of the reading of some literary

friends, I offered for their opinion a few lines of poetry, from an author of established reputation, as if they were my own. They were considered faulty—even ungrammatical; because the judges did not understand the application of what we style the adverbial adjective, which gives such force and beauty to our language. When I offered them some lines of my own, as the composition of the same author, they could discover no defect, though there actually was a small one, purposely left for experiment."

He would not however triumph over discomfited critics, but recommend self-reliance, and the reducing of wants. He adds: "The fallibility of human judgment is such, that it should never be allowed to elevate or depress the spirits, but merely be used so far as the reasons for it have weight to enlighten the understanding. Follow nature, and, if human opinions cannot keep pace with you, it is their, and not your misfortune. One should render himself independent of patronage. It takes but little to support, in simplicity, the painter, while he executes immortal works. The real wants of man are easily supplied. Riches consist less in the number of dollars, than the moderation of desire."

Though a man of theory, Mr. Genin was, in a marked degree, a practical man. He writes his son Sylvester, in a tone which urges him to act upon the advice of a friend, and make painting a past-time, and the law a business. "There is," he tells him, "probably no man, whatever his success may have been, that is satisfied with it, or with the appreciation of him, or his works, by the world. Napoleon was not. His conversations with O'Meara, and Las Cases, are attempts to enlighten mankind on this matter. Benjamin West, it is said, died poor. There is a direct tendency to poverty in all who pay but little attention to money after they get it; who adopt no measures to make it productive, and are deficient in economy and management. Heirs of large estates, without cultivating painting or poetry, frequently soon find their patrimony evaporated. Great lawyers, notwithstanding the lucrativeness

of their profession, have often died poor; for a leaky bucket will, at length, be found empty. Judge Ruggles has shown to me Colonel Trumbull's letter of the 13th Dec., inst., stating that your friends have not overrated your talents as a painter; but on account of the nature of our institutions, and the uncertainty of popular favor, he has advised you, as his friends advised him, to make the study and practice of law your chief pursuit, and historical painting the amusement of your leisure hours."

An example of the practical turn of his mind is evinced in a record of personal expenses from May to August, 1815. Here is a memorandum for each day—just what he bought and what he paid. In those days the cost of living was nominally much less than now, yet it may surprise some to learn that for the three months specified, the whole expense of living was $56—for rent $17.12; board, $20; clothing, $18.88. This too in the metropolitan city! We judge that his income began to improve, for during the next three months, his expenses rose from $56 to $74.37 1-2. His average board bill, exclusive of rent, was $1.69 a week. He had the manliness to live within his income. It is easy to understand how he became the wealthiest man in his county.

A catalogue of his library of about 600 volumes, exhibits the varied character of his tastes. Here are works on law, medicine, the military art, grammar, divinity, poetry, oratory. We find few books of fiction; though we are happy to note Don Quixote in the list.

Remembering his own unhappy experience in the schoolroom, Mr. Genin conceived a prejudice against the professional teacher that became a ruling passion. In his Biography of his son, he says, he was determined "not to mar the happiness of his children, if he could conveniently be their instructor. Other circumstances conspired to confirm this resolution, particularly what he thought the general incompetency of teachers, and the conviction that all scholars are self-made, whether studying at home, or in a college; and that even an illiterate woman can, by judicious praise of learning and learned men,

in the presence of children, make better scholars than a schoolmaster, who cannot excite their ambition. If this be roused, a child can scarce be prevented from making of himself what he pleases. If he has the *will* he soon finds the *way* to learn: text-books are procured, and the wise consulted."

In his office of teacher, his task, he says, "was often performed at the table, while eating; a subject would be mentioned; some leading ideas stated, respecting it, and books referred to for further information. A few days afterwards the same subject would be mentioned, with the expectation of hearing it illustrated, and generally the pupil was prepared for the task; taking sometimes new views, and offering reasons not contained in the books consulted. On reading a newspaper, the mention of ports, cities and other points, presented occasions for inquiry into their geographical position, population, manners, customs, etc., and if the pupils could not readily answer, a reference to maps ensued. Some ten rules in arithmetic, including the four elementary ones, of well-known practical use, were repeatedly impressed; but no time was lost in going through any treatise on that science, spending weeks and months in attempting to solve a puzzle. The same course was observed in mathematics. In grammar, the memory was burdened as little as possible. In acquiring the languages a knowledge of the words, and construction of sentences accompanied the study of the grammar."

He experimented—according to his ruling passion—on his sons, respectively four and six years old, to determine whether grammar can be taught at so early an age. This was his method: "What is a noun? It is a word that tells what we can see, feel, or think of—as fire, air, heat, water. What is an adjective? It is a word that tells what the noun is; as whether it is hard, soft, light, heavy, good, bad. Form a sentence of the adjective and noun only. Good boy—heavy wood. What is a verb? It is a word that tells the motion of the noun, as whether it runs, falls, stands, sits, loves, hates. Place a noun, adjective and verb in sentence. Good boy runs. With these three classes of words, or parts of speech, we might express our ideas; but there are six other parts. What is an

adverb? It is a word that tells something about the verb, adjective, and sometimes another adverb. Place the noun, adjective, verb and adverb in connexion. Good boy runs nimbly; is very wise; runs very nimbly. Give a sentence containing a word of each class, and a noun, in each case. The yellow vine's pumpkin rolls swiftly near an orchard, and oh, it vanishes! This is sufficient to give some idea of the method of instruction." He thought the method successful.

To ascertain whether any, or all of his three sons had any talent for drawing, he, as usual, made a very ingenious experiment. He drew a portrait of the three brothers with a lead-pencil, and laid them away in a file of newspapers, the originals not seeming to take any particular interest in the art. "Some three years afterwards, on turning over the leaves of the newspapers, as if by accident, these portraits were found, and were exhibited to show what changes time had wrought on their visages. Sylvester, on the same day, asked for paper, on which, he said, he meant to draw all the distinguished men. The next day, he presented to his father a tolerably good likeness of Washington; and soon after of Napoleon. Some weeks then elapsed without further attempts to draw. His father proceeded to copy the portrait of the Empress Josephine. This recalled the son's attention to the art. He formed the outline of a Josephine, without the features of the face; and expressing some doubt as to successfully copying the face of a woman, his father proposed to make one eye, and copy the features on one side of the face, and that the son should copy the other side of it. The joint production was not without harmony. It encouraged further efforts; and shortly afterwards he produced a tolerable likeness of the Empress. He soon became enamored with the art, and some half dozen miniatures, on ivory, were painted for his neighbors, at five dollars each. He then turned his attention to painting in oil, and copied a portrait of his father, which had been painted by A. D. G. Tuthill, in 1815. His likenesses were very exact; and he was told by his acquaintances, that, in his skill, he possessed an ample fortune; but his father remarked, that the taking of portraits was rather a matter of

talent, than genius, and somewhat mechanical, without affording the advantages for thrift which are found in the trades of the carpenter, saddler, or cobbler; for these could avail themselves of the labor of apprentices and journeymen; but the painter must necessarily earn with his own hands all he acquired; that if money, or wealth, were the sole end of life, there were better means of reaching that end, than the painting of portraits; and if glory were in view, it chiefly hovered over the historical painter, between whom and the mere portrait painter there was a great difference."

This experiment brought to light the talent of the son, Sylvester, for historical painting; in producing specimens of which, he won the high praise of that artist of almost world-wide fame, Col. John Trumbull.

Mr. Genin never professed indifference to the opinion his judicial superiors had of his services as Master in Chancery. In a letter to a friend, with his accustomed frankness, he wrote: "I had acted as Master of Chancery twenty-six and a-half consecutive years, holding the office by appointment of the Judges in both the Common Pleas and the Supreme Court. In acting as juror or finder of facts in both courts, I looked for the appointment of a Special Master in the Supreme Court, in the cases appealed, I having decided on the case in the Common Pleas. But this was not done in a single instance. On one occasion, the Supreme Judge cried out, 'Mr. Genin, the Court are willing to allow you a larger sum than you have set down for your report in this case.' I replied, that having acted in the case in the Court below, it had caused me no more trouble than I had charged for." He was, however, not a little pleased at this proof of the confidence of the judges.

He relates in the same letter another example: "In one case after decrees, myself being party complainant, I moved for appointment of a Special Master to make the sale. This was the only Special Master appointed in my time. This scrap of glory I think it proper to preserve, being well sustained by the records of the courts."

Though thoroughly plebeian in his sympathies and tastes, Mr. Genin could not forget the fact that he was rich; and he sometimes complained that others took occasion to remember that he had wealth, to do him injustice. Alluding to a particular law case in which he was a party, he said: "The people consider me so rich, that as jurors there is no need of regarding their oaths, even when a railroad company is my antagonist, for the reason that I do not need. A jury was out all night until 5 P.M. the next day, when they agreed to give me $3,550 for $12,000 of injury." He adds that some of these jurors wished to give him as low as $500. "I had testified," he adds, "that the damage was about $6,000, not wishing to state my real opinion, for fear they might think me extravagantly wrong. A couple of the jurors thought I was ignorant of the real injury, but could not well go above the $6,000, and insisted on that sum."

In the religious experiences of his boyhood—being seriously wrought upon by a revival when but twelve or thirteen years old—he prayed that he might never be rich. He heard many people older than himself declaim against the vanity of riches, and in his boyish simplicity he supposed they really thought and meant what they said! That he might escape the "vanity" was the burden of his petitions in the prayer-meeting. When later in life he found himself, in spite of his prayers, a rich man, he used to say, that the fault was not his own. Wealth was thrust upon him; he did not seek it. He bought in 1819, for ten cents an acre, some thousand acre tracts in Virginia. This land he tried to sell for a trifle—tried to exchange for other property. But he could at first find no purchaser. Circumstances, however, led to its great increase in value; and, contrary to his expectation and calculation, it became to him a source of wealth. He writes: "Providence, you see, has paid not much attention to my prayers!"

Mr. Genin's family relations were, till death made its rapid inroads, of the most affectionate and happy nature. But he was destined to survive them all. His wife, a woman of excellent worth, intelligent, faithful to every duty, and successful in the management of her family, died in August, 1851.

His oldest son, Thurston, a lawyer of very successful practice, and a man of many virtues, enjoying the highest respect of his community, died in September, 1848, aged twenty-eight years.

His second son, Sylvester—the lawyer and artist, to whom frequent reference has been made in the foregoing pages—died in April, 1850, also at the age of twenty-eight.

The third son, Florin, and last of the family save the father, died in August, 1856, aged thirty-two. He was a man of much promise, who had always remained at the homestead.

The son Sylvester was evidently a man of great versatility of talent. He stood high as a lawyer, and but for an unwillingness to crowd others seeking preferment, would in fair probability have received the appointment of President-Judge of one of the Circuit Courts. As an artist, a writer in the St. Clairsville *Chronicle* says of him that "in youth, apparently unaided and without instruction, he employed his pencil in drawing portraits, landscapes and historical scenes, which he continued at intervals to the close of his life. His productions have been pronounced by competent judges as finished specimens of painting, and do great credit to the art as well as to the youthful artist. Among his works the writer of this notice has observed the battle of the Granicus—the landing of Cæsar in Great Britain—the battle of Arbela—the death of Cæsar—the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites—the rescue of the American prisoners by Jasper and Newton—the Woman of Monterey, and others, containing from six or ten to seventy or eighty figures, in varied and expressive attitudes, harmonizing with the leading idea of the design." He also evinced unusual talent as a writer, both in prose and poetry, and as a speaker. In 1855 his father prepared and published a Memorial Work, embracing Selections from his works in Poetry, Prose, and Historical Design: with a Biographical Sketch. The work contains sixteen engravings, all—save a portrait of Sylvester, and portraits on one page of the Genin Family—transcripts of the Historical Paintings, to which reference has been made.

The sons all died of consumption. None were ever married.

Writing, in June, 1860, of his family, Mr. Genin said, "I have no relatives nearer than nephews and nieces, by brothers and sisters of half blood."

For forty years Mr. Genin lived on the same farm a half-mile from St. Clairsville village. In all these years, sickness and death, which swept away one by one all the members of his family, had spared him. He writes in the summer of 1868: "I am now enjoying good health." Before the coming Fall had fully set in, he was, however, destined to follow wife and sons to the "bourne from which no traveller returns."

Mr. Genin's last labor with the pen was an unfinished letter to a gentleman in New York, in answer to a request for information in regard to the Genin family. The circumstance that the letter was his last, and that it closes abruptly with an unfinished sentence, gives it a melancholy interest. But the further circumstances that it gives more light pertaining to the family history, and also exhibits, but a short time before his death, his quiet humor, as fresh as in his younger days, greatly increase its value. The letter is dated:

"St. Clairsville, October 18, 1868.

"Dear Sir: To yours of the 13th instant, I reply that I know of no family but our own bearing the name of Genin. A man once told me he had seen a lawyer of that name in New Orleans. On reference just now to John Livingstone's list of lawyers for 1854 I see Louis Janin and Charles Janin, but no Genin, on the list. I have sometimes examined city directories, but never met with the name as belonging to another family.

"My father, John Nicholas Genin, son of John Nicholas Genin, of Labeurville, Jurisdiction of Verdun, embarked at Brest, in his twenty-fifth year, and landed at Rhode Island in 1780. He was clerk in the Commissary's department. Took Ann Tournier for wife, an American French Canadian, by whom he had one son, the present John N.'s father, and one daughter, who married John Hildreth. He took for second wife Sarah Hedges, from whom I sprung—her only child. He took for third wife Mahala Jennings, who survived him, with-

out children. He was the only son of his father, whose last letter to him describes the father as ninety-three years old. He had, I think, an uncle, Claudius, in France. Seeing that I had writ my name, *Jennings*, in my school book, he asked why? Because, quoth I, the school-master commanded it. He said it was the English of Genin. A vigorous gesticulation ensued—'pauvre ignoramus! If my uncle Claudius's estate should descend this would be a sad name to present. Tell him you are obliged, but your French name is good enough.'

"I know nothing of the woman you speak of—"

This letter was written, it will be noticed, October 18, 1868. On the morning of the succeeding day at three o'clock, he passed away. The immediate occasion of his illness was not disease, but a fall in his orchard but a few days before his decease. He was so seriously injured that he was carried to his house. A temporary recovery was delusive. It is evident from the tone of his unfinished letter that he did not suppose the injury at all dangerous. The last of his family, he was spared the pain of long sickness. At the age of seventy-two he joined his family—the wife and three children—in the world of souls. The *Belmont Chronicle*, whose columns he had so often enlivened, in its issue for October 22, had this editorial article in regard to his death, and his public and private worth:

"DEATH OF THOMAS H. GENIN.

"Thomas H. Genin, Esq., an old and much respected citizen of St. Clairsville, died at three o'clock on the morning of the 19th instant. He fell in his orchard on the Thursday previous, and had to be carried into the house. He recovered from that attack in a measure, and on Sabbath day sat up and ate his dinner as usual.

"Mr. Genin was born on Long Island, of French parentage, in March, 1796, and studied law in the city of New York. While pursuing his legal studies he wrote 'The Napolead,' an epic poem, something in the style of Homer's Iliad, which attracted considerable attention in the world of letters, as at

that time America was reproached with being without authors or a literature of its own, and with importing its ideas and books from England. On arriving at twenty-one—in 1817—he was admitted to the bar, and having previously married, started to find a home in the then 'Far West.' On reaching the Ohio, he heard of Charles Hammond, then an eminent member of the Belmont County Bar, and advised with him as to his location. By the advice of Mr. Hammond he took up his residence in St. Clairsville, and commenced the practice of the law. In July, 1818, he was appointed by the Court of Common Pleas Master Commissioner in Chancery, upon the resignation of that office by Charles Hammond. He continued in that position about twenty years. When he reached Ohio, Mr. Genin was in limited circumstances. His wife owned a large quantity of Virginia lands, but, located in a wild and unsettled country, they were then of little value. By thrift and economy he was enabled to purchase lands in Ohio and elsewhere in the West, and the rapid development of the West greatly enhanced the value of his lands, so that at his death he probably ranked first among the wealthy men of our county. He was the last member of his family. His wife died about 1851, Florin about the same time, Sylvester and Thurston several years previous to that. Sylvester was a painter of some promise. He died in Jamaica.

"Thomas H. Genin, whatever his foibles and eccentricities, was a just man. He was exceedingly fond of society, and would apparently never tire talking to those who called at his quiet home or whom he met in town; and, rare accomplishment, was the best *listener* we ever met with. Although of a thoughtful disposition and somewhat brusque in his manner, there was a frankness and *bonhomie* in his intercourse with his fellow-men that made his society very acceptable.

"Mr. Genin, we believe, was the oldest member of the St. Clairsville Bar. He was contemporary with Charles Hammond, Philip Doddridge, John M. Goodenow, and the other great men so intimately associated with the early history of our country, and we believe was the last link connecting us with those mighty men.

"The Bar held a meeting at the Clerk's office yesterday, adopted appropriate resolutions, and resolved to attend his funeral in a body."

The *Chronicle* for November 5, gives an official report of the "Proceedings of the Belmont County Bar," in memory of the deceased, as follows:

"A meeting of the members of the Belmont County Bar was held at the Clerk's office, October 20, to give expression to their sentiments on the occasion of the death of Thomas H. Genin. The meeting was organized by calling Hon. B. S. Cowen to the chair, and appointing St. Clair Kelly, Secretary.

"Appropriate remarks were made by B. S. Cowen, Peter Tallman, L. Danford, M. J. W. Glover and R. H. Cochran, Esqs., and other members of the bar; and a committee consisting of Hon. James Weir, Hon. D. D. T. Cowen, Peter Tallman and M. J. W. Glover, Esqs., was appointed, who reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Thomas H. Genin, a member of our bar, died on yesterday morning at three o'clock, aged seventy-two years, and we have assembled to express the sentiments and emotions to which the occasion has given rise.

"Mr. Genin was the oldest member of the Belmont county bar.

"Born in March, 1796, he was admitted to the bar in the city of New York, in 1817. In the same year he emigrated to the West. He was induced by Charles Hammond, then a practicing attorney of this county, to locate here, and he remained here until his death.

"The journals of our Common Pleas Court show that at its July term, 1818, he was appointed Master Commissioner, to succeed Charles Hammond, who resigned. This office he retained for more than twenty years.

"Although he has not been engaged in the practice of law for several years, we, many of us, knew him as a ripe scholar, a profound lawyer, a wise counsellor, and an able advocate, and we continued to profit by his advice and information upon

questions involving principles of elementary law, up to the time of his death.

"He did himself no more than justice when, in a published biography of one of his dead sons, he referred to himself as an 'accurate lawyer.'

"He was a man of far more than ordinary literary attainments, with a remarkable knowledge and recollection of history, and he found time, in the midst of professional labors, to write and publish an epic poem, not unknown to fame, entitled 'The Napolead.'

"In the practice of his profession and in his business transactions, he has uniformly and deservedly maintained a reputation for strict integrity.

"In his social and personal relations he was eminently hospitable and companionable.

"The head of a numerous family, he has been, by several years, the sole survivor of them, and now, in the fullness of time, is about to be buried with them. Peace to his ashes!

"We tender the relatives of the deceased our condolence in their affliction.

"Resolved, That our Common Pleas Court, now in session, be requested to adjourn, out of respect for the memory of the deceased, and that we, with the officers of the Court, attend his funeral in a body.

"Resolved, That eight of our number be selected to act as pall-bearers.

"Resolved, That copies of these resolutions, and the proceedings of this meeting, be presented to the relatives of the deceased; to our courts, with the request that they be spread upon the journals, and to the papers of our county for publication.

"Signed, "JAMES WEIR,
"PETER TALLMAN,
"M. J. W. GLOVER,
"D. D. T. COWEN,
"*Committee.*

"And the meeting having made suitable arrangements for attending the funeral, adjourned. "B. S. COWEN, *Ch'n.*

"ST. CLAIR KELLY, *Sec'y.*"

WRITINGS.

In compiling the Writings of Thomas Hedges Genin for this Memorial Work, the Chronological Order is, as far as practicable, followed—except that the Prose and Poetry have each a separate assignment. In the selections and the very brief articles, little regard is paid to order, except that of convenience. The Order of Time rather than the Order of Topics, best presents the Literary History of the Author.

PROSE WRITINGS.

ORATION,*

Delivered before the Semi-Annual Meeting of the "Union Humane Society," held in Mount Pleasant, Ohio, May 18, 1818, and first published by order of the Society the same year.

THE light of knowledge has illumined our land. That sacred light which inspires heroism with justice, gives ardor to liberty and virtue, and unites men in brotherly love, is ours. Shall it be our reproach, or our praise? We have heard knavery howl in the wilderness of ignorance, in quest of human blood. We have seen avarice and prejudice sullen and dreadful march, and many and seemingly insurmountable barriers interpose against reason, giving stability to oppression, root to injustice, sorrow to philanthropy, disgust to philosophy, offence to Christianity, and disgrace to human nature in consigning a portion of the human family to hopeless Slavery. This evil, most sincerely to be deprecated, we have attempted to remove by the formation of this Society, whose united intelligence and industry, it was hoped, might show its wickedness to the good, its impolicy to the bad, its deformity to the world, and expose its dark foundations to the contempt of mankind, that the fire of avarice might slacken, and

* The youth of the Author, at the time but twenty-two years old, will exempt the Oration from severe criticism on the score of its Sophomorical rhetoric: a very obvious defect, which, however, in subsequent literary efforts, he rapidly corrected. On the other hand, its prophetic character—making it now almost a history, and its clear perception of the essential wrong, and inevitable working of the institution of Slavery—gives to it a permanent interest. It may be treasured as a choice relic of Anti-Slavery literature in the pioneer days of Agitation.

the gloom of prejudice decrease respecting the Africans, and their emancipation be gradually effected.

Whether success attend its endeavors or not, it has already its reward in the goodness of its intentions. Happy is the man who communing with himself can say, I intend well, have done my duty, and have not abused the gifts of fortune. He may unaffectedly despise the invectives of malice and the sneers of envy; like a rocky mountain that extends above the storms into the placid empyrean, he may look unconcernedly down upon the scanty stream of human praise that murmurs at his base, and the rude tempests of malevolence that around him roar. Who has done well with what he has, can lose nothing by comparison with him that has made a proper use of more. Those who obey the voice of reason and revelation, as they must perform the duty of the philanthropist and patriot, may promise themselves a harvest of satisfaction in the recollection of their deeds, independently of the capricious world; but many who acknowledge the government of both, give themselves little trouble to understand either; for, why should the Christian, if he properly understand the basis of his faith, look kindly upon Slavery, unless he would like to be a slave? In countenancing oppression does he do unto the oppressed as he would have others do unto him if he were similarly situated?

Can a Christian understand in what justice consists, yet view with careless indifference his fellow-man held in bondage during life, and all his rights disregarded? Is not the man of color born with certain inherent unalienable rights as well as other men? If he be ranked among mankind, he is; or the authors of our Declaration of Rights err in saying that men are born equal, and have such rights. It is clearly repugnant to the Constitution of the United States that one class of citizens should be held in slavery by another, or that Declaration was not meant as a summary of the rights intended to be guaranteed by the Constitution to all men within the sphere of its influence, but as an instrument of empty professions, which might be practised or not as interest or humor inclined. Surely right and justice are the same to a black as

to a white man; like the God from whom they sprung, they know no distinction of persons.

Let him not pretend to be guided by reason, who says that the Slavery of the negroes is just or proper because they are black, were uncivilized, or because they have not produced a Newton or a Homer. Reason, religion and the common sense of mankind unite in disapprobation of Slavery. What, then, but the foulest prejudice can induce people seemingly rational and religious, to view with unconcern the dearest rights of man trampled upon? As the common hangman becomes indifferent to the distress of his victim, so they become deaf to the wrongs of the Africans. They have seen the negro despised. They have been taught to consider him inferior to themselves. They have unfortunately mistaken his situation for his nature. In him on occasion is the same regal dignity, poetic ardor, philosophic profundity, and disquisitional subtlety which we have chanced to display. What flagrant irrationality attaches to those, who, after cutting off the legs of an animal, require it to walk; or after degrading the negro and debasing his mind, require from him that intellectual brilliancy which can only grow in the soil of Liberty and Science. Homer has justly remarked—

> "Whom Jove condemns to see the servile day,
> One half his virtue he conveys away."

No wonder then that we hear some simple people complimenting themselves on their natural superiority to the Africans, without adverting to the fact, that they would be the same under the same restraint. But the man of sense, the the Christian or Philosopher, will scarce set a higher value on himself for the misery of others. These will discover in the situation of the slaves abundant cause for shame, knowing it to be their duty to improve and not debase their nature. Behold yon slave, naked, scarred with frequent stripes; apparently thoughtless and jolly; whose sole care is to avoid the scourge; look, O man! and mourn the degradation of your kind! In that breast may be a heart that, in other circumstances, had beat high to glory; in that mouth a tongue that

had poured conviction upon admiring senates. That an obscure, and perhaps worthless individual might have his farm cultivated, while he wasted his time in idle amusements, his superior in talents is reduced to the condition of a brute. Yonder is another, bowed down with age; sorrow is in his face; tears oft fall from his eyes; he lives in perpetual celibacy, determined not to leave a progeny of slaves; he anxiously awaits the friendly embrace of the grave, chiding the lingering years; the offals of the harvest are his food; hard is his bed; to him the night stretches forth no friendly hand, and the cheering beams of the morning bring to him no joy; his life is misery; his hopes are beyond the grave; his happiness is death; his joy is immortality! And why spread we thorns around the African race? Because God peculiarly favors our land? Wretched gratitude for heavenly mercy! But injustice is its own poison. Should a government whose existence depends on virtue sanction iniquity? If it tolerate injustice in Slavery, or in any other manner, though less extensive and corruptive, does it not court destruction? Does it not undermine itself? It ill becomes us to exercise the power we possess in oppression. That righteous God from whom springs all authority, gave not empire and liberty to these States to hold the negroes in bondage. Power is given to be properly employed; and of him to whom much is given, much will be required. As heaven is just it frowns on our injustice. Alas! religion upbraids, reason complains and humanity weeps, but avarice is deaf; naught, I fear, will rouse its torpor but the stern tribunal of Heaven! There is no virtuous man that would not rejoice at the emancipation of the negroes from bondage. Their misfortunes were not the fruits of their own faults. Their crime was that their labor afforded incense to avarice, and their misfortune that avarice had power. Who laments their state ill does his duty to himself, his God and country, if he neglects any legal means that may effect their liberation or better their condition.

What political reason can there be for continuing their bondage? Is the country at large benefited by their labor? Were the places they occupy settled with industrious yeo-

manry, interested in the morals and government of the land, would not the ground be in a much better state of cultivation? Might not the country have greater confidence in their assistance in war and peace? Would not property be more equally distributed, and that disparity of wealth, so much to be dreaded in republics, avoided? I aver that the country would have more real wealth and solid strength, if Slavery was relinquished.

But are there not moral reasons paramount to every political consideration? Indeed, moral and political reasons are the same, respecting our internal regulations, if I understand the principles of our Government. The iniquitous thraldom of the Africans has impressed the foulest stain on our moral character, and exposes in us disgusting inconsistency. At one time we declare that all men are equal, and have equal rights that are inalienable; among these life, *liberty* and the *pursuit* of *happiness*. At another, against our light and knowledge, against what we ourselves avow, and disregarding heaven's justice, and the remonstrances of humanity, with flagitious hand we snatch those rights from the negro race, with as much appearance of justice as the bandit shows when he murders the defenceless traveller for his gold; for the same end that the pirate spreads his black sail; that Britain arms the ferocious savage; that Spain destroyed the vineyards of Mexico; and that Dionysius sold Plato into slavery—all for the gratification of degrading passions.

It is to be lamented that man has proved so undeserving of the most signal blessings Heaven has bestowed, by misdirecting their application; that spirit, useful as a medicine, should be employed to metamorphose men into brutes; that power, instead of diffusing happiness and improving our nature, should be exercised in oppressing and degrading mankind; that religion instead of inspiring universal charity, creating general fondness for meritorious virtue, and teaching men forgiveness and peace, should be made an instrument of knavery, and whet the sword of contention, disuniting mankind; that the discovery of the compass, while it approximated remote lands, interchanging their productions, and

increasing the knowledge of the world, was made the conductor of the innocent Africans to misery too shocking to describe, and guided the fearful tempest of Spanish lust against the Indians of the south, on whom was practised unexampled cruelty, instead of Christian benevolence. Notwithstanding the science and wealth it has scattered over the world, it is difficult to determine the benefit or injury it has done mankind: scarce a coast was visited but to gratify cupidity, practice cruelty, and arrogate dominion.

In seventeen years after the discovery and settlement of Hispaniola, it was found that the natives were reduced from the number of one million to fourteen thousand, owing to the intolerable burdens imposed upon them by their unfeeling masters; but even that age of oppression and murder for a moment listened to the voice of humanity and justice, denouncing their slavery. The ecclesiastics that were sent as instructors into the island, early remonstrated against the maxims of the planters respecting the Indians, condemning the repartimentos or distributions by which they were given up as slaves to individuals, as contrary to natural justice and the precepts of Christianity. Montesino, one of their number, inveighed against it vehemently in the great church of St. Domingo, to the chagrin of his hearers. The chief of the colony complained to his superiors in Spain; and they instead of *condemning*, *applauded* his doctrine, as well they might. The Dominicans refused the sacrament to such of their countrymen as held the Indians in bondage; so decisive was the stand of the Catholic church against iniquity so vile. Application was now made to Ferdinand for his decision. The slaveholders, perhaps, believed that he better understood the principles of justice than the whole body of the church, when his interest and theirs were united. He appointed a committee of his privy council, assisted by some of the most eminent civilians and divines in Spain, to hear the deputies from Hispaniola in support of their respective opinions. This committee, more dreading the displeasure of Heaven than the frowns of their monarch, reported in favor of the Indians. They were declared to be a free people, entitled to all the

natural rights of men. Nevertheless the oppression continued. As this decision admitted the principles upon which the remonstrance of the clergy was founded, they renewed their efforts to obtain relief for the Indians with additional zeal. But at length Ferdinand issued a decree, stating, among other things, that the servitude of the Indians was warranted by the laws of God and man; that unless they were subject to the immediate control of the Spaniards, they could not be instructed in the Christian faith; that the king and council were willing to take the propriety of the measure upon their own consciences; therefore all religious orders should, for the future, cease their invectives against the practice. Thus, after admitting the right of the Indians to freedom, audacious power fixes upon them perpetual chains; and the justice of the deed is accommodated with the conscience of a king and his councillors! A wretched standard of right.

Among the most urgent advocates for their liberty was Las Casas. This man, finding that virtue was less respected at the Spanish court than interest, proposed supplying the place of the Indians, expected to be emancipated, by laborers from Spain and negroes from Africa. It is unreasonable to believe that one so earnest in the cause of humanity, and respectable for talent, more prized the liberty of the Americans than Africans. His proposition is clearly meant to alleviate what could not be cured. He knew the Indians were within reach of oppression, and that the Africans were three thousand miles distant. The ships of his age were few and small. He might, therefore, from the apparent difficulty of obtaining negroes at that time, have promised himself the liberation of millions of Indians for a small number of negroes. The Spanish court eagerly accepted his proposition; but for a different object from what its author had in view; who intended to lessen, while the court meant to increase, the bondage of men. They were undoubtedly glad of an opportunity to supply the rapid decrease of the Indians with the seeming concurrence of the avowed enemy of their tyranny, and while they concealed their perfidy, expose him to the obloquy of the measure. In 1508 Charles V. granted a

patent to a favorite, authorizing its holder to import 4,000 negroes into Hispaniola. This was sold to some Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats, who immediately began the work with the avidity of monopolizers, and organized that system of damning traffic which has ever since whelmed Africa in tears, and conspicuously stained the human character.

The march of wickedness is swift. In 1619 a Dutch ship sailing up James River, sold part of her cargo of slaves; and this first sowed in Virginia the seeds of that upas, which has grown with alarming rapidity, and will clandestinely continue to expand so long as its roots are not extracted. The worshippers of mammon searched the world for a market to sell mankind. While gold was in view and the seller had power to reach it by kidnapping, and the buyer by encouraging the crime, they little considered the end for which they were made; the bourne to which they were travelling, never to return; that their deeds were marked on the dread records of eternity; that while they made themselves rich for a moment, they were preparing to be poor forever; or how they would answer for the deeds done in the body. No, Cupidity, thou wilt persist in thy course, unless Deity stand revealed before thee, launching thunder at thy head. The orphan's tears, the widow's sighs, the tiger's scream and wolf's howl are alike to thee. Enter not (but alas! thou canst not avoid fate) the land of shades, there thou wilt meet the scorn of Africa's ghosts, and learn too late the inferiority of proud wealth to humble virtue. The trump of doom and judgment of angry justice shall give mournful lesson to that heart that scorned and oppressed the poor regardless of right, and bartered the happiness of man for paltry gold. What but thoughtless ignorance, or shameless impudence, to speak of slavery as right! Where, I ask, is that right to be found? In the volume of God? No, the suspicion is profane. In the law of nature? No, it is repugnant to all its provisions. In the field of reason? No, that field is covered with light, and the object sought is a companion of darkness. Look in the glooms of depravity, in the savage wilds of ignorance, in

the loathsome, putrid fens of avarice, on hell's confines, nature's dotage, man's disgrace, where false beacons deceive the traveller; inquire there for that right and it will be readily pointed out—you will believe your informant or yourselves much mistaken, for you cannot see it until you ascertain it to be the right whereby the lion seizes the roe, whereby the wolf devours the lamb. The lovers of justice, however learned, I believe, never could discover that one body of people had a legitimate right to the services of another. The reasons urged at the court of Madrid for continuing the servitude of the Indians, throw more light upon the depravity of their authors than upon that subject. The Indians, say they, are inferior in nature, cannot reason like Spaniards, and are indolent; therefore they seem marked out for servitude. The two latter, I apprehend, mean nothing more than inferiority of improvement. The same reasoning would subject the Spaniards to the tyranny of France or England; both countries being superior to Spain in industry and arts.

We have seen that truth early conquered, as is customary, when let to battle with falsehood. The Church viewed the slavery as horribly vicious. A committee of the most eminent men in Spain, were of the same opinion. It was now become useless to oppose justice in the field of argument. The king, therefore, with an accommodating conscience peculiar to princes, determined in virtue of his power as best suited his interests.

It is not known that the Spaniards urged *color* as an argument against the Indians, which most people consider the leading cause of the slavery of the Africans. Perhaps it was deemed too monstrous an absurdity to obtain, even with the vulgar, as their acquaintance with the Moors and Africans must have taught them that human nature was not altered by complexion; or probably an idea so extravagant did not, at that time, suggest itself. I believe the glory of discovering the virtue of color may be exclusively claimed by some nominal Christians of modern days. It is, doubtless, very wicked to come into the world with a dark countenance; yet I cannot see how the negro could have done otherwise; nor can I per-

suade myself that it is proper to punish him for an offence against our fancy which God committed.

The slavery of the Africans was introduced for the gratification of avarice, which, with its accustomed meanness, sought its victims in a quarter whence the vengeance of their insulted and abused nation could not pursue and punish. Had they been white, and similarly weakened by disunion and ignorance, they had met the same fate; avarice would have prowled, and where prey could be made without fear of revenge, it had been done. "The Saxons, during the eleventh century (says an English historian), like some barbarians of the present age, dealt in slaves. Great gains were drawn from this commerce by the merchants of Bristol, till yielding to the benevolent counsels of Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, they ceased to pursue a custom so disgraceful to humanity." He here blends the black with the white slavery, for indeed they are not different. The Greeks and Romans knew no distinction of color among their slaves. The vanquished in war were often reduced to servitude by the victors, and no right but that of power was pretended to justify a continuance of the bondage.

Where one nation cannot live in peace for the depravity of another, by way of self defence it may be necessary to disarm or disperse the offending state, and proper for the conqueror to remunerate himself for losses and spoliations from the property or persons of the vanquished people. Here one party declining to be just, submits to power, and must abide the consequences, however afflicting. Here, under certain modifications, slavery might wear the appearance of political justice; it would resemble in some measure the bondage of a felon for the breach of a municipal law. But no reason whatever can be given that will be satisfactory to a virtuous community, such a community as is necessary to the support of republican institutions, to justify kidnapping the Africans from their country, or continuing their bondage here; a race that had done us no injury, and were too remote, as well as too weak, to give us offence. Perhaps some will concede it was unjust to take them from their native shore, yet deem it

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proper to hold them as slaves since they are here, believing their masters by paying adequate considerations for their persons are justly entitled to their services. But the continuation of a wrong ought not to make it a right; nor ought the the receiver of stolen goods to consider himself more innocent than the thief. The negro has a right to his liberty if he has done nothing to forfeit it, and that right cannot be taken away by any agreement between third persons, more than your agreement with your neighbor would give him a right to my services.

It has been said of the negro, as the Spaniards insisted of the Indians, that he is inferior in nature, and unworthy to rank with mankind; that for the same reason, brutes are given to the dominion of man, the Africans should be subject to his sway. O ye fallible dependents on heaven's bounty! do ye arrogate superior privileges because ye have a white skin, and view with uncharitable contempt the untutored negro? With the same propriety might the tree of the fertile vale view with contempt the shrub of the sterile hill; because Providence has been unto us more benign than to others, should we treat them contumeliously? Should we not rather endeavor after that amiable perfection, which consists in doing as we would be done unto, and as God bestows on us superior gifts, consider ourselves bound to make superior exertions in diffusing happiness? Stormy is the ocean of time. It foams and thunders under the rude tempests of destiny. On its waves empires are seen rising upon empires, and disappearing in oblivion. Here Africa is long benighted; there Asia roves in bewildering twilight; Egypt, long the seat of science, is buried in darkest ignorance. The capital of Semiramis and Cyrus can scarce be found. Greece, the improver of science, the land of heroism, poetry and philosophy, has ceased to enliven the social circle. Yes, she who conquered and civilized mankind, is a wretched Turkish province. Italy has twice rolled in light, and twice in darkness. France, Germany and England at length emerge from the gloom of ages, and bask in the rays of science. Strange, the nations most perfectly white, should be the last to be attracted by her charms! Strange, that the

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negroes we affect to despise, were the first learned people, and that letters are chiefly indebted to the swarthy race! If Diodorus Siculus, Lucian and Strabo have not erred, the first written language was borrowed from the Ethiopians, with many of the improvements that contributed to the boasted exaltation of their neighbors. Theirs was the glory of Egyptian Thebes, which Homer dignifies with the appellation of "Empress of the world." The same author, to compliment them, probably, for their superior accomplishments, makes Thetis say, in Iliad, Book I.

> The sire of gods, and all th' ethereal train,
> On the warm limits of the farthest main;
> Now mix with mortals, *nor disdain to grace*
> *The feasts of Ethiopia's blameless race.*
> Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
> Returning with the twelfth revolving light,
> Then will I mount the brazen dome and move
> The high tribunal of immortal Jove.

And Iris in Iliad, Book XXIII.

> I haste to go
> To sacred ocean and the floods below;
> E'en now our solemn hecatombs attend,
> And heaven is feasting on the world's green end
> With *righteous Ethiops (uncorrupted train)*
> Far on th' extremest limits of the main.

As the ancients believed the torrid zone to be uninhabitable, and the Ethiopians occupied the perpetually green country in its vicinity, our author considers them on the end of the world; thus identifying the situation of Ethiopia. Whence we may infer the complexion of its people. They were the instructors of the Egyptians, and the Egyptians of the Greeks. It was a saying among the latter that letters were given to men by the gods; perhaps Homer traced them to the Ethiopians, and thence inferred that these people were the peculiar favorites of heaven. "The Ethiopians," says Diodorus, "conceived themselves to be of greater antiquity than any other nation

upon earth, and assert that with them originated philosophy and the science of the stars. Their situation certainly is infinitely favorable to astronomical observation, and they have a more accurate division of the months and year than other nations; born under the sun's path, its warmth may have ripened them sooner than other men; they suppose themselves to be the inventors of divine worship, of all religious practices and solemn assemblies. They have, like the Egyptians, two species of letters, hieroglyphics and the alphabet; but among the Egyptians the first was known only to the priests, and by them transmitted from father to son, *whereas both species are common among the Ethiopians.*" "The Ethiopians," says Lucian, "were the first who invented the science of the stars and gave names to the planets, not at random and without meaning, but descriptive of the qualities which they conceived them to possess; and it was from them that this art passed, yet in an imperfect state, to the Egyptians."

Travellers have remarked that the appearance of the Sphinx and other antique images of Thebais resemble the negro; and it is incontrovertible that by the term Ethiopian, the ancients designated a people of black complexion, thick lips and woolly hair. Ptolemy and Pliny speak of the Leucethiopes as a people less black than the Ethiopians. Sappho the poetess, among other arguments to recall her white lover, tells him, although she is brown,

> "An Ethiopian dame,
> Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame,
> Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
> And glossy black is paired with shining white.

Whereby it not only appears that the Ethiopians were much darker than herself, but that prejudice against color was not then so prevalent as it has since become, as open professions of love were made between those of different complexions. Solomon seems to consider it a mere deficiency in beauty. He makes his swain say, "I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." The inhabitant of Guinea, of another taste, admires the deepest jet as the most beautiful color. The Indian

of America is pleased with the redness of his complexion! The inhabitant of New Zealand views with pride the tattoos or pricks made in his skin. The Otaheitan sees many graces in an artificial mouth; the Peruvian in a flat head; the Highland Scot in a plaid and bonnet; the Turk in an ample pair of breeches, long beard, and shaved head. The ladies of the civilized and the Indians of the uncivilized world, paint their faces. All these modes are considered excellencies by their respective votaries. How various is the taste of man! How happy that every people are satisfied with themselves?

It is not marvellous that people remote from each other in appearance or distance should entertain great prejudice in favor of themselves, or that avarice should take advantage of that prejudice to accomplish execrable purposes. We perpetually see the vulgar everywhere decrying their neighbors, magnifying the glory of their own, and depreciating that of other nations that cannot give offence with their colors. It is a remnant of depravity which a little knowledge of the world, and a moderate degree of reflection, will easily overcome.

The vast difference between the customs and appearance of the African nations and those of our own, has induced the simple among us to consider themselves as superior as that difference is great; while the simple among the Africans, for the same reasons, may pay the same compliment to themselves. There can be no dissimilarity between the white, the black, the red or brown men, but their color, and the habits into which they have respectively fallen; and as each believes his own color and habits the best, who shall decide that one is superior to the other in nature; or that the same principles of justice are not applicable to all? The Africans as little deserve our tyranny as we their adoration, or that government praise which suffers the oppression. If there be any merit in giving the first hint toward improving our nature, or giving the original impulse to the ball of science, though its magnitude, velocity and splendor be increased by the exertions of succeeding generations, the negro may claim that merit, and instead of praying to *live* unabused, demands the gratitude of mankind.

The wise fathers of our liberties have acknowledged that "it is a self-evident truth that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Is it possible that the whole negro race can have forfeited their rights by infringement of ours? How long will we continue to abuse justice and insult reason, by distributing these rights unequally? Shall it be said our superior bliss, our civil and religious liberty, were given to show the hypocrisy of our profession, and how undeserving we could prove of heavenly favor? The justice of the principle for which we contend was admitted in Spain; even by that privy council, whose consciences were so flexible, till the rude tempest of hell, stirred by avarice, rushed forth inexorably in Ferdinand's decree—blasting the fair flowers of humanity; snatching the scale from the hand of justice; stifling her voice, and filling heaven with prayers of innocence distressed.

The excuses offered in favor of slavery are lame. Their miscreated front cannot face the light more than smoke can withstand the whirlwind, or the pine resist heaven's forked bolts. They travel on the bridge of prejudice; Avarice by their side supports their tottering gait. Haughty Indolence and Tyranny look upon them with concern as they pass, trembling to behold the sandy foundation on which they stand. Religion upon them scowls, Reason sneers, and Wisdom turns from them with contempt. The same reasons, urged by our own countrymen, have been applied against liberating the Christian slaves of Algiers. These polite and humane people, it may reasonably be supposed, possess a great similarity of feeling and sentiment to the slaveholders of this country. This is the Algerine speech by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim—it was against granting the petition of the erika or purists, who prayed for the abolition of slavery as unjust:

"Allah Bismillah. God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet. Have these erika considered the consequences of granting their petition? If we forbear to enslave the Christians, who in this hot climate will cultivate our lands, and wait upon our families? Must we not then be our own slaves?

and is not more compassion due to us Musselmans than to those Christian dogs? We have now 50,000 slaves about Algiers. If we discontinue their slavery our lands will be uncultivated, and our property will sink one half in value—and for what? To gratify the whim of a whimsical sect. And will they indemnify their masters for the loss? can they do it? or in doing what they think justice to the slaves, will they do greater injustice to their owners? Will the State do it? And if we free our slaves, what is to be done with them? Few will return to their native country—they know too well the greater hardships they would there be subject to. They will not embrace our holy religion, nor adopt our manners. Our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our property to be the prey of their pillage? For men accustomed to slavery will not work for a livelihood when not compelled. And what is so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own countries? Even England treats her sailors as slaves; they are condemned to work and fight for small wages, and are not fed better than our own slaves. Is their condition then made worse by their falling into our hands? No, they have only exchanged one servitude for another, and I may say a better; for here Islamism shines in full splendor, and they have an opportunity of learning the true doctrine; thereby saving their immortal souls. In their own land they have not that chance; sending them home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

"I repeat the question: What is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested, they might be colonized in a distant land, where they might flourish as a free state; but they are too ignorant and lazy, if colonized, to govern themselves. While serving us we provide them with every thing, and they are treated with humanity. The laborers in their own countries are, as I am informed, worse fed, lodged and clothed. Their condition is, therefore, already mended, and wants no further improvement. Here they are not compelled to cut one another's Christian throats, as in their own countries. If these religious bigots, that now teaze us, have freed some of their

slaves, it was not humanity that moved them to the action, it was from a conscious burthen of a load of sins, hoping by such sacrifice to be excused from eternal damnation. How grossly do they mistake the divine Alcoran! Are not these two precepts, to quote no more: 'Masters, treat your slaves with kindness'—'Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity'—clear proofs that it admits of slavery! From the same sacred book we learn, that God has given the world to us musselmans as fast as we can conquer it from the infidels. Let us then hear no more from these erika; this wise council will doubtless prefer the comfort of us true believers to these Christian dogs, and dismiss their petition."

We are told the divan came to this resolution, "That the injustice of enslaving the Christians was doubtful; but that it was the interest of Algiers to enslave them was certain; therefore let the petition be rejected."

This speech, I believe, contains all the objections that the imbecility or depravity of this country has urged against negro freedom. Their refutation would be the refutation of our own Algerines. It may not be necessary to answer them respecting ourselves; as the most stupid person among us can easily perceive that he ought not to be enslaved, although he deems it proper to enslave others.

As this speech was said to have been delivered in the year 1687, the orator could not have had the example of St. Domingo before him, where emancipated slaves pursue a better course of moral instruction and civil legislation, than is pursued in many States of Europe; and have proved themselves abundantly diligent in defending their acquirements, and preventing new aggressions; nor the example of some of our States, where reason has outrun prejudice, particularly New York and Rhode Island; where emancipated slaves rival their former masters in wealth and industry; and where no evil consequence has followed their admission to the privileges of freemen; save that some misanthropists may have mourned the improvement of human nature as the wolf laments the invading splendors of morn. But of such their master, Satan, has reason to be ashamed!

This orator seems unacquainted with the motives of human action. Where there is no incentive to exertion it is folly to look for industry. It must be extraordinary generosity in a slave to make that exertion for the benefit of his master (especially if he be cruel) that he would make for the benefit of himself; hence, in every country, servants and slaves are, with very few exceptions, considered idle by their employers and masters. But because they will not labor industriously, when they have no inducement, does it follow that they will not when they have? What freeman will say, Were I a slave I should exercise the same diligence I now do? In his present state his industry is considerably augmented, for the same reason that he appears a nobler being; for pursuing the dictates of his own wisdom, it is necessary that he think before he act; whereby he imperceptibly enlarges his understanding and ennobles his nature, while he discovers new fields of industry.

Those who ask what shall be done with them if they be emancipated, show that they are more disposed to provide excuses for vice than incentives to virtue. The galled jade winces. The timid will confound difficulties with impossibilities, as they commingle the airy shapes of disordered fancy with horrid realities, and tremble at what has no existence. The opponent of a plan will pretend to find difficulties in its completion that do not exist. It was once feared the fleet of Columbus would be irrevocably wrecked, by gliding off the end of the world. It is now apprehended by some fathers, that if the condition of the Africans be improved, their daughters will become their wives. Our Algerine anticipated no such consequence; he did not believe his brown women would be enamored of the Christians, and probably he formed a correct opinion of their taste—have you, kind parents, a correct idea of the taste of your children? Others dread they should give testimony in our courts; as if a free negro was less susceptible of moral impressions, or had less dread of the penalties of perjury, than a white man; or as if a jury was less capable of judging of the credibility of one than the other. I suppose these set high value on their abilities; they had better distrust their understanding, it is certainly very defective; truth will

not change her garment to sit upon the lips of the African; she will sooner disclaim all connection with those who assert it. These people would sustain no injury if they were to think oftener than they speak; read the Scriptures with better intentions; and pray sincerely that prejudice might not lead them into error.

A mode of disposing of the negroes has been recommended by a Colonization Society, established at Washington. I hope this Society was intended to contract the empire of slavery, but I fear it will perpetuate and extend it. If there be two millions of blacks at present in the United States, and our population double in twenty-five years, eighty thousand are annually born; all our resources would be inadequate to remove this amount to Africa in the same time. Their numbers, therefore, cannot be diminished by colonization; although many free negroes, who probably are suspected of giving dangerous counsel, and many who are aged and useless to their masters might thereby be safely stowed away in Africa, where they would not alarm tyranny, nor, in their decay, be burthensome to those who feast on their youthful labors. This would suit the slaveholders, if the Northern States would share in the expense of the transportation! No place on our own continent ought to be selected for a colony of blacks, lest they might prove as unpleasant neighbors as the Indians, and more capable of doing harm. If there was ground to apprehend that the whites might become openly hostile to each other, there must be stronger reason that hostility will exist between them and the blacks, when in distinct bodies on the same continent. Foreign powers, whose best weapon against us is the creation of domestic difficulties, would not be idle when so fair an opportunity for mischief presented.

As it is certain that the negroes will ever remain among us, it is easy to see what should be done with them. They should be enlightened and formed for good citizens. Were the slaveholding States actuated by a wise policy, they would not long delay to adopt a plan of gradual emancipation and instruction —which, by giving hope, would prevent insurrection; and, giving freedom, would accompany it with discretion and vir-

tue. In proportion as the negroes are removed from the prospect of their inferiority and disgrace, they will partake of human dignity;—they who have been rendered callous by the lash of tyranny, and habitual disrespect, will acquire all the tenderness of affection, jealousy of reputation, pride of excellence, and fire of heroism. When they can reap for themselves what they have sown—when they can obtain the rewards of merit, by enjoying the immunities of power, the confidence reposed in talent, and the honors of distinguished virtue, their industry will be excited to display all the greatness of the human mind.

They very imperfectly understand in what happiness consists, who pretend it exists among slaves. Those who are satisfied, though justice be denied, their feelings disregarded, and their reason insulted, can certainly enjoy no enviable contentment. Neither our own, nor the slaveholders of Algiers, I apprehend, would be so delighted with masters to provide their food and direct their actions, as not to pray devoutly for liberation, and willingly forfeit the opportunity of basking in the rays of Islamism or Christianity, for the enjoyment of liberty, though she conducted them through her groves, and they quaffed her nectarine streams in the ragged attire of poverty. But why is it asserted that slavery has happiness? that degradation is exaltation? Why but that conscience stings, growling against unjust oppression and audacious wrong? To elude the relentless lash of this wakeful monitor, the recreant tyrant interposes a barrier of absurdity and lies, which, while it confirms the prejudice of the weaker, affords the wiser a momentary respite from beholding the frightful picture of their hearts.

The futility of the arguments resorted to by the Algerines and their brethren in this country, tend no less to show their similarity of feeling and interest than the practice of Mahometans and Christians, notwithstanding the vast difference in their faith? Why need they dispute about matters of belief and principles of conduct, when they agree so exactly in what is deemed the truest test of principle in their practice? Surely you think those travellers foolish, who, unable

to see or taste any difference in the fruit of two trees, sadly cudgeled each other because one insisted that the tree of the fairest appearance was not of the same nature as the other. Christians, embrace the Mahometans—the dispute, between you has become unimportant. Your fruit, by which your true nature is known, appears to be the same! Is the millennium approaching or receding? The lion, it seems, may lie down with the lamb in vice if not in virtue.

It is clear, then, that color can give neither advantage nor disadvantage, nor forfeit the rights of its possessor. That the negro is not inferior in nature to the rest of mankind, and consequently is entitled to all the privileges we can justly claim; that the Africans have done nothing to forfeit their natural rights; that there is no just political reason for holding them in bondage; and that their servitude, as it is unjust, is a disgrace to this country. The truth of those positions may be intuitively seen, unless the mind be deplorably corrupted by avarice or darkened by prejudice. It is said the quiver of argument is exhausted in vain where these have influence; but when the people at large, in whom lies the power of redressing the evil, are too corrupt to obey, or too prejudiced to understand the voice of humanity and justice, they will be as incapable as unworthy of governing themselves; they will be no longer the source of power, but deservedly the victims of tyranny. It is hoped a time will speedily come when all will be surprised that it was thought necessary to resort to the present arguments to undermine slavery, to demolish a column of depravity in a Christian land! A great people flourishing under the influence of republican institutions, and boasting of their superior felicity, should not long, out of gratitude to God and respect to themselves, neglect to do justice to the Africans. They should remember that their injustice renders those blessings a reproach; that their government has no solid basis but the virtue of the nation; that one vice leads to another; that the slaveholders cannot be strictly moral, for they must partake of the degradation of their slaves; they cannot be republicans, they cannot be Christians, nor can they be happy. Happiness is not the

companion of the unjust; dignity communes not with vice, nor republicanism with tyranny. Are there republicanism and despotism under the same government? A kingdom divided in itself shall fall. Will a petty tyrant, who holds property by virtue of power (not by virtue of justice), be in general a good member of that society, the purity of whose laws and whose existence depends on the virtue of its members? Will rights be equally distributed by any but such as love justice and equality? Those in the habit of oppressing, or arbitrarily directing their slaves, imperceptibly lose all respect for their equals. As avarice usurps the place of equity, they despise their inferiors in wealth, and are regardless of the means of gratification, rushing over the throne of justice, virtue and religion, to enjoyment. As pride usurps the place of wisdom, their minds are weakened by the indulgence of passion, and that meekness is banished from their hearts, which is the parent of greatness. They become little men and great devils. Habitual tyranny assumes piratical manners. The slaveholder disregards the feelings of others; is insolent to the poor. From the usurpation of the rights of negroes he finds the transition to the usurpation of the rights of others not difficult, as both can be done with the same conscience. The barrier of modesty restrains wantonness, so the sanctity of right restrains usurpation. It is with the former as the latter, when a breach is once made their influence ceases; and he who keeps the African in bondage would do the same with his own countrymen were it in his power. That he does not do it, thank heaven and the laws; but that he has the disposition to do it may be easily discovered in his deportment. The impolicy of continuing slavery is obvious. Will we nourish a viper in our bosom which, while it stings us, offends God? The example set by this society of devotion to the cause of emancipation, will not be useless. Those who deserve prosperity will not be called in vain to the assistance of virtue. The dark cloud of Slavery that hovers over our land, showering blood, disgracing our name, and threatening to hide the benign countenance of heaven, or clothe it with devouring vengeance, will dissolve

in tears of joy; majestic virtue and consoling religion brighten like the flowery plain at the approach of the rosy morn, when the propriety of holding our fellow-men in bondage is universally and seriously examined.

O Slavery! thou fiend of the night of ignorance! thou shelterest thyself under the lies of avarice; but its deceits cannot conceal thee. The sun of reason, revelation and justice displays thy deformity to human eyes. Virtue draws her sword against thee. Insulted heaven points at thy gorgon head its thunders. Hell will mourn; Heaven will rejoice at thy fall. Thy votaries shall learn, though late, that its forbearance was not acquiescence. When divine vengeance is tardy its severity is increased. Thou disgracest mankind. Thou writest inconsistency, cruelty, misanthropy and irreligion on the American name. Thou dost bury States in indolence. For thy support, those who attempt to enlighten the mind are deprived of day. Savannah inflicts stripes and fines on such as instruct thy victims, for thou art hostile to knowledge. Thou art indeed a companion of darkness. For thee Africa laments the murder of millions of her sons and daughters fallen in factious war, or voluntarily buried in ocean's deeps, that the billows more friendly than Christian arm might mingle their lifeless corses with the sands of their native shores, whence they were untimely and cruelly snatched away, no more to behold the scenes of early delight, their pleasing homes and relations dear. Yes, Slavery, thy path is blood, thy breath is sorrow, thy food is iniquity; memory is burdened with thy evils, and fancy sickens at thy horrors.

ADVANTAGES OF BANKING.*

I herewith send you two dollars, the sum you once charitably gave me, when I approached you as a beggar; accept it, and my best wishes. I will now tell you how my condition was made better. You recollect I used to sing patriotic songs, from which you may have inferred that I was a patriot so true, as to be unwilling to make a fortune at the expense of my country—and that was the case; but remember that human nature is weak, and temptation strong; placed between interest and patriotism it grieved me that my own good was not the good of the public. Self at length prevailed. I spoke to an engraver to make me $100,000 of bills, or bank paper, for which I was to pay him $200, half in hand, the remainder in two years. It was not easy to pay the first $100—as you may see from the means employed to raise the money. I sold my rifle-gun for $20, and hired my son Tom to neighbor Mosely, to attend mason for six months for $30, which that generous man paid in advance. I borrowed $5 of Mr. Cobble, the ditch-digger, for which my wife was to make his negro man two straw hats; my friend Hobble, generously lent me $10 in consideration that my wife would spin tow for him the next winter. All the clothes of my family that could be spared, including my short breeches, sold for $20. There being yet $15 wanting, I persuaded Molly to sell our bed, to which she rather hesitatingly assented (it being then six years since she had been accustomed to lie on the floor upon straw). This, together with the bedstead and one sheet and blanket, produced $16. Thus by bereaving myself of everything I possessed, even pledging the future labor of my son and wife, the $100 was raised, and paid, and the bills struck off.

I next thought of a charter, though I despaired of obtaining it, when I recollected there were none of my friends at court;

* This paper was written in 1819, the Author being then but twenty-three years of age. It appeared in the *Philanthropist* for September 5th, the same year. It was written in the form of a letter addressed to "Pleuron," and appeared over the signature of "Moneyshadow." Later in life, he was led to modify the views here put forth.

the lawyer Thawokumstavey had given me pleasant ideas of the privileges of incorporated bodies: that they could not die, that they could only be attached by their property, which I believed they might secrete, and thus do roguishly with impunity. I was convinced that a chartered bank had decided advantages over an association, or an individual; for I pay special attention to the safety of the person, which is not easily concealed, as every man carries a phiz of his own, while property has the same countenance in every man's pocket. If you meet a dollar in the ale-house, though he was actually concealed there to avoid his creditors, he will show no symptoms of guilt, nor denote by his name to whom he justly belongs; which, when I was a beggar, I often wished was the case; for I very rationally concluded that it would make the pockets of many gentlemen too noisy to be carried far. The improbability of success made me decline attempting to get a charter, and I sallied forth on my own responsibility, which I have just described. I caused, with more modesty than many a worse bank than mine has shown, my notes to be drawn payable in the current paper of the country.

Immediately on the receipt of the first package from the engraver, I took horse and saddlebags, went into different towns, bought some goods, made some exchanges of paper, and succeeded in employing some agents to vend my paper. To make a long story short, I presently had the whole of my bills in circulation; many drafts were early made upon my bank, which I always met with the current paper of banks as destitute of specie as my own. It was not long after my bank went into operation, before I boasted of having specie enough in its vaults to answer all demands.

The interest which the public obligingly pays me for the same, amounts to $6,000 per year; this sum will content me, unless the community prove refractory; in that case I may determine to let my paper die in their hands. I am as much surprised as you can be, that the people pay me this tax, for the sake of valuing their property 10 instead of 4, and seeing themselves occasionally sacrificed to gratify my caprice; but I am content to become rich if they are to be poor. You need

not be told that I feel consequential; for the adage you formerly so often repeated, "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," probably directs your judgment yet. Without denying the truth of this proverb, I insist it ought not to be applied to me, for two reasons: First, that our banking concerns ought not to be in the hands of beggars. Second, because the influence I have over the fortunes of men, is sufficient to flatter the vanity of a prince; if for amusement I call in $40,000 or $50,000, the land around me will not bring half its former price. I then see myself invited to partake of good dinners; the wealthiest men of the country approach me, cap in hand, begging for a loan as earnestly as I besought you for the said two dollars herewith transmitted. Thus you see it is in my power to buy with my own rags at half price, all the land over which my influence extends. I lately called in some thousands for fear of a draft from the United States Bank, and if the sheriff, at the next court, does not return on many executions, "not sold for want of bidders," I am much mistaken; for the appraisers seldom think that land must be valued according to the amount of money in circulation; and, although I have withdrawn from circulation half of my paper, they will, I doubt not, appraise as high as they would have done a year ago. It is unnecessary to inform you with what facility I replaced my bed and short breeches, and paid the remainder of my debt to the engraver. This can be imagined easier than described; nor need I tell you that I have commanded my children to refrain from vulgar company, and look to their rank. If you could see my son Thomas, who contributed as above-stated towards collecting the aforesaid $100, you would wish he was your own. Indeed, my whole family are greatly altered. My wife is no longer a companion of the common people, and she intends some time or other to learn to read. I shall soon be capable of reading the Bible myself, and in my next letter I presume I shall not be compelled to employ an amanuensis.

ADDRESS

Delivered before the St. Clairsville Chemical Society, of which the Author was at the time President, February 25, 1821.

To obtain a knowledge of the laws which govern the material world, I would define to be the object of the chemical philosopher. "Laws," says Montesquieu, "in their most general signification are the necessary relations resulting from the nature of things. In this sense all beings have their laws; the Deity his laws; the material world its laws; the intelligences superior to man have their laws; the beasts their laws; and man his laws." "As we see the world, though formed by the motion of matter, and void of understanding, subsists through so long a succession of ages, its motions must certainly be directed by invariable laws; and could we imagine another world, it must also have constant rules, or must inevitably perish." "Thus the creation which seems an arbitrary act, supposeth laws as invariable as the fatality of the atheists. It would be absurd to say that the Creator might govern the world without those rules, since without them it could not subsist." "These rules are a fixed and invariable relation. Between two bodies moved it is according to the relations of the quantity of matter and velocity that all the motions are received, augmented, diminished or lost; each diversity is uniformity; each change is constancy." "Before there were intelligent beings, such beings were possible; they therefore had possible relations, and consequently possible laws."

Man subject to passion and pain, as a physical being, is like other bodies governed by invariable rules, but in proportion as he may govern himself, he is liable to become removed from his Creator. Hence the necessity of religion to remind him that although free to regulate his conduct, yet he is accountable for his deeds.

It has not been determined whether brutes are governed by the general laws of motion, or by a particular movement. It is by the allurement of pleasure that they, as well as man, preserve their species. They have natural laws, because they

are united by sensations; yet they do not invariably conform to them. "These laws are better observed by vegetables, that have neither intellectual nor sensitive faculties." In proportion as the being has spontaneous motion, it seems liable to deviate from the course of nature. The material world, then, is the most constant and most subservient to the laws impressed by the Creator from eternity. In the study and attainment of a knowledge of these laws, which are uniform through all the diversity, and constant through all the changes of matter, we gradually "look through nature up to nature's God;" but it must be our doom to admire rather than comprehend the immense magnitude and unlimited divisibility of matter. The sun, planets and comets of our system, if beheld with regard to the fixed stars, the supposed suns of other systems, seem like a family collected in a small cabin in the bosom of a vast wilderness. All the stars that sparkle on the brow of night occupy a space comparatively small, since it is said more stars are discovered in one constellation by the telescope than the naked eye perceives in the whole heavens.

Descending in the scale of nature, we find a like gradation from minute objects to others infinitely more subtile. Where the subdivisions of matter terminate is undiscovered, and may ever be unknown; but it is believed they have a termination, and that the elementary particles of bodies are solid, uncompounded and incapable of change by nature or art. From microscopical observations, animals are discovered, thousands of which, assembled in one mass, could not be discerned by the unassisted eye; each of these possesses all the organs of life, and propagates its kind. From the inconceivable minuteness of the particles of light that penetrate in all directions the pores of transparent bodies, it appears that the subdivisions of the particles of matter descend beyond the power of imagination to conceive; and that nature is inexhaustible by man. We stand then amidst infinity, a portion of which we attempt to measure with finite means; from what is understood of the properties of matter in one shape, we proceed to exhibit it in another, certain that it is incapable of decay and influenced by immutable affinities.

"Organic forms with chronic changes strive,
Live but to die, and die but to revive;
Immortal matter braves the transient storm;
Mounts from the wreck, unchanging but in form."

The fable of the Phœnix is said to have been a favorite emblem of the chemists.

"For when Arabia's bird by age oppressed,
Consumes, delighted on his spicy nest,
A filial Phœnix from his ashes springs,
Crown'd with a star; on renovated wings
Ascends exulting from his funeral flame
And soars and shines another and the same."

The carcass of the man or brute as it is decomposed, mingles with such parts of matter as attract the parts disengaged in the process of decomposition. Thus the means that constituted the goodly frame, the temple of honor and ambition, would be surrendered to the general mass of matter, whence they had been taken in the shape of food and respiration. Again the body forms a part of the inanimate earth, a portion thereof

Mingled with the breeze;
Flits o'er green hills, brown vales and seas;
Glides in the stream, blooms in the rose;
Rides on the surge or in the tempest blows.

The hydrogen that is disengaged from the dead body, having a strong affinity for oxygen, would probably unite with that gas and fall upon the earth in a refreshing shower; or should it combine with nitrogen and form ammoniacal gas, the result would probably be the same.

Another and equally potent affinity with that which drew the sexes together in life, when they displayed beauty and intelligence, unites their decomposed bodies with the kindred atoms after the withering tempest of death has blown. But this union is not shackled with punctilious calculations of rank, or artificial formalities. The affinity is felt, and the connection is complete. How oft may the parts of the slave,

even of the brute, have been grappled with eager force by the matter that was once a constituent part of a body before which nations trembled. The influence of pride and shame, and all the caprices of the mind having ceased to check or divert them from their natural road; they silently but plainly evince the common parentage, and eternal equality of man. In him matter is exhibited in its noblest mould, animated for a time with an imperishable spirit, impressed with the image of God-beaming dignity, and endowed with faculties to explore and comprehend much of the surrounding creation. What pity he should nurse or yield to ungenerous propensities, become the sport of passion or instrument of oppression for the want of a moderate knowledge of himself! The study of philosophy is well calculated to dethrone our pride, to temper our ambition, and increase our rational enjoyment; it leads imperceptibly to the practice of virtue. No wonder that the prince of Latin poets, although floating on the full tide of renown, solicits to repose in her shade:

"Give me the ways of wand'ring stars to know,
The depths of heaven above and earth below;
Teach me the various labors of the moon;
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they sink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights and shortens winter days."

"Happy the man who studying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret cause;
His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune and resigned to fate;
Whose mind unmoved the bribes of courts can see;
Their glittering baits and purple slavery;
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their frown;
Nor when contending kindred tear the crown,
Will set up one or pull another down."

With calmness he hears the thunder above and enjoys the storm. He finds a companion in inanimated nature; and

holds converse with matter in its various forms. The water divested of its caloric, covering the world in the shape of snow, with dreary beauty gives a sober pleasure equally with the attractive mildness of the summer stream. He views the world as his brother, and perhaps with the amiable Cowper, would not willingly number among his friends the man that would needlessly set foot upon a worm, considering it an organic form like himself in the great chain of being. The oyster, the polypus which is the last of animals and the first of plants, the mimosa or sensitive plant, that shrinks at the touch, the dionea that closes its leaves if a fly settles upon them, and the various kinds of mosses that become dried in summer, but revive in winter, and which seem nearly allied to matter, totally inanimate—all these possess the necessary organs of life variously, but fitly disposed.

The distinction of sex is not alone confined to the animal world; it is said that the chief merit of Linnæus consists in his making the sexual discriminations of plants the foundation of his system. Before his time, perhaps, this distinction was not generally known or acknowledged. He rather accepted than discovered the fact, that plants had the same sexual relations as animals; for Herodotus observes that the Babylonians were accustomed to transport the flowers of the male to the female palm-tree, to assist the operations of nature in the production of fruit. Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus, and in the last century Hasselquist, Ray and Millington, and Grew, the author of the Anatomy of Vegetables, appear to have been acquainted with the sexes of plants. The last named author expressly declares that every plant is male and female; and has pointed out the resemblance and offices of their parts of fructification and generation.

The philosophers Plato and Empedocles asserted that plants had affections or passions, and some modern naturalists as Ray, Cardas, Watson and Percival, seem, upon close inspection, to favor that opinion. The analogy of plants with animals cannot fail to be interesting. The former is covered with bark, the latter with skin. Leaves fall at certain seasons, like the hair of animals and the feathers of birds. The leaves

may well be considered as the lungs, from the quantity of air they are known to absorb and exhale. The philosopher then, it may be supposed, cannot behold plants with such unneighborly air as those who know less of their nature and uses. While he views the innumerable leaves of vegetables waving in the breeze, he is convinced that they are as many laborers constantly purifying the air, which has been rendered impure by the respiration of animals.

"For, while the vegetable tribes inhale
The genial moisture from the parent vale,
Their vegetating organs decompose
The salutary compound as it flows;
Select the hydrogen with nicest skill,
And mould it into resin at their will.
The oxygen, abandoning the mass,
Combines with heat and changes into gas;
Which from its inmost cell each leaflet pours
In vital currents through its myriad pores;
And thence by vivifying tempests hurled
From pole to pole, it cheers a fainting world."

He contemplates, with pleasure, the decomposition of the atmosphere by the lungs of animals, which receive from the air its oxygen and caloric, and reject its injurious properties, as nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. To preserve this heat thus taken from, perhaps, a freezing air, he sees the hand of a wise providence affording clothing of furs and wool, which, being bad conductors of heat, are well calculated to prevent its escape. The Russians clothe themselves with fur because it is a worse conductor of heat than wool. Sheep are natives of temperate, bears and ermine of the coldest climates. He admires the wild variety of nature on beholding those animals that are not furnished with the means of taking heat from the atmosphere, change from hot to cold with the medium they inhabit, and contemplates the analogy of these animals with plants, both being alike dependent upon the sun for motion. "Frogs have been frozen so as to chip like ice, and yet when gradually thawed have been completely reanimated."

Man, quadrupeds and whales possess the means of taking caloric from the atmosphere through lungs; but all are dependent upon the great fountain of light and heat.

> "Unseen by whom had nature mourned;
> No smile her Ethiop cheek adorned;
> Pale night had spread her specter'd reign,
> And death-like horror ruled the scene."

While he treads upon calcareous mountains he feels borne above the ocean by the ruins of former life.

> "For in vast shoals beneath the brineless tide,
> On earth's firm crust testaceous tribes reside.
> Age after age expands the peopled plain;
> The tenants perish, but their cells remain.
> Whence coral walls and sparry hills ascend
> From pole to pole, and round the line extend."

Indeed, he who is familiar with nature has a constant and very agreeable companion; but the pleasure cannot be compared with the utility to be derived from chemical science. It not only gives food to the mind for delightful contemplation, but it furnishes the stomach and the pocket with substantial fare. Commerce revives at her approach; economy listens to her precepts with high expectations; life itself rejoices at her march. She points out the noxious gases, their residence and their antidotes. She fixes beacons in the ocean of animation by which life may avoid the dangers that lurk beneath. She is the friend of the farmer and the manufacturer, and of most mechanic trades.

The researches of the chemist extend to all material bodies. The matter possessing the greatest levity and the greatest solidity is alike subject to his inquiries. The air that we inhale and the food that nourishes are constantly decomposed by the chemical laboratory of the body, to effect changes in which how greatly are medicine and pharmacy dependent upon the assistance of chemistry. A physician would certainly be a dangerous operator upon the system unless he

knew the chemical affinities of the medicine administered. It is said that all animal and vegetable poisons destroy by deoxidizing, or taking the oxygen out of the blood; while, on the contrary, metallic poisons are baneful in consequence of carrying a superabundance of oxygen into the blood. Therefore substances which contain a large portion of oxygen are the real antidotes to animal and vegetable poisons. And those substances which have a strong affinity for oxygen, but contain none thereof in themselves, are the proper antidotes to mineral poisons. "Many thousand lives have been lost," says Parks, "by poison, which might have been saved if the physician had been in possession of the knowledge which he may now acquire by a cultivation of chemical science. And though the operation of many of the poisons upon the system be, in these days, well understood, nothing but a knowledge of chemistry can enable the practitioner to administer such medicines as will counteract their baneful effects."

The farmer is also peculiarly interested in chemical researches. Those who can take no delight in understanding the nature and properties of matter in its various forms, will nevertheless take pleasure in the contemplation of a fruitful harvest and the increase of their wealth. It is important to know the relation of the manure to the soil by an amplization of both. It is said by the same author that "some kind of lime is injurious to land, and will render land hitherto fertile sterile. A knowledge of chemistry will show the farmer when to use lime slacked and when unslacked, and how to promote the putrefaction process in his composts, and at what period to check it, to prevent the fertilizing particles losing their virtue. It will teach him the difference in the properties of marl, lime, dung, mud, ashes, alkaline salt, water," etc. A distinguished chemist, Lavoisier, cultivated two hundred and forty acres of land on chemical principles, in order to set a good example to the farmers; and his mode of culture was attended with so much success that he obtained a third more of crop than was obtained by the usual method, and in nine years his annual productions doubled. Butter and cheese and their preservation, and the art of curing and

preserving beef, ham and bacon, and all animal and vegetable substances, are dependent upon chemical principles, as are the arts of dyeing, bleaching, tanning, glass-making, printing, working metals, etc. The economy with which the manufacturer may proceed by a proper knowledge of chemistry, is well exemplified by the fact related by Parks, that "till lately the makers of alum bought alkalies of every description. An accurate analysis of alum has now discovered that potash and ammonia are the only alkalies which enter into the composition of alum; and consequently that large sums have been expended by the manufacturer for an article of no use." The manufacturer of vinegar may, from this science, learn to oxygenize his liquids in the shortest time and in the easiest manner. The manufacturer of soap may ascertain the quantity of alkali the substances he employs contains, and make selections of the substances ordinarily employed that will prove most profitable. "He will," says Parks, "learn in choosing his tallows, how to avoid those which contain a large portion of sebacic acid, which require much more barilla than good tallow, and yet produce less soap. He will know how to oxidize common oils and oil dregs, so as to give them consistence and render them good substitutes for tallow. He will know how to apportion his lime, so as to make his alkali perfectly caustic, without using an unnecessary quantity of that article. He will be aware of the advantage which may be derived from oxygenating the soap while boiling. A knowledge of the chemical affinities will teach him how, at a cheap rate, to make as good and as firm soap with potash as with the mineral alkali, and how to take up the heterogeneous salts so as to give the alkali full opportunity of combining with the oils and tallows, etc.; and he will know how to make use of the waste leys so as to decompose the salts which they contain, and convert them to good and servicable alkali to be used in future operations." Although the pursuits before mentioned may prosper without chemical aid, yet they cannot advance with that certain success and possible economy of means as they might with the assistance of chemistry.

It has properly been called a fascinating, as well as useful science. Its constant application to everything around incessantly exemplifies its beauty and utility. While others survey the material world with indifference and thoughtlessness, the chemist beholds it with eager curiosity, drinking from the prospect sweet drafts of instruction. To him only is the full magnificence of creation displayed. What has been said of the painter may truly be applied to the chemist. "The volume of nature is laid open to him; his attention is directed to the vast and to the minute; and his imagination clings to perfection with ineffable delight."

The philosopher, and especially the chemist, has but little inducement to seek the company of frivolous companions, or to haunt the circles of dissipation to supply the fleeting hours with enjoyment. In the endless variety of nature he may continually and unweariedly enjoy the solid grandeur of truth, displaying all the beauty and harmony that history has related or poetry imagined; for this unceasing diversity is not the monotony so happily alluded to in the following lines:

> "The best of things above their measure cloy,
> Sleep's balmy blessing loves enduring joy;
> The feast, the dance, whate'er mankind desire,
> E'en the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire."

As the variety is endless, so is the satisfaction. But, as I before intimated, this science, as connected with philosophy in general, leads imperceptibly to a knowledge of ourselves. "Know thyself," has long been considered a saying of infinite importance. Thales the Milesian was accounted the first among the ancients who taught the necessity of this knowledge. The doctrine was promulgated by his successor; and the precept was at length consecrated in golden letters at Delphos over the door of the temple of Apollo, to signify that it was dictated by that god. Cicero observes that the reason of its being supposed to be divine was because it appeared to possess too much sentiment and wisdom to be of human origin. It is owing to a want of this knowledge that we fall into the greatest of our errors. If we properly

knew ourselves, the most of us would not wander abroad to reform others, but would seriously endeavor to effect a reformation in ourselves. We should more willingly watch our own than the faults of others. This aversion to see our own failings is thus forcibly expressed by some one of the ancients: "Every man carries a bag or wallet, one end hanging before, the other behind him. Into the one before he throws all the faults of his neighbors, and into that behind he carelessly throws his own faults; so that while his own are concealed he keeps the foibles of others constantly in view." Though man has a considerable understanding of the arts and sciences, a want of this knowledge will cause him to be proud of his attainments and of himself. Pope judiciously advises to "drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;" for shallow drafts intoxicate the brain, "but drinking largely sobers us again." A divine of no common attainments observes that the reason why great scholars are generally more humble than their inferiors, is because in the magnitude of their acquirements they usually acquire, with other things, a good portion of self-knowledge, which ballasts their understandings, and enables them to behold themselves in a proper light.

Upon this subject, it would require great ingenuity in a person of mere common reading to say anything new or original, for every author on morals or religion has said something in favor of self-knowledge. Pride is constantly called the child of self-ignorance. Let a man look about and within himself, and he will find enough to make him humble. The self-knowledge of Socrates was brilliantly displayed in the following incident: When the populace were about to stone a physiognomist for asserting that Socrates was, if he could judge from his countenance, naturally a rogue, the philosopher calmed their rage by observing that it was true. He was naturally a rogue; but by the force of moral precepts he had restrained himself from the commission of unworthy actions.

ESSAYS ON THE PRESERVATION OF MORALS.*

NUMBER ONE.

THE reader of history has not failed to observe that virtue and liberty have always existed together, and that the ruin of republics begins with the corruption of morals. Those who design the oppression of a people, tempt their virtue, artfully undermine their morals, and lull them "with lethargic charms." Philip of Macedon had not found an Æschines in Athens, nor her citizens indifferent to the warnings of Demosthenes, had they not been corrupted by the practices of Pericles and his unworthy successors. To insure the favor of the Athenians, Pericles flattered their pride and gratified their idle desires, from the public treasury: he gained popularity; but his country lost her strongest support. It is a custom to blame individuals (as Pericles in this case), but may it not be correct that while they seek favor of the public, their acts are the echo of public opinion, and the mere consequence of the principles which influence the main part of the community.

Often when we accuse public actors of corrupting, their offence consists in not breasting the tide of corruption—an Aristides seldom appears. Reason yields so imperceptibly to the current of desire, that a majority of any people receive favorably what affords them pleasure without laboring to weigh present advantages with future consequences. Instead of despising the man who flatters their vices for their votes, they permit the insult to their judgment to bribe their affections. From suffering themselves to be bribed by a shaking of hands, to vote for a worthless candidate, they will presently allow a glass of whiskey to effect the same; and at length, that sense of propriety which virtue and knowledge inspire, is so blunted, that the candidate wounds no delicacy by asking, nor the voter by promising a vote. This inevitably leads to a loud and empty legislature, whose course will

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be as shameless and bold as the means which its members employed to procure their election. A member who buys votes, no matter at what price or for what commodity, may himself be bought. If he is mean in trifles, he is doubly so in matters of importance. From a legislature composed of such, it is in vain to expect attention to public morals. Men who would rise by passing themselves upon the people, as a counterfeiter passes his false money, will not be desirous to promote knowledge. Their legislative acts will not cross their private interest, for the promotion or protection of morals.

Such, nevertheless, correctly represent their constituents. Did ever a foolish sovereign choose wise counsellors? Or will a people who look kindly upon the father of their vices, elect virtuous representatives? From the acts then of a State's representatives, may be formed a correct estimate of the morals of its citizens. The mischief begins with the people, and with them is the remedy. To men interested in promoting ignorance and vice, it is useless to point out the dangerously demoralizing tendency of their measures. It is to the body of the people themselves, that argument can be usefully directed. As it is their interest to preserve and perfect public morals, they will view with indignation what tends to their corruption. When alarmed at the consequences of their slumber, they will say: Why did ignorance invite our suffrages, but because we gave her encouragement? Why did vice have the impudence to ask our support, but that when he invited us to prostitute our votes, he knew to whom and what he was speaking? Let us nourish then that respect for knowledge which shall lessen the confidence of ignorance, and create such a detestation of vice and impudence, as shall compel men to approach us at least in the guise of virtue and modesty. Then the candidates and their caterers will not dare to propose a bribe in any shape, nor adopt measures destructive of morality, when elected. This must lead to purity in our laws, and wisdom in our councils; for a very different sort of men from those who thrust themselves into every one's way, will rise to view: too honest to blind others to their defects. They will have no inducement to promote ignorance and im-

morality, to preserve their places. Cleanse the stream in its source, else look not for purity in its progress. Send bankrupts to the legislature, and laws unfavorable to the collection of debts will follow. Elect men who attempt to divest the people of impartiality, by propagating falsehood, circulating whiskey, begging and threatening, and if laws injurious to morals are not the consequence, it will be owing to the silence of private interest, or because men have not the ability to discern what that interest demands.

These rules have exceptions. There may be an honest and patriotic bankrupt, and there may be men who employ vile means to get possession of a post which they occupy with integrity, when obtained; but there are few who are deaf to the persuasion of self-interest. The laws of Ohio regulating the collection of debts, are certainly very demoralizing in their tendency. They are calculated to sow the seeds of dishonesty beyond their own limits, whatever the motives of their authors. Neighboring States may, with reason, fear the contagion of that faithlessness which they are calculated to nourish and defend; and, if it is the right of their citizens, it is their duty to expose what is aimed at the foundation of republican government—at the virtue of the people, for all are concerned in the consequences. All should resist what tends to debase good morals, even in the domestic circle of a single family; how much more should we feel interested when the law-givers of more than five hundred thousand citizens adopt measures that cannot fail to injure the shield of liberty. That a few debtors should be deprived of their property, is a matter of little importance compared with the demoralization of a people. "Laws," says Montesquieu, "must accord with the principle of the government." Virtue is the principle of republican government. When laws in republics tend to weaken this principle, they hasten the dissolution of the government.

NUMBER TWO.

The laws of Ohio regulating judgments and executions, provide that the debtor may surrender to the officer such property as the debtor selects; if it be personal, it must not be

sold but for half, if real, for two-thirds of its appraised value. If no sufficient price be offered on the day of sale, personal property may be returned to the debtor on his giving security for its delivery at the expiration of six months. This may be repeated as often as there fails to be purchasers at half the appraised value. The debtor retains possession of real estate until it sells at two-thirds of its appraised worth. The sheriff or constable has the selection of the appraisers, and administers the oath, which he may do at the end of every six months, in the same case, until the cost of the mercy of the debtor deprives him of all hopes of paying his debts, and prevents the creditor from receiving his demands. I have said the cost of the mercy may deprive the debtor of hope to pay his debts. I wish the mercy may not deprive him of the disposition to pay them. There are few who have not seen a fond, simple mother attempt to prevent the correction of an offending child, and knew her to be rather weak than wise in so doing. A legislature does not act with more prudence that screens folly, extravagance, presumption and roguery, from the wholesome discipline which our *foolish* fathers thought necessary to confine the visionary speculator in the bounds of sober utility; to teach the man of pleasure that his ease ought not to deprive industry of its reward, and to advise roguery that honesty is the best policy.

The appraisement of debtors' property is often such as to render the judgment unavailing; he generally provides for the levy, that property with which he can best dispense, and which he calculates most unsalable: as grind-stones, wood clocks, fence rails, so situated that their conveyance from the debtor's land would exceed their value, tomb-stones, etc. If half the appraised value of this unsalable property does not exceed the sum for which it can be bought, perhaps of the appraisers themselves, it is an exception to a general rule. It must not be expected that a law which strikes at the root of morals will long be well executed, if its execution depends on the virtue which it destroys. The manner in which this law is executed, requiring many oaths to be administered by grave sheriffs and constables, will not tend to make tender

consciences. I scarce need repeat what is so often remarked, that the frequency of oaths lessens their influence; as we grow familiar, we lose respect for this guardian of truth. What obtrudes upon us we behold with indifference; even the sun the most great, bright and useful of things, is generally viewed without reverence because it is so frequently seen.

NUMBER THREE.

The sentiments which the Ohio law inspires; the example which it gives of disregard to oaths; the temptation which it presents to person who are governed more by fear of punishment than love of virtue; the advantage which it gives rogues over honest men; the imputation of roguery which it casts on the good by taking from them the means of fulfilling their contracts; the excuses which it affords persons of equivocal integrity for not performing their contracts, thus encouraging falsehood and hypocrisy; its inducements to extravagance in debtors, to the injury of creditors, whereby the money that should be applied in payment of debts, within the State, is sent to the Atlantic cities (to trace it no further) to purchase some conveniences but more luxuries; the cost which it heaps on judicial proceedings, and the increase of litigation which it causes—these are some of its odious features which disgust the moralist, and give the patriot pain, while he contemplates its provisions, or witnesses its practice. It will inspire the feeling that promises are not sacred; that as it is fashionable to cheat, it is folly to be honest; that oaths are toys and mere matters of form; that the gratification of desire should not yield to the claims of justice; that dissimulation is not a vice, and that candor is the portion of fools.

I have before observed that the frequency of oaths, in this law is calculated to destroy their influence. The subject on which they are employed (that of estimating the value of things) connected with their frequency, is also well calculated to hasten the decline of their importance. Even when the appraisers have acted conscientiously, and judged correctly, a great many, disagreeing with the opinion of the appraisers, will believe they have done otherwise, and view their conduct as

an example of the futility of oaths. To preserve their sanctity, the legislator should not employ them, but from great necessity, upon a subject on which it is seldom that two have the same opinion. Most subjects, indeed, admit of difference of opinion, but not in the same degree as that of estimating the value of property, represented by, and constantly varying in price, with the quantity of the circulating medium. Oaths should not be employed to be disgraced, nor be represented to the people like a Sardanapalus at his distaff. A republican legislator does ill to weigh gold against virtue, or to adopt laws destructive of morals, to secure some imprudent debtors against the possibility of oppression by the creditors. The remedy will be found worse than the disease. Because a finger is sore must the heart be cut? Because some spendthrifts and drunkards, some bad calculators and a few knaves are in debt, must the palladium of our liberty, our virtue, be sacrificed? It cost our fathers something more both in lives and property, than the debtors, creditors, and their gear would number; but children who expend fortunes hoarded by their parents, and sunshine patriots, who gather loaves and fishes over the veteran's grave, are often too wise to respect the principles of the ancestors. Those persons are seldom sued who are known to pay when they can. Of ten that are pressed by their creditors, eight deserve it. Suppose creditors are destitute of humanity, there are few so indifferent to public opinion as to unjustly drive their debtor to extremity. The abuse of a power to coerce the debtor is not so probable as the necessity of it is certain. It is not by immuring a debtor in jail, or sacrificing his property, that the creditor in general expects to be benefited. It is the fear which the debtor entertains of these events that makes him industrious to earn, careful to save, desirous to pay, and cautious of holding out false colors, to obtain credit. The latter is a mode of stealing that seldom fails to be successfully practised, and with impunity where the laws are even secure against debtors. What a fine opportunity does the Ohio law afford to this class of thieves!

The votary of virtue never plunges at once into the full practice of vice. The defences of morality are gradually, and

almost imperceptibly forced, until the whole bulwark is demolished. As an inconsiderable current, overflowing an embankment, increases as the ground gives way, until it bears down all opposition; so vice gathers force at every encroachment on the province of virtue, until the latter is destroyed. We turn not from the contemplation of beauty to look with delight on deformity; but by indulgence of desire, and frequent concession to temptation, we are presently brought to view with pleasure the ill features of vice. When a dandy first presents his awkward mode for the imitation of the wiser part of mankind, they often view the impertinent innovator with disdain, but growing by degrees accustomed to his dress, they see it without contempt, at length with pleasure, and finally adopt it themselves. Such is the fascination of fashion; such the consequence of indulgence and non-resistance of trifles. A little concession at one time, and a little at another, to the claims of desire, and virtue is soon overthrown. It is not unlike small expenditures in pecuniary matters, where we too often forget that a fortune is composed of small sums. At first we may look with disgust on the man who neglects his promise, or who, able to satisfy a judgment, takes shelter under the law. We blame the seduced and overlook the seducer; we abate no severity on account of the temptation of the law, and the weakness of human nature. Similar breaches of good faith, often occurring, the iniquity becomes fashionable, and dishonesty gives little offence, unless it attack ourselves. At length our sentiments are changed respecting moral obligations; no tie but interest, no rule but force, and no principle but fear, govern our actions.

All republics, when arrived at this stage, have dissolved, despotisms rising on their ruins. Who sees the state of public morals in Rome immediately preceding and after the conspiracy of Catiline but pronounces the nation ripe for those events which established the throne of Augustus? The same causes in France gave Napoleon a crown, and the same want of virtue and knowledge in the body of the people of South America justifies our government in not hastily acknowledging their independence; for they may be unfit for such a form of gov-

ernment as we would gladly approve. To prevent the corruption of morals should be the endeavor of all, especially Legislators; and when those, through private interest, or ignorance of the principle of their government, promulgate laws of a contrary tendency, like the one which I have seen fit to notice in these essays, it is wished the people may know it as soon as they feel the effect; inquire into the cause thereof, and apply the proper remedy.

NUMBER FOUR.

Among the causes of moral depravity is party distinction, by which the attention of people is drawn from the man to the party whose interest he espouses. Although in our country the spirit of faction has much subsided, many will attempt to kindle it anew because they feel their insignificance very sensibly increase, since they are staid on their own merit. As those who deem a principle good do not discover its consequences to be bad, so their defects were unnoticed by all who looked for perfection in the members of their party.

The partisan who sees the decay of his importance will talk with apparent sincerity of the necessity of factions in a State. He wants an opportunity to get the nation into a war about names, that by a name he may get what would be denied to his merit; certain that his morals or abilities will be little regarded, if he does not bear what blind partisans most esteem, the name of Madisonian, Clintonian, Democrat, or Federalist.

As empty men derive importance from faction, we should not be surprised that they have discovered its usefulness; but we might well be astonished if men of abilities, who sufficiently appreciate the honors of office, to despise them unless rightly obtained, should pronounce it worthy in object, or moral in means. With what disgust must these look on partisans who endeavor to darken the mind with prejudice, and banish impartiality by such expressions as "Who is not for us is against us," "Who unites with a party shows a manly spirit, and decision of character," etc. I have often smiled at these sayings, and purposely conversed with the speaker afterwards to discover whether he was inspired by knavery or ignorance.

The greater number of these sagacious ones, I found, owed all their confidence in their maxims to ignorance. They were propagating with sincerity the invention of knaves, and for doing what they considered their duty, perhaps sought no reward, though they sometimes gazed on the public loaf. These are a sort of manure for another's crop, or a field which designing men cultivate for their own purposes, where they too often reap an abundant harvest from seed of delusion. Not one of them has sufficient humility or self-knowledge to suspect himself imposed on or deceived. Such believe they are supporting principles, when they only support men who are frequently destitute of good principles; for most partisans look more to the party a man espouses than to his integrity or knowledge.

If factions are injurious to a State, men of great integrity and talents will not unite with them, though men of great ambition may, who usually justify themselves by "necessity, the tyrant's plea." The venerable John Adams has attributed to necessity what he may have done of a party character. I hope he has benefited his country and posterity, by expressing his fear that "party Presidents and party Governors will be injurious, if not destructive of our excellent institutions." After the fire of ambition slackens, every partizan of common understanding, who has bestowed but little attention on the history of factions, must regret that any act of his life was to promote the dominion of a party. I wish every factionary possessed Mr. Adams's candor, and a better excuse for his error. Though it might have been necessary for the gratification of his ambition to favor a party, it could not have been necessary to do so for the happiness of his country.

All who are above the meanness of courting a faction, are charged with disaffection to the Government, in a State that is governed by factions. The severe practitioners of virtue are shunned; their integrity is feared by both parties—by the knaves, because they dread the truth; by the ignorant, because they suppose their party and correct principle are the same; and conclude that he who is inimical to the former, must be destitute of the latter. In such a State, the compar-

atively undeserving rule, whose object is more the protection and welfare of their party than the country. They court all who can forward their interest, and try to ruin all who cannot be corrupted. The leaders of faction require from their followers implicit obedience. Their subordinate tools of deception are encouraged to labor in their cause by rewards of office; not for their merits as men, but for their drudgery as caterers. Hence we have seen the dregs of society in official stations which respectable people would gladly have accepted. We have seen vice set above virtue; gross indecency triumph over modesty; ignorance over knowledge, and folly over wisdom! Does faction then promote virtue and strengthen the guard of liberty? Does it not promote dissimulation, corruption, and provide fit materials for slavery?

Beside these evils, history abounds with immediate ills of faction. From a desire to exalt the party, its directors have generally, I might say uniformly, not spared the State where the interest of the party and State have interfered. The Hannonian faction, by withholding supplies from Hannibal, when in Italy, saved Rome and ruined Carthage; for Hannibal declared he was not compelled to withdraw from Italy by the Romans, whom he had constantly defeated, but by Hanno and his party, who were bent on the ruin of the Barcan family; to crush which they destroyed Carthage itself. The attempts of a faction to ruin Alcibiades gave to Athens, after many great misfortunes, her thirty tyrants. Who recalls the story of Marius and Scylla, the former murdering the friends of the latter, and Scylla repaying the violence on the adverse faction with usury, while Rome reeks with the gore of her best citizens; or of the equally bloody discord of Cæsar and Pompey, who recalls these and does not execrate the damning genius of party spirit? Poland has died of wounds inflicted by her factions. What France has suffered, and what it was feared we might ourselves suffer from like causes, is in the memory of most of our citizens. The bounds I propose myself admit not much detail. The pages of history are equally amusing and instructive; there the reader may convince himself that parties, or factions, are highly injurious to morals, and directly

hurtful to the State. In our country there should be no parties except as they represent virtue and knowledge opposed to ignorance and vice. The merits of persons, and not of names, will then be weighed.

WASHINGTON.

Oration, delivered in St. Clairsville, Ohio, on Washington's Birth-Day, 1823.*

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," is the citizen whose nativity we commemorate. His should be no idle eulogium. 'Tis not enough that we applaud his merit; we do him most honor by practising his precepts and imitating his conduct. What we approve with words, but deny by deeds, is rather degraded than honored by our notice. What boots it that a rogue lauds an honest man? Why a promoter of faction, a foe to morality, a mover of disunion of our confederacy, an instigator of jealousy and hatred against particular nations, an enemy to institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, or an office-hunter without capacity to perform official duties, bestow praise on Washington? Not surely because he respects the principles of the man; his actions declare that he is governed by other motives. Our hero was not merely to be admired, but imitated. He had the dignity of Cato, without his pride; the magnanimity and perseverance of Cæsar or Alexander, without the criminal ambition of the one, or the licentiousness of the other. His idea of excellence was not confined to the splendor of conquest, the direction of armies, or the possession of power. With him honesty was essential to greatness. Other nations may boast the heroism of their sons; to the heroism of Washington, we may add the praise of wisdom and justice. How pre-eminent

* The ornate rhetoric, so conspicuous in the author's earlier writings, does not desert him in his Eulogium of the Father of his Country. It is, however, full of wisdom, of patriotic counsel, for the most part forcibly expressed.

is he who saved his country, over those who owe their importance to their country's ruin. Americans will long remember his services. May they never forget his precepts, nor cease to emulate his virtues!

Whether beheld "riding the whirlwind and directing the storm" of revolution, or in the calm of peace, wisely administering the government of his nation, he is always its guardian; never the oppressor. He lives for his countrymen; not his countrymen for him. As General or President, he ornaments the office, while the office adds nothing to his real dignity. He sought not emoluments; the public good was the object of his solicitude. His disinterestedness is proved by his refusal of pay for his services. Unlike Cincinnatus, he cannot be accused of favoring the designs of a faction; yet his meekness and willingness to abandon official stations were not exceeded by the ploughman Dictator. Possessor of a considerable estate, and enjoying the esteem of the royal government, vulgar minds might have thought he had more to lose than gain, by venturing his own with his country's fortune; yet greatly daring, he launched into the ocean of our troubles, and cut our way to empire over financial embarrassment and European discipline. Above the tide of destiny he stood, in our darkest day, like the sun above terrestrial storms, irradiating the gloom of the period with his unconquered spirit. Still rising with the occasion, his greatness increases with our danger. As meteors seem most brilliant in darkness, so his genius was most conspicuous amidst difficulties. Like Sertorious or Cato, while he existed fortune could not discourage with her frowns, nor prosperity seduce by her smiles. Intrepid he leads the young republic through seven winters' snows, up the slippery height of fortune, to independence. At length, the conqueror of his enemies and himself, he resigns his command, and retires to Vernon's shade.

A wise man has said that all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but surely those deeds that command the applause of justice —that renown which grows in the soil of virtue—the consciousness of deserving well, cannot be vain. Chiefly those who have sought objects unessential to happiness, complain of the

vanity of human pursuits, modestly ascribing to Providence the consequences of their own folly. Such

> "Fondly thinking to allay
> Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
> Chew bitter ashes,"

because they mistake shadows for substances, flowers for fruit, and seek happiness in external pomp and circumstances, and not in the satisfaction of the mind, or the consciousness of having "acted well their part." Yet those objects are not unworthy of pursuit, because they are not the foundation of happiness:

> "Perish the lore that deadens young desire,
> Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm;
> Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire;
> Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire."

Our Washington sought and merited the praise of true greatness. With him all was not vanity and vexation. He knew better the value of things than to barter justice for power; to deceive his country for titles and diadems; to abandon the dignity of virtue, for the gratification of a juvenile desire, for the admiration of fools and the contempt of the wise. He well distinguished the visionary and useless from the real and beneficial objects of pursuit. He labored to establish that virtuous liberty, "one day, one hour of which is worth an eternity of bondage." He gave distinguished assistance in rearing our civil policy, and has left us lessons for its preservation, which wisdom and experience have approved, and which need only be contemplated to be admired. His fame springs from substantial blessings bestowed on his country by his valor and wisdom, that her gratitude, noblest of sentiments, and highest of duties, will keep him in perpetual remembrance. It is not only a "life in others' breath," that he might have promised himself after his descent to the tomb; but an existence in man-exalting institutions, of which millions enjoy the

benefit; and in the conduct and principles of many future sons of Columbia, who smit with the love of honorable deeds, would emulate his fame; whose bodies would be animated by his spirit, and whose lives would be a reflection of his own; for he knew that the friends of his country and her free government, would not omit to reiterate his counsels, applaud his conduct, and recommend his example to their children, "the joy of the present, and the hope of the future age."

For this we honor his memory; for human applause cannot penetrate the "dull cold ear of death," nor add to the quiet repose of the mighty dead. That ardent eye which ranged through the ranks of undisciplined warriors, and that heroic spirit which plunged him between hostile fires, are extinguished. His ear is deaf to the voice of honor; even deaf to the wrongs of his country—once how swift to hear! how quick to avenge! 'Tis for the benefit of the living that we commemorate the dead; to point to youth the excellence and reward of virtue and patriotism; the lessons of experience, and the example of the wise and good. When Greece won immortal renown by the intelligence and conduct of her sons, eulogiums were pronounced and statues erected in remembrance of departed worthies. In this way were sown the seeds of great exploit. Before the eyes of the children were displayed the glorious achievements and virtues of the fathers, that they might imitate their conduct and profit by their experience. The respect shown to merit, enamored them of glory. The Persian Tigranes, observing they preferred honor to interest, would have dissuaded his monarch from the invasion of people, whose prejudices were on virtue's side, and whose principles must render them victorious. He justly considered that if men would hazard life in pursuit of wealth, a people who preferred honor to riches, would seek opportunities to face danger, and joyfully yield their lives for distinguished renown.

Though "storied urn, or animated bust," cannot recall the spirit of the dead, yet it may rouse the living to shine with a brilliance that shall rival the glory of departed merit. When we see the statue of Washington, or hear his character delineated, we are reminded, that we owe our lives and knowledge

to mankind, that the height of our virtue is to serve them; that the good are superior to fortune; in short, of all that is excellent in a general, a statesman, a father, husband or citizen.

Westmoreland, Virginia, gave birth to our patriot, in the thirty-second year of the eighteenth century. Ten years afterwards, death bereaved him of his father. His education devolved on his mother. The virtuous matron employed her scanty means to give a noble direction to the talents of her son. At the age of fifteen, we find him a midshipman in the British navy; at nineteen, one of the Adjutants-General of Virginia, with the rank of Major; and immediately thereafter engaged in an enterprise that required the greatest prudence and vigor to accomplish: to penetrate the country to the river Le Bœuf; to remonstrate against the occupation of the Ohio country by the French; to discover their designs; to conciliate the native tribes; and procure useful intelligence. This he performed with great patience and perseverance, journeying in solitude through a vast wilderness, till then unexplored, amidst the cold rains and snows of autumn, over rivers of difficult passage, and among unfriendly tribes of Indians. He viewed the country with a soldier's eye, and marked an eligible situation for a military post at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, which was afterwards occupied by Fort Duquesne (the place where Pittsburgh now stands).

The following year, at the head of 400 men, we observe him attempting the dislodgement of the French from Fort Duquesne, in which he displayed so much genius and intrepidity, that although unsuccessful he was glorious. The Legislature of Virginia, impressed with a high sense of the bravery and good conduct of these troops, voted their thanks to Col. Washington, and distributed money among the soldiers. The next year Gen. Braddock arrived in America. He had heard of Washington's talents, and invited him to serve in the intended campaign as a volunteer aid-de-camp. Though dangerously ill of fever, our hero persisted in accompanying this general, and recovered his health just in time to participate in that

fearful conflict which ended the days of Braddock and half his army. Every aid-de-camp but Washington was soon killed or wounded: for three hours he rode undismayed through the files of war, bearing in all directions through the deadly battle the orders of his general. Two horses died beneath him: four bullets perforated his garment: but surely the Deity, in kindness to mortals, that day turned from his heart the missiles of death, and reserved him for the accomplishment of his benevolent purposes to mankind; to wield the sword of revolution, and greatly aid in constructing our fabric of government. So highly at this time was he appreciated by his countrymen, that they generally believed and declared, that if he had been commander the disaster would have been avoided.

The Assembly of Virginia directed sixteen companies to be raised to protect their frontier settlements, exposed by Braddock's defeat to Indian invasion; appointed Washington their commander, and, such was their opinion of his prudence, they empowered him to name his field-officers. Thus, at the age of twenty-three, when others begin to hope to deserve it, he had actually obtained the distinguished confidence of his country. The force at his disposal was incompetent to give the needed protection. Murder blighted the happiness of the cottage, without distinction of age or sex. The silence and darkness of night were often interrupted by the shrieks of innocent sufferers, and the conflagration of their humble abodes. Our patriot mourned over the calamities he could not prevent, with parental tenderness. He thus expressed his feelings in a letter to the Governor: "The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease." He incessantly urged the British commanders, and the government of Virginia, to effect the reduction of Fort Duquesne. At length his plan met the approbation of Gen. Forbes, who with 800 men, accompanied by our hero and his Virginia regiment, about three years after the

defeat of Braddock, took possession of this fort. The benefits derived from its acquisition, proved the soundness of his judgment who advised its capture, which secured an extensive frontier from the miseries of savage war.

We now see him resigning his commission—receiving the thanks of his regiment. At the age of twenty-seven, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Custis. For fifteen years he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, except occasionally, when he acted as Judge in his county. He displayed wisdom as a member of the House of Burgesses, where he firmly opposed the principle of taxation asserted by the parent State.

But now Tyranny is seen approaching from the east. The sages of the land assemble at Philadelphia, and remonstrate against his coming—but in vain. Though unprovided with the implements of war, they possess that spirit which disdains dishonor, and they look round for a commander, whose native fortitude cannot be shaken by fortune, favorable or adverse, to lead feeble and ill-armed bands against the formidable enemy. The great command is conferred, by an unanimous vote of Congress, upon Washington. He accepts the honor, but refuses the emolument annexed to the office. By this he was better enabled to serve his country; for, however pure the intention, or upright the conduct, there are not wanting persons of depraved morals and little souls, who assign bad or sordid motives to good actions. He immediately left the Congress, of which he was a member, to enter upon the duties of his important station. On his way to Cambridge he received the most flattering civilities, and the American Army before Boston hailed him with the most joyful acclamations. Ere this he was styled the soldier of America; now he was beheld as its father. In that Congress, where all were great, his preeminence had been acknowledged. In that field, where all were brave, his bravery had been distinguished. He had now not only to direct the movements of the armies, but often to provide their subsistence, advise the Congress, and prevent despondence in the people. How well he performed these difficult parts, the historians of our revolution have declared.

By erecting redoubts on Dorchester's Heights, he presently

compelled the evacuation of Boston by the enemy. Then turning his attention to New York, he arrived there just in time to snatch a considerable army from ruin, by stealing them unperceived by night from Long Island, where, during the preceding day, they had maintained unequal and perilous conflict. His subsequent escape from York Island into West Chester, and thence into Jersey, notwithstanding the efforts of the enemy to prevent it, displays consummate address and superior prudence; especially when it is considered that to effect this, it was necessary to render his army, otherwise weak, formidable by its positions; and that he had not only to make the most advantageous array of his troops, but to inspire them with courage. In attempting this, he exposed himself to imminent danger. While endeavoring to withdraw his troops from York Island, he observed them at one point shamefully retreating, without an effort to preserve the advantages their position afforded. "'Twas then," says his biographer, "his usually tranquil mind was torn by passion. He recollected the declarations of Congress, of the army, and the people, preferring liberty to life, and death to dishonor, and contrasted them with the present scandalous flight. His soul was harrowed with apprehensions that his country would be conquered, her army disgraced, and her liberties destroyed. He anticipated in imagination, that the Americans would appear to posterity as high-sounding boasters, who blustered when danger was at a distance, but shrunk at the shadow of opposition. Extensive confiscations and numerous attainders presented themselves to his agitated mind. He saw in imagination new formed States, with means of defense, and with glorious prospects of liberty before them, leveled to the dust, and such constitutions imposed on them as were likely to crush the vigor of the human mind; while the unsuccessful issue of the present struggle would, for ages to come, deter posterity from asserting their rights. Impressed with these ideas, he hazarded his person a long time between his own men and the enemy, with his horse's head fronting the latter, as if in expectation, that by an honorable death he might escape the unhappy doom of his country. His aids, and the confi-

dential friends arounds his person, by indirect violence compelled him to retire, and save a life for public service, which a sense of honor and a gust of passion seemed to have devoted to almost certain destruction."

Our infant cause now reeled under the blows of adversity. Our hero, yielding to necessity, flew before the storm. On his retreat through New Jersey with a much diminished army, despair, remorse and terror flapped their dark pinions over the continent, and damped even the spirits of the brave. The ill-provided few that yet followed the standard of our hopes, were about to abandon the unblest war with the expiration of their term of service. 'Twas then we beheld one who had not despaired of the republic, walk through the shivering ranks, and calling each soldier by name, adjured him not to forsake his suffering country. Upon the citizens of Pennsylvania, upon the Governors of the States, upon Congress, he urges the necessity of exertion. "A character to lose—an estate to forfeit—the inestimable blessing of liberty at stake, and a life devoted, (he says,) must be his excuse."

Unexpectedly he re-crosses the Delaware, captures a considerable body of his enemies, and by his bold movements, more than his real force, compels the enemy to contract the sphere of his operations. Through the year 1776, he confined the British to their posts in New Brunswick and New York, and revived the hopes of his country, with only the shadow of an army. In the year following, by reinforcing the army opposed to Burgoyne, he rendered himself less able to oppose the movements of Howe at the well fought battles of Brandywine and Germantown; thus evincing his preference of the general welfare before his own military glory. Amidst the distresses of his army at Valley Forge, we find him busy in reforming abuses, and suggesting the means for raising and providing an army for the ensuing summer, with which he attacked and defeated the British at Monmouth.

How well he allayed the animosity against our allies, lest it should injure our cause! What difficulties did he not overcome, in reconciling his troops to injuries and injustice for the benefit of their country? What faith must the Congress have

reposed in his judgment, that abandoned a scheme for the conquest of Canada, which they had deliberatively resolved upon, on its meeting with his disapprobation! The designs of certain sections of the army, injurious to our cause, were frustrated by his prudence and management. By the attack on Stony Point and Paulus Hook, he diverted the foe from his ravages in Connecticut; and at length, by his repeated solicitations, having obtained a competent force to co-operate with the troops of France, in concert with them he compelled the surrender of Cornwallis, and the acknowledgment of our independence by the parent State.

The pecuniary embarrassment of the Government rendered it unable to fulfill its undertakings with the army. As the soldiers considered they had been neglected when their services were indispensable, they believed they would be wholly disregarded when peace had lessened their importance. The prospect of being discharged from the service of what they termed an ungrateful country, to spend the remnant of their days in begging of those who had been saved by their valor, induced them to think of forcibly obtaining justice. With this view, an eloquent anonymous address was circulated among the troops, directing the officers to meet on the next day, to adopt measures to secure a redress of grievances. Washington, instead of using the discontented army to constitute himself an Iturbide, a Napoleon, or a Cæsar, employed all his influence to reconcile them to the Government, and restore confidence in its justice. He delayed the meeting, and in the interim urged privately on each officer the impropriety of its object, and at the meeting itself delivered a speech, in which he "intreats the officers not to sully the glory they had acquired, but rely on the justice of Congress, who he doubted not would well reward their meritorious services; and he conjured them in the name of their common country, as they respected the rights of humanity, and as they regarded the military and national character of America, to express their greatest horror and detestation of the man who might wish, under any specious pretence, to overturn the liberties of their country, and who wickedly attempted to open the floodgates of civil dis-

cord, and deluge their rising empire in blood." That they would thus obtain their wishes, defeat the designs of their enemies, who were compelled from open force to resort to secret artifice; give another distinguished proof of patriotism, rising superior to sufferings the most complicated, and by the dignity of their conduct afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example they had exhibited to mankind, "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection which human nature is capable of attaining." None was hardy enough to oppose his advice. While they were softened by the eloquence of their beloved commander, they adopted a resolution in which they assured him, "that they reciprocated his affectionate expressions with the greatest sincerity of which the heart was capable." Thus by his influence over men, who had the greatest confidence in his integrity, a calamity was averted, that might in its consequences have destroyed or endangered our recently-acquired liberties.

How dear he was to his army, may be perceived from the tenderness of the scene at parting with his officers at New York. Taking them by the hand, he wished their future days might be happy as the past had been glorious. Then passing to the place of embarkation, they followed him in melancholy silence. "On his entering the barge to cross the Hudson, he turned towards these companions of his glory, and by waving his hat bid them a silent adieu." The stern countenances of the careworn warriors, glistening with tears, hung in mute attention upon the departing form of their loved commander; who, first in peace, had been first in peril; who had stood foremost against all assaults of troubles—their bulwark, their guide in darkness, and great example of fortitude in times that tried the souls of men.

The army disbanded, he proceeded to Annapolis to resign his commission to the Congress that conferred it seven years before, when the colonies had no assurance of foreign assistance, and were unprovided with disciplined troops, money, experienced officers, forts, or arms. The assembled fathers of his country received him as the guardian and founder of the

republic. While they beheld the victorious hero retiring to the humble citizen, struck with the majesty of his virtue, and remembering the dangers and difficulties through which they had passed together, their hearts swelled with emotion—tears of admiration and gratitude stole down the cheeks of sages. Washington felt the general sympathy, and a tear rolled over his firm and placid countenance. After a decent pause, he proceeded to "offer his congratulations to Congress—to surrender into their hands the trust committed to him, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of his country."

Behold him now on the banks of the Potomac enjoying that tranquil dignity before which crowns and thrones crumble into dust. The extension of inland navigation; the improvement of agriculture; the union of the States, and the perfection of the federal government are his themes. The Legislature of Virginia adopted his plan, and gave him one hundred and fifty shares in the navigation of the rivers Potomac and James, that, to use their expression, "a work which will be a monument of his glory, may be made also a monument of the gratitude of his country." He directs the shares to be conveyed to the use of a seminary of learning in the vicinity of each river; thus honoring their gratitude, without converting the boon to his own private purposes.

He presided in that Convention which framed our present Federal Constitution, and formed a more perfect union of the States. After its adoption, all eyes were turned towards him, as the person most fit, by his firmness and decision, to wield the executive power of the Union. The friends of our country desired that the untried constitution might have the influence of his high character to support its infant march, until the people should entertain that respect for its importance, and confidence in its utility, which would insure its lasting authority. He was elected with unanimity; but it was not without hesitation that he accepted the important trust. He viewed his abilities with a "distrustful scrutiny"—how unlike some modern office-hunters! and fearing that he had committed an error in taking the high station, hoped it would be

"palliated by the motives which misled him, and its consequences be judged by his country with some share of the partiality in which they originated."

The energy, firmness and ability with which he administered the government, showed he was not less able to steer the lofty course of state than to guide the car of Bellona. Sycophants were not in his train. His appointments, to use his own language, were made "with a sole reference to justice and the public good." Candidates won his attention in the field of knowledge and virtue. Knowing these were the shield of liberty, he would not discourage them by promoting the ignorant or vicious, however great their claim on the score of friendship, private services, or influence with the mob. His regard for the public, his patriotism, exceeded all private considerations.

How little must the ambassador from the French Republic have known of Washington's character when he imagined that the enthusiasm of our citizens would hurry the government over which he presided into the vortex of French policy! He who had defied the British king, with his thousand ships, at a time when destitute of almost everything but hope and bravery, could not be reasonably expected to be driven from his course by the bellowing of the mob, the howling of demagogues, or the supercilious dictation of the servant of a foreign dominion.

During his rule, many most difficult matters were adjusted. The war with the Indians was vigorously prosecuted and successfully terminated; the disputes with Spain and England were settled, and a policy adopted with respect to the European belligerents, which was not departed from by his successors, and which has greatly promoted our prosperity and happiness.

At length, "after eight years service in the office of President, at the commencement of which period he found the United States in a state of great depression, and at its conclusion left them advancing with gigantic steps in agriculture, commerce, wealth, credit and reputation; and being in the sixty-sixth year of his age, he announced his determination

of declining a re-election," in an address to the people, in which he earnestly exhorts them to preserve the union of the States, "indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest;" and "distrusting the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavor to weaken the bands which now link together the various parts."

To shun all combinations and associations for political purposes, as destructive of the principles of our government.

To guard against innovation upon its principles, which may be done by altering the Constitution gradually, and thus undermine what cannot be directly overthrown.

To avoid parties and party spirit—the worst enemy of popular governments, "which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism, but leads at length to a more permanent one." "Its continual mischiefs are sufficient to make it the duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it." "It serves always to distract and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with unfounded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one party against another, foments occasional riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions: thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another."

To promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

To prepare for war in times of peace.

To observe good faith and justice to foreign nations.

To promote virtue and morality, being cautious how we indulge the opinion that it can be done without the aid of religion.

To confine the administrators of government in their constitutional spheres, so one department do not encroach on another.

To avoid antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments to others.

And to have as little political connection with foreign nations as possible, that we be not involved in their broils.

In offering his countrymen this advice, "he dared not hope it would control the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which had hitherto marked the destiny of nations; but flattered himself that it might be productive of some partial benefit, moderate the fury of party spirit, warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, and guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism.

Soon after his retirement from the Presidency of the Union, the voice of his country again called him to lead her armies and avenge her injuries. Though unwilling, he felt it his duty to obey the summons. France had flagrantly violated our rights, and refused or neglected to atone. Convinced of this, he would not "intrench himself behind his age and infirmities," but proceeded to organize the legions of war. On the accession of Bonaparte to the government of France, he composed the growing quarrel; but Washington was numbered with the dead before tidings of this reconciliation reached our shores. Full of days and glory, he retired to slumber with his fathers. Full forty-five out of sixty-seven years and nine months he had lived for his country. No man had conferred equal benefits on his nation or on his race. His fall drew tears from millions. The veteran warrior, who had waded with him through the gloom of his country's misfortunes; the matron who had been saved by his valor; the statesman whom his arm had shielded and vindicated; the blooming youth whose heart had been fired by the story of his deeds; the philosophers, the friends of civil liberty, and the good of every clime, deplored his doom. Their common father was no more; their great exemplar had become the victim of all-conquering death; the instructor of nations, the pride of human nature, could only be seen and contemplated in his works,—works pregnant with the happiness of man! Let those who cry their party follies, and move the genius of faction, cast one look at the lesson of the mighty dead, and learn the impropriety of their conduct. Yes, ye

who endeavored to alarm your simpler fellow-countrymen with the appellations of federalism and democracy; you who live in the rays of peace, and gather harvests over the grave of the martyrs of liberty, listen to the counsels of the best of men and greatest of patriots, and resolve, if you revere his memory, respect his wisdom, or love your country, never more to nourish party spirit, so emphatically by him pronounced dangerous to its happiness and liberty. Or if you would judge for yourselves, uninfluenced by his opinion, search the long records of ages past. See Carthage ruined by factions; hear Athens groaning beneath her thirty tyrants; view Rome deluged in the blood of her citizens, and her government overthrown; see Poland rendered contemptible, and finally partitioned by her neighbors; observe France seeking shelter in despotism; and see the energies of our own country half paralyzed in the late contest with Britain through the ascendency of party spirit. Go contemplate the miseries it has produced, the republics it has destroyed, the blood it has effused, and then be convinced, if you can, that parties are useful in a State to any but knaves—that they are not, in the language of Swift, "the madness of many for the benefit of a few;" the mean which vice employs to set itself above virtue; which ignorance approves, because it exalts her over knowledge; which folly adores, because it raises her over wisdom; which the unworthy, the madly ambitious of every clime, have advocated; which the good and the wise of all countries have condemned; which Robespierre adored, and Washington despised.

Let not those who love liberty foster an instrument of tyranny. The errors of well meaning ignorance may be discovered too late for correction. When some ill-designing knave shall drag the majority, chained by their prejudices to his car, triumphantly over our constitutional limits, bearing off our palladium, and the sting of despotism wounds, then, from the babbling of beardless boys, catch-penny patriots, and thoughtless propagators of corruption, all eyes will turn towards the maxims and principles of him who advised his countrymen without an intention, or motive, to deceive them, as

Dives looked from the fiery gulf to Abraham's bosom, and as the prodigal son reverted to his father's house. Experience gives sagacity to fools; but her instruction is often dear, and may come too late to be useful. It is the privilege of wisdom to see what folly is obliged to feel. When office-seekers recommend faction, when they solicit you to prostitute your votes on the ignorant or vicious—tell them to excel Washington in wisdom before they dispute his precepts, and prove, like him, devoted to their country's welfare before they require the rejection of his counsels for the adoption of theirs. So they may discover that their folly or knavery is detected, and you be enabled to avoid their errors. The motives and views of men who contradict, or disregard the counsel of our greatest friend, should never pass unobserved. We should ever remember that none can have greater claims than he on our confidence, on the score of integrity or wisdom. When we see him exhorting his soldiers to obey the laws, and confide in the justice of their country, resisting the temptation to employ them for his own aggrandizement; when we see him refusing all emoluments attached to the several high and laborious offices which he filled; when we see him sacrificing private friendships and enmities to the public good; when we see him firmly breasting popular prejudice, and nobly risking his popularity in support of his country's honor; when we behold him venturing his life and his fortune for our liberty, and ranging through deadly fields in pursuit of freedom, or honorable death, can we doubt that the happiness and glory of his country inspired his advice?

The Congress who conferred his commission was composed of no vulgar statesmen. They met not to talk, but to act. "Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye," they had boldness to dare, and penetration to discover the means of accomplishing their great designs. High in danger, as in honor, their safety demanded the exertion of their best judgment in the selection of a commander in chief. The gilded insects of peaceful days were then seldom seen disporting around the helm of state. Intrigue and favoritism were unknown, or comparatively silent beneath the frowns of gigantic peril. That Congress sought

merit, and found it in Washington. Let not him, then, be considered deficient in wisdom or knowledge, to whom such a Congress, on so great an occasion, gave so important a trust; whose disapprobation could induce them to alter their resolves; and who, at an embarrassing state of our affairs, could preside over this infant republic for eight years with superior success.

No other man has given so much proof of patriotism and abilities united in the same person, or has more deserved the implicit confidence of his countrymen. He stood unblamed and uncorrupted on the dizzy height of prosperity; (how few, alas! have deserved the praise!) On his life the muse of moral wisdom delights to dwell. He has proved worthy of admiration, of imitation, of immortal renown, which philanthropy and virtue will celebrate through succeeding ages; which will resound in the songs of future bards, when the freedom and dignity of man is their theme. Should we, then, disregard his admonitions, and listen to persons of doubtful integrity and inferior wisdom? Yield certainty for uncertainty—the tried counsellor for the untried? May not his patriotism or wisdom be distrusted, who denies the correctness of his precepts, approved by history, the voice of the wise of other days, and communicated at the close of a glorious and useful life, from his lofty and divine seat, the most exalted eminence which fancy can conceive—the hearts of the wise and good? If a people disregard counsels emanating from such sacred height, may they not justly be accused of that madness with which Heaven afflicts those intended for destruction?

Nations are generally deluded of their liberty. It is seized by wolves in the garb of sheep. When a demagogue would imitate Julius Cæsar, he will pretend to the moderation and virtue of Washington. Heed not, therefore, the tongues of men, but observe their actions. Learn from their fruits the sincerity of their professions. Know they have their own, and not the good of their country in view, who create parties or factions, notwithstanding they loudly proclaim that Washington is their guide. As vice assumes the appearance of virtue, that it may receive the homage of the good; so his prin-

ciples have been professed, and his name invoked, by those whose actions evinced that they were not influenced by the one, nor regardful of the other. Base ingratitude! ungenerous insult to the virtuous patriot, who sleeps in death, to profess to be directed by his principles, while you blow the fires of faction; decry knowledge by exalting ignorance; condemn virtue by promoting the vicious; hasten the disunion of the States, by expressing fears and arguments of its necessity, and precipitate your country into war, by exciting prejudices against particular nations and undue attachments to others! Associate not that name, so dear to social order, so dear to the friends of civil liberty, with practices so injurious to our country's welfare.

How much cause have we to rejoice at his birth, whose valor and wisdom so conspicuously aided in founding our republic, and who still in the pages of his Farewell Address, would shield it from its enemies; by whose assistance we established a government, which is the hope of mankind; and by the story of whose life we are enabled to indulge the proud reflection, that our country has given the human race its most glorious ornament and sincerest friend. The thraldom escaped, the blessings obtained, and the importance acquired by this nation under his direction, might fill each bosom with generous sentiments, and induce the votaries of freedom to hail with joyful emotion the return of that day, by his birth made big with the glory of human nature, and the dignity and happiness of millions.

But while we rejoice for the blessings he conferred, it were ignoble and unwise not to partake of his solicitude for the future. Unceasing vigilance is necessary to preserve what cost our fathers and him so much to obtain. Let us therefore promote the general diffusion of knowledge, which he recommends "as an object of primary importance," and which is necessary to frustrate the designs of factionaries, and detect the stratagems of ambition. It will insure excellence in arts and sciences, and simplicity and dispatch in the administration of the government. In obtaining knowledge, men imperceptibly acquire virtue, and are unfitted to be the caterers, dupes, or tools

of faction. It presents the deformity of vice, "which to be hated needs but to be seen." Its radiance exposes those unprincipled agitators of States, who delight in the gloom of ignorance, and would destroy the political fabric, that they might rise to importance amidst its ruins. As it guards against internal, as well as external enemies, we might, while appropriating millions for defense against the latter, do well to remember that money could be usefully expended in guarding against the former, the most dangerous to republics. Besides, the ambition of literary excellence ought to animate a people, whose government possesses superior perfection, and invites intellectual enterprise. Under its benign influence, the human mind may be expected to form loftier designs, and take bolder excursions than in countries less favored of liberty. Should we, then, suffer the gifts scattered promiscuously among us, to be like seed thrown upon a rock, or like gems in "the deep, unfathomed caves of ocean," or flowers that bloom unseen, "and waste their sweetness on the desert air?" Apply the chisel of education to the shapeless stone, and grace and beauty will be developed. A liberal system of education would be our glory, as our shield. Nor should we grudge the cost of obtaining an object, by Washington and the most distinguished philosophers considered necessary to the existence of republican government. What our fathers ventured their property and lives to obtain, should we refuse to preserve, because of the expense of its preservation? It is not only our duty to deliver the liberty we received from our ancestors unimpaired to posterity; but by practising their precepts, progress in the improvement they begun, and accompany it with additional security in the increased ability of the people for self-government.

Why should we boast of our superior institutions, our civil and religious liberty; that our humblest and proudest citizens submit alike to the majesty of the laws; and that we are governed by rules of our own construction—unless we promote what alone can insure their continuance and respectability? Why is our government the boast of philosophy, and the pride of science, unless we, who are so much indebted to them for

its blessings, contribute nobly towards their general diffusion among the people? May that which gave existence to our institutions, be provided to guard and preserve them! May we be first in knowledge, as in liberty—that when foreign nations, admiring the perfection and solidity of our free institutions, observe the general intelligence and magnanimity of the people, they may exclaim, "Such will deserve the felicity they enjoy, who impose on themselves burdens to improve and dignify human nature, and perpetuate their pre-eminent privileges. Kings may envy their prosperity, and repine at their successful experiment in government, which refutes the proposition, that a people cannot be sufficiently enlightened to govern themselves."

Could our liberties be preserved without intelligence in the people, or should the riches expended in giving the intelligence be preferred to liberty, we might treat the subject of general instruction with indifference. But liberty is not only preferable to riches, but to life; and as light is not more necessary to vision than knowledge to those who govern themselves, we cannot be indifferent to the general diffusion of information, without an equal indifference to liberty itself. By leaving our children secured in the enjoyment of our freedom, we shall do them more service than the wealth expended in providing the security could possibly confer. And as liberty would scarce be a blessing to posterity, unless accompanied with knowledge, its general dissemination is a duty we owe them, and the martyrs of the revolution, who perished in ways unnumbered, in prison ships, and in the tempest of battle. This performed, we shall grace the dignity and merit the happiness their valor bestowed. Then, though fatal accident, pernicious vice, or civil discord, shall in future days demolish this man-exalting structure of civil polity, we cannot justly be accused of having sown the seeds of its ruin, by permitting ignorance to abound, and the generation succeeding us to wander in darkness, exposed to the depredations of cunning demagogues, and the arts of foreign intrigue; but will deserve the distinguished honor of being deemed worthy of Washington.

THE LEXINGTON MOB.*

What is held by force admits not of discussion. I do not allude to what is held against the negroes, but to what is held against the non-slaveholding whites. This class has the value of its labor reduced very low, by the competition of slave-labor, and its lands depressed in value by the existence of slavery. Some 600,000 whites in Kentucky are seriously injured, in all their interests, for the accommodation of some 30,000 slaveholders. These well know that their non-slaveholding population will submit to the disadvantages of slavery only so long as they are kept in darkness. Hence common schools have met with little or no favor in all the slave States. Hence force is so readily applied to prevent discussion; for discussion brings light, and light will show the interests of a large majority sacrificed to the convenience of a small minority. This majority, if enlightened, would make less serviceable brutes for drawing the car of slavery; they might even think, like our mechanics, that unpaid and coarse fed penitentiary or slave labor ought not, for the profit of the State or a lordly slaveholder, to come in competition with their own, since they have families to feed, clothe, and school; and therefore must get for their labor more than what will merely serve to coarsely feed and clothe the laborer. It is this white, non-slaveholding population that the slaveholder is afraid of, and wishes therefore to preserve from Cassius M. Clay's paper. They have no serious apprehension that publications that recommend to the slaves non-resistance, submission and forgiveness, as such papers as Clay's do, when they address the slaves at all, will stir up rebellion in that class; especially as they know their slaves cannot read. No, they fear that greatly injured class whom they have tried to keep in ignorance, even when pretending to favor their education, denominated poor whites.

There lies before me Duff Green's United States *Telegraph* of September 15, 1835. It contains a prospectus for a news-

* First published in the *Belmont Chronicle*, September 5, 1845.

paper, the *Examiner*, to be devoted, he says, "to the vindication of the rights and interests of the slaveholders of the South." He remarks, "the South has nothing to fear from a servile war. We do not believe that the abolitionists intend, nor *could* they if they *would* excite the slaves to insurrection. The danger of this is remote. We believe that we have the most to fear from the organized action upon the *consciences, and fears of the slaveholders themselves;* from the insinuation of their dangerous heresies into our *schools, our pulpits, and our domestic circles;* the abolitionists can only thereby accomplish their object." "We must satisfy the consciences and allay the fears of our own people. We must satisfy them that slavery is of itself right; that it is not a sin against God; that it is not an evil, moral or *political.*"

Poor man! in offering himself as pope to absolve for the sin of slavery, the slaveholders could see only the merit of good intention; for the *Examiner* soon expired for want of support. They know too well the folly of contending with Truth. Discussion they abhor. By force they hold their prey; and by force exerted through mobs, they will, if they can, repress all discussion touching the propriety of sacrificing the interests of 600,000 whites, to the convenience of a class of some 30,000. A resort to force is the old trick of aristocracies. Does Tiberius Gracchus attempt to advance the interests of the common people? The aristocrats know how to make that very people kill him. Does his brother Caius attempt the same thing? He meets the same fate. Does Cassius attempt a distribution of land among the people, land got by war, and unjustly appropriated by the aristocrats to themselves? A plan to ruin him is forthwith contrived; nor three consulships and two triumphs, nor the remembrance of his great actions, could save him. The people, acting as the blind tools of the aristocrats, condemned Cassius to die, and the quæstors instantly threw him from the Tarpeian rock in their presence. Deprived thus of their dog, the sheep were at the mercy of the wolves, at whose artful suggestion they had destroyed him. The aristocracy "rose in contempt for the people, who lost courage in proportion, and soon reproached themselves with injustice

as well as imprudence, in the condemnation of the zealous defender of their interest."

The case of Melius and Manlius, in short, the history of all aristocracies, is similar. Whoever attempts to invade what the aristocrats term their rights and privileges, in order to promote the interests of the people, will meet with fraud and violence. The people readily listen to the wolf, and follow him as their leader, if he assumes a suitable name. They are made to kill their best friends and destroy their best institutions, to benefit the cunning few, who hold them in contempt, and only flatter to betray them. A good writer, remarking on the struggles between the nobles and the people of Rome, says that "prejudice and passion appear to have governed the people, without the least appearance of their being rational creatures, or moral agents; such was their ignorance of arts and letters, all the little advantages of education which then existed being monopolized by the patricians." Those who seek to enslave will not seek to enlighten. The horse, if he knew his power, would not let a puny boy abuse him.

OBJECT OF THE SLAVE POWER.

Arbitrary Governments let the people talk and publish on all subjects but such as weaken the power of the Government. As yet, Americans may discuss all subjects but that of Slavery. Such discussion assails the actual government of the Union, or those who wield it. Usurpers seize one privilege at a time. What indirectly affects the slave oligarchy is not yet forbid to be discussed. Let us then improve the day of freedom while it lasts, for the night of despotism may not be far off. The purchasers of medicinal pills are often cautioned against counterfeits. Let the taker of political pills scrutinize their composition rather than the name on their envelope. The true republican pill contains no anti-protective nor pro-slavery ingredients. Its operation will not

bring us at the feet of foreign nations, nor bow down the mass of the people of the South and North to the slave oligarchy.

It has been stated that the object of this oligarchy was, above all things, the advancement of its own power, even at the temporary expense of its own pocket; that it was distinct and separate from the mass of the Southern people; and that to subserve its main object, it sought to reduce the great body of the people (unschooled) of the South, as well as the freemen of the North, to a level with the laborers of Europe, by the following, among other measures:

1. *Free trade*, to bring the ill fed, low paid laborer of Europe in competition with ours, driving our mechanics from employment, and destroying the farmer's home market, and making wages as low as in Europe. They would have foreign pauper labor as well as slave labor in grinding competition with free white labor, to prepare the whites for slavery.

2. Granting the public lands to a few, under the operation of the treaty with Texas (an index of their views), that when the mechanics and others are crowded out of business, they may not find shelter, even in the wilderness, except as renters, day laborers, etc., at low wages.

3. Direct taxation, resulting from free trade; and driving small freeholders into the class of renters or into beggary, and increasing largely the Executive patronage.

4. A standing army of 200,000 men to enforce the last measure and tame the spirits of the people, governed in time of peace by the rules and articles of war.

5. The sub-treasury to lock up the specie and control the money concerns of the country and all connected therewith.

6. War, to aggravate the foregoing measures; its miseries falling heaviest on the middle class and the poor. The clique would gain offices and army contracts by it. They tried to get us into a war by the Texas treaty, without the intervention of Congress. They would rule without consulting the people.

Some may think that experiments enough have been tried, under cover of Jackson's popularity, to prove that one might

attempt to assume kingly power without much risk to himself, provided he retained the republican name and forms of proceeding, like Cæsar and others. The negligence of many to attend elections has been supposed to invite usurpation, and to show an indifference as to who ruled. But sluggishness from a feeling of security is far from indifference. It would be of little use, however, for these virgins to awake too late. The death of republics has always been preceded by sleep. The people have generally forged their own chains, adopting measure after measure, under false guides, until their liberties vanished. Sometimes not discovering the loss during the first tyrant's reign; for, though holding the rod, he did not see fit to be cruel. Worried by their own misgovernment, while being prepared for the yoke, they might even have thought they had hit, at last, upon a happy expedient, in finding a ruler who knew how to be re-elected during his life, and to have his heir elected after his death without an opponent. Rome lost her liberties long before Tiberius made her yelp under the scourge.

What an aspirant might effect after the measures above mentioned had fully gone into operation; after free trade had driven the mechanics upon overdone and pining husbandry, and this had thrown them back upon the army and navy; and these, surcharged, had tossed them on the poor-house or the wilderness; after an army of excise officers had overrun the country and swelled the tide of beggary, and American reached the level of European wages; after the sub-treasury had exerted its strength and showed the money power whom it must obey; after the 200,000 men had come under the lash, and become the giant tool of the government; after war had added his impoverishing and distressing influence; after, in short, the aspirant could tempt for poverty, overawe with the lash the treasury and the sword, aided by his excisemen and spies thrust into every nook and corner, I see not why he should delay issuing letters of nobility to the clique. The spirit of Slavery, I doubt not, looks to anti-tariff and free trade as the most important of its measures. It has already attempted to infect the abolition party with the doctrine.

How ghastly would be the smile of the demon to see both democracy and abolition dragging his curse-encumbered measures over the blasted hopes of three-fourths of the nation. But the South is not without its sentinels. They have sounded the alarm, and are dispersing the mists spread over their minds by the designing few, who would help a class at the cost of the people.

The slave oligarchy seek to oppress the free whites South and North. Foreign pauper labor, slave or penitentiary labor, brought in competition with other labor, soon brings it down to a level with the labor of those miserable classes; and renders the laborers more fit for slaves, tame and ignorant.

A tariff is more for the benefit of the nation than for the manufacturers. When the farmer is protected, the manufacturer and mechanic are also necessarily protected. When the farmer buys foreign manufactures he buys as much foreign grain as the manufacturer eats, while making the articles, and deprives himself of a home market for his produce to that extent. A tariff protects the farmer more than the manufacturer, for the farmer is confined to the place; the manufacturer is not confined in the same degree. He can transfer his capital to the country that offers him the best inducements. Our manufacturers may dread competition with the greater capital and cheaper labor of Europe; but they have more reason to dread the attacks of her governments; and it is chiefly to be shielded from these that they ask the protection of our own. It needs a government to contend against governments. If there were no sufficient tariff of protection, foreign governments could, in less than eighteen months, exterminate our manufactures, by giving bounties to their citizens or subjects for exporting their fabrics to this country. These bounties would all be got back again after our manufactories were destroyed, in the shape of an excise imposed on those same exporters, who, for one dollar got as bounty, could (on account of the great profits after they get the control of our market) afford to pay back to their government two dollars as excise. Prices would rise; a duty would still be paid to government, but to a foreign government in-

stead of our own. The English exporter would pay the duty into English hands, on England's shore, and for the support of England's government, instead of paying it into American hands at our custom-house, and for the support of our own government. Thus, some governments will have duties on the goods we consume; for there is no European government that will neglect to tax everything within its reach that can bear it; and why may not our own government receive those duties as well as another?

The proposition that the consumer pays the duty, though not true but for a short time, as to any article we have the capacity to supply to the extent of our consumption, is yet generally true as to an article which we have not the capacity to supply to that extent. Tea, coffee and sugar we have not the capacity to supply to the extent of our wants, consequently the duty forms a part of the cost; and though the price depends on the supply and demand at the time the consumer buys, yet generally the price is higher on account of the duty, because it is *the competition of foreigners* who have all paid a duty, that fixes the *price*, and not the competition of our citizens. The competition of foreigners may sometimes, for a few months, reduce prices; but this reduction gives them the hint not to return until there is a prospect of good profits. Not so with domestic competition, which keeps prices permanently down to the living point. The manufacturer with his buildings, machinery, hands and raw materials, must suffer great loss if he stop business to wait for high prices. He goes ahead, continues to buy the farmer's produce, employ the laborer, and furnish a cheap article of clothing. If we had the capacity to supply ourselves with sugar, as we have to supply ourselves with hats, shoes, woollens, cottons, etc., the duty on foreign sugar would generally fall on the foreign producer, because the domestic competition in the article would determine the price. If there is a business in a country more profitable than other pursuits, capital flies to it, until it establishes an equilibrium between them, just as water flows until it finds a level. The more permanence and confidence is given to a business, the more it will be followed, and the cheaper its products will be afforded.

Foreign governments have given permanent protection to the capital and industry of their people, who know to-day where they will find their rulers twenty years hence. They arrange accordingly. This gives a great advantage over us, independent of their greater capital and cheaper labor. If it be true that our manufacturers make great profits, what prevents a rush of capital into the business but distrust of our laws? Will capital not seek the best investment? And if it will, what danger can there be that exorbitant profits can be long enjoyed? The rivalry of capital soon brings down prices; and when these get too low in one it quickly finds another pursuit. If we would have capital wed with our labor, and give the farmer a home market, we must protect it against foreign governments. If we do not, then foreign labor, as low fed and almost as ill paid as our penitentiary labor, will pour its products upon us until our mechanics are reduced to work for a bare subsistence, and our manufacturers are driven to England or France or to other pursuits. The cotton planters, however, have less to fear from this want of protection; for Europe grows no cotton to pour back on them and drive theirs out of the market and their laborors out of the field. As cotton and negroes keep up in value, capital will seek investment in them. But the cotton planter would not get goods cheaper than he now does. Foreign governments will take care of that, if the foreign manufacturers and merchants do not. He cannot escape the laws of his condition. He will get his foreign goods by the same northern ports, heavily charged with freight, commissions and profits, and at greater expense than he now gets them; but the loss will be compensated by his satisfaction at seeing that the population of the free States is somewhat checked, and that a part of it has approximated to the condition of his slaves, and that he is nearer his object. I allude of course to one of the class who seek power without regard to the general welfare, and whose strength consists chiefly in their capacity to deceive honest men, by making them draw a monarchical vehicle, while they think themselves attached to a democratic one. Christ foresaw that His saints would be made to drag Satan under a better name; He therefore wisely cautioned

them to judge the tree by its fruits. Let men judge the party by its measures; and in judging of measures, not entirely disregard the opinions of all our Presidents.

ANCIENT DEMOCRACIES.

Dr. Gillies the historian says that Democracies sprang up in Sicily, which universally ended in tyrannies. Agathocles, a popular military leader, by general consent was appointed guardian of the peace and provisional general of the republic. After taking an oath to preserve the democracy he was entrusted with a body of troops, which he soon increased on pretence of reducing some malcontents at Erebita. He was careful to enlist only ruffians and vagabonds, who had no sympathies with the great mass of the people. He led them against the council of six hundred, and then let them loose on their adherents belonging to every respectable family of Syracuse; all parties were pillaged and murdered alike. The slain exceeded four thousand, and upwards of six thousand fled into banishment. The massacre lasted two days and two nights.

On the third day he summoned the citizens to the market place and told them that, having purged the republic of *corruption*, he now wished to resign. His guilty abettors, of course, opposed his resignation. He then, with seeming reluctance, agreed to retain power on condition that he were not clogged with colleagues. The condition was accepted, of course, by the murderers immediately around him. From this time forward, though he made no outward show of royalty, he exercised the power of a king, and began to think how he could use his democrats to most advantage in getting more territory. The Carthagenians held a part of the island. He proceeded to dislodge them. The towns of Messene and Lauromenium contained some citizens whose intelligence and virtue he feared. On pretence of laying important business

before them, he got above six hundred of them assembled, and butchered all. He then set out for Agrigentum to execute that town, but the arrival of sixty Carthagenian ships saved it. The Carthagenians sent a large army to oppose this annexationist; and his democrats soon found themselves wonderfully deprived of creature comforts and of their relatives. Being well bled and scantily fed, they worked in Agathocles' harness twenty-eight years with great humility.

They were occasionally chastised, to remind them perhaps of his oath to preserve the democracy. For instance, the Egestans, not readily delivering their money to him, he massacred the largest portion of them, and sold the boys and girls to the barbarous Brutii for slaves. The town, containing ten thousand families, was depopulated in one miserable day, and afterwards became a receptacle for banditti and assassins, naturally abounding in a country long engaged in war. He did not succeed in his scheme of annexation at last. Many hundred thousand lives were lost and both Carthage and Sicily rendered very wretched. The poor people, thus trodden under foot, never threw their rider. He was poisoned by one of his household, a youth named Menon, whom he saved for domestic servitude on the destruction of the town of Egesta. He died in his seventy-second year. He flourished after Aristotle published his work on politics, which has been said to contain all the principles of Human Government. But no people, ancient or modern, have been too wise to get a master, either in one man or a clique. Slavery has been defined to be the subjection of an individual or a people to the will of another. If the subjection is effected by fraud instead of force it is not the less slavery. If a clique of Texan land and scrip speculators expended the blood and treasure of a people for their private benefit; *that* people are already involved in practical slavery, while boasting of their theoretical liberty; a plight often illustrated in the history of former republics; hence the saying so frequently repeated, that a nation may lose its liberty, and not discover the loss for a hundred years. What the Romans lost under Julius and Augustus, they found irretrievably gone under the vicious Tiberius. The experiments on

the Constitution tolerated in Jackson, must necessarily yield their bitter fruits in the reigns of his less virtuous successors.

THE TREE KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

LIBERTY is the security of rights both of person and property. For this security the people have been driven by the rabble to fly to the Monarch as the lesser evil. The most common means which monarchists employ to reach their object, is to urge democracy into licentiousness, and thus make it appear equally ridiculous and dangerous to the middle classes; who for safety of person and property, feel obliged to take shelter under the strong arm of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Bonaparte.

The philosophers, who started the French revolution, lost the power of guiding it to rational liberty because the monarchists assumed the democratic mantle, and in the name of liberty committed all sorts of ridiculous and disgusting excesses. This gave the nation such a dread of the tyranny of the rabble, ignorant attorneys, apostate priests and judas demagogues, that it has ever since pertinaciously adhered to the monarchical form of government. Even Lafayette, when Charles X. was dethroned, invited Louis Philippe to take the sceptre. He would not place it in the hands of the people. He remembered that, when liberated from the prison of Olmutz, he had fled to despotic Denmark, and there remained some two years, and until Napoleon had turned the legislative body out of doors and out of office, when he ventured to return to his native France. Such had been his confidence in what was called a republican government, that he preferred banishment to being within its power.

The monarchists are now agitating the poor class of society. A threat that the free States should feel the inconvenience of what the speaker was pleased to term "their white slaves," was made a while since on the floor of Congress, and agrarianism

was thenceforth expected to appear. Several agrarian papers are now published, sustained, of course, by the very poor and destitute. The delusion has reached some editors of other papers. Some of them are probably honest; mar-plots often are—and still are the most efficient tools of their enemies.

The monarchists know how to make a people wise in their own conceit. Every experiment on their understanding is prefaced with compliments to their sagacity. Thus made to deem themselves exempt from error, they undermine the fabric of liberty until it falls, without suspecting the misfortune to be the necessary result of their labors. Only convince the middle class that their property is in danger, and the protection of a monarch with his troops is soon to be tolerated if not invoked. Every doubt created in a republic as to the safety of person or property is a step towards monarchy. Our country has been cursed with monarchists ever since the revolutionary war. At its close from one-fifth to one-third of the population were suspected of disliking the new state of things. They assumed popular names and bestowed unpopular epithets on their opponents. Their fruits were seen formerly in insurrections, attempts to infringe vested rights, and in using weak Presidents for experiments on the Constitution to see how far the people would permit its infringement. Even while the virtuous founders of our government lived, these foes of republicanism ventured to make their attacks through the supposed ignorance and prejudices of the people, whom the monarchists never will admit with sincerity to be capable of self-government. Take an early instance. In the year 1780 our revolutionary army was paralyzed by the emptiness of the Treasury, and three hundred thousand pounds were raised by voluntary subscription in Philadelphia. This was made the basis of a bank headed by Robert Morris, and it relieved the wants of the army. Congress, in 1781, incorporated the subscribers to the fund under the title of "The Bank of North America." In 1782, the Assembly of Pennsylvania also incorporated it. After the war was over, and the great services of the bank partially forgotten it was attacked with the usual arguments addressed by knaves to fools. The

Assembly was petitioned to repeal the charter; a *select* committee reported in favor of the appeal,—thus tyrannically invading private property without perhaps suspecting themselves the *select* tools of monarchists. This was in 1786. Thomas Paine came to the rescue. His writings had done great execution on the monarchists while the sword was drawn. A broadside from his ink-horn against their fraud was equally effective. He vigorously assailed both the assembly and the petitioners, and he was given the chief credit of averting the contemplated act of despotism. Doubtless the monarchists had a spite at an institution that had relieved the revolutionists in their utmost need, and came near being revenged, by exciting the people against their benefactors. Wretched the sheep, if the dogs are killed at the suggestion of the wolf! Wretched the people who, neglecting to judge the tree by its fruits, mistake *names* for *things;* who swallow arsenic, if it be styled democracy, or whiggery, or abolitionism; who forget that honesty is the best policy; that righteousness exalteth a nation; that republics are founded entirely on virtue, and that as her precepts are disregarded, not merely monarchy, but despotism, is approached. The monarchists, the wolves in sheep's clothing, have used many honest men as their tools, who would dislike very much to see their vocation in its true light. My object is not to reproach individuals, but to discriminate the monarchical from republican measures,—the fruits show whence they sprung. The fruits show the design of the wire-workers. The republican tree is one of virtue; it bears no fruit of aggressive war, of plunder, injustice, robbery of individuals or of nations. It yields no armies, but such as self-defence requires; no measures but such as benefit the greatest number. It neither divides the hard earned farm of a hundred acres with a lazy vagabond, nor does it grant whole States, twenty-four thousand square miles, for a nominal consideration to one individual, as was done in Texas. All these are monarchical fruits. The intelligence that suggested such measures intended to undermine liberty, no matter what name was assumed, or what tool was employed.

AGRICULTURE AND MANUFACTURE.

WHAT most promotes the interests of agriculture? It is a knowledge of correct methods of performing its details; of obtaining the greatest advantages with the least labor; deep plowing, and plowing along the sides of hills on a water level, thus preventing the washing away of the soil; subsoil plowing and a judicious succession of crops; the proper selection and application of manures; early breaking up of the ground, exposing it to the action of frost, whereby insects are destroyed and the soil mellowed; leveling down grass with a heavy roller and plowing it under; spreading lime on the surface, there to be carbonized some years and then plowed into the ground; cutting timber in the right season and rendering structures permanent and convenient; the formation of agricultural societies; the offering of premiums for the best crops; golden medals; speeches in praise of agriculture? All these are useful, but the whole of them combined do not constitute that which most promotes the interests of agriculture.

What, then, can this thing be which most promotes that very important of human pursuits! Let us look over the world and find where agriculture has most flourished; where land has reached its highest value; where, consequently, its products bring the best price; for there is undoubtedly a *cause* for such an effect; and whatever is the cause of such agricultural prosperity, that cause unquestionably is the very thing which most promotes the interests of agriculture. There is a spot where agriculture has attained its highest perfection; where, consequently, it has received its highest reward; and to that spot the agriculturists of other nations are looking with the hope of sharing a part of that reward. I need not say that England is that spot. But what has enabled England to so encourage her own agriculture as to advance it beyond that of other nations?

It was the establishment of a good, constant and convenient market at home for agricultural products by the establish-

ment of all sorts of manufactures; affording a vast amount of materials for commerce; for commerce presupposes something to exchange. Yes, it is a good, constant and convenient market that most promotes agricultural interests. The loom, the anvil, the plow, are natural allies, and must give to each other mutual support or all will be sufferers.

The townsman, by consuming the products of the farmer, advances the interests of farmers. There is nothing ludicrous in the inhabitants of towns and cities forming agricultural societies. If they do not sow and reap they can increase the numbers that eat, and thus perform a capital service for the farmer, who is less obliged by being told how to increase his crop than in getting a just reward for his labor. The townsman can materially aid the interests of agriculture by merely consulting and advocating his own; by refuting the sophistry invented by the shrewd, to be retailed by the simple, for retarding the growth of our towns here at home by supporting towns abroad, by encouraging foreign and discouraging our own manufactures. The townsman may increase the number of consumers of agricultural products by contriving various methods of living in towns, establishing manufactories of all kinds, be it for the manufacture of pitchforks, cottons, woollens, lawyers, doctors, shoes, scholars, in short, anything but idlers, and even they have mouths not altogether unserviceable to the farmer, whatever effect they may have on the financial affairs of the boarding-house. It is a just proportion between town and country, between consumer and producer that makes the markets of the farmer as constant as the wants of nature. It is the proximity of farms to towns and manufactories that makes the market convenient. It is the flourishing condition of the towns and manufactories that makes the market good.

If every article used by our people were manufactured here at home, what new towns would spring up! How vastly would the old ones increase! What a market they would afford for the produce of farms! And if besides supplying our wants they manufactured a surplus for exportation to foreign countries, as is done in England, how very good as

well as constant and convenient would be that market. Such a market would afford the best premium for the encouragement of agriculture, the golden medal, the annual prize to all instead of one, nor this affected by erring judgment; the substantial eulogium on the hard-fisted calling would there be found offering a steady incentive to human industry. Insure to the farmer a constant good price and he will soon discover the method of raising good crops, little caring for the fingering of the plow-handle by kings, or for any honors or praises bestowed on the occupation by soft-handed gentlemen by whatever accident distinguished. The American farmer disdains the assumption of superiority implied in a reference to the condescension of notables towards his calling. What he wants is the full reward for his labor. He wants the consumer at his side. He wants a good, constant and convenient market. Well, how shall that market be created? How shall our towns be multiplied and enlarged? Can it be done by importing wheat from Europe in the shape of earthenware, broadcloths, cotton fabrics? For here let me state a very curious and remarkable fact, supposed to have been often overlooked,—the foreign manufacturers do eat while engaged in the manufacture of these things, and for sizing and other purposes consume a great deal too, as one may judge from the many thousands of barrels of flour consumed at the manufacturing town of Lowell alone. Can towns be increased here while we give the most of our patronage to towns abroad? and pursue the bad policy at great expense to ourselves in paying freight, commissions, insurance, on the produce exported to great distances, and the same charges on the articles received in exchange, neglecting the sure and constant market which might be created at home, for the precarious foreign market, dependent on the accidents of famine, peace, or war, good or bad crops in Europe, and the caprice of European governments.

I scarce know how to illustrate a matter so plain. We have only to open our eyes and see that where manufacturers have made most progress there is most commerce, and there agriculture receives its highest reward. Where is land of

most value? Where it brings the most rent; and this is where it is most convenient to good markets, to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, London. It is where it lies near the most consumers of its produce. If you could give to Wheeling the size of Philadelphia, you would proportionately increase the value of land in the vicinity of Wheeling, for then butter, eggs, beets, cabbage, articles not sent to foreign markets, and to be sold near home if sold at all, in short every product of the farm, would bring a better price and near our own doors. If by an act of your will you could do it, would you not place such a city, such a market in the midst of your county? Would you not, if you could, bestow on your farm a tenfold value.

If you cannot create such a city, such a market at once by an effort of your will, there is something you have the power to do, and that is to try to provide for agriculture a home market, by steadily adhering to the policy of building up our own towns, protecting our own artizans and manufacturers against the competition of foreigners, and it is desirable to have the market somewhat nearer than Massachusetts or Maryland. To attain this end we must invite, not repel capital, and reliance must be placed on farmers themselves.

It is clear, we should invite capital to the State by all just means, not overlooking the sanctity of its rights, for it flies away at the touch of injustice. It will bear no unequal burdens. Should you exempt those from taxation worth but thirteen hundred dollars, in order to oppress those worth more than that sum, you will cut down the tree for its fruit. Capital will not remain with you, if you permit demagogues to practice legislative thefts, or robberies upon it, much less will it come into the State from abroad. Confidence is very important. Capitalists have too often suffered by changeable legislation not to dread it. They will select States for their operations, where they most expect stability of laws and regard for justice. Though it might serve your interest to bestow favors on capital, this would not be required; it would ask nothing but justice.

Repelling capital represses manufactures, and consequently

injures agriculture, by depriving it of consumers. It also injures commerce, by depriving it of materials for exchange, and lessening its profits, by confining it to things of great weight and little value. Were wood exported in the form of ships, boats, tables, chairs, bowls; were iron exported in the form of knives, scythes and other cutlery: would not the cargo be of twenty-fold more value than if it were of the raw materials? We find the commerce of every country has increased with the increase of its manufactures.

Though our smaller capital and higher wages cannot easily overmatch the greater capital and cheaper wages of Europe, yet if foreign governments would not interfere in the contest between our and their manufactures, by offering premiums or by other means, ours would ere long successfully compete with theirs in many articles besides cottons. But to require infancy to vanquish manhood; one dollar to outweigh a hundred; a pigmy to contend with a giant, with the giant's governmental board of trade always in session watching the progress of the battle, and ready and determined to throw its weight into the giant's scale, if necessary for determining the contest in his favor: all this seems more like condemning the weaker party to destruction than giving him a fair chance for his existence. It resembles the exposure of the malefactor to contend with the lion without a shield.

The early settlers of Ohio who tilled her soil before turnpikes, railroads, canals, and the genius of Fulton brought the cities of the seaboard near; before manufactures were attempted west of the Alleghany, and before capital could establish and sustain a currency in the West: have recounted their hardships for want of money; a want resulting from the lack of a market. Having no market, they willingly gave away their produce to the traveller in exchange for his company and his news, and thus were compelled by hard fortune to win the praise of hospitality. It took a great deal of produce to get a few of the coarser productions of the arts. Money was seldom seen. Generals St. Clair and Wayne's marches against the Indians made eras of prosperity that for a while twenty dollars worth of property was not sacrificed for one

dollar at a constable's sale; but the silver scattered by the armies soon passed to the Atlantic cities to pay for goods, and came back no more. The inhabitants could fight Indians, go forty miles to mill, use wooden pegs for nails; but they could n't pay debts without money, and this they could not get in sufficient amount to supply their very few wants. This came from having the mechanic, the loom and the anvil too distant from the plough. If the little money got from all sources had been paid to manufacturers of woollens, cottons, pitchforks, scythes, knives, spades, hoes, ploughs, within this county or its neighborhood, it would have been handed back to the farmers for the productions of their farms, gardens and orchards, instead of going over the hills and far away, never to return.

Experience, reason, common sense, all proclaim that the pursuits of a people should be diversified to render them independent and comfortable. Without such diversity of pursuits, they must necessarily be poor as a people. The perfection of a nation's economy consists in its complete independence of other nations for all the productions of agriculture, which its climate and soil are capable of producing. Such a nation may exchange its apples for oranges; its wheat for coffee; and in dealing with nations that are behind the intelligence of the age, it may exchange its manufactures for its coin, or commodities. A large part of the eight hundred millions on the globe are in a semi-barbarous state, and mere producers of raw materials, and well adapted to enrich the manufacturing and commercial nations, whose intelligence has enabled them to march in advance of the rest of the world. Had we manufacturers enough to consume all our agricultural products, they would manufacture a vast surplus of articles for exportation; thus affording a convenient, constant and good market at home for the farmer, a profitable employment for the mechanic, and a great increase of the value and amount of the materials for the world-encompassing merchant. It was the united energy of these three interests, mutually sustaining each other, that enabled Britain, though laboring under a debt of eight hundred millions, to subsidize a great

part of Europe, and repel the tide of conquests that threatened, guided by the genius of Napoleon, to overwhelm the world.

The invitation of cotton to wheat to accompany it to Europe to market, is like the invitation of the fish to the owl to go to swim. No cotton is grown in Europe, but abundance of wheat is raised there. For the last fifteen years, the average price of wheat at Odessa, in Russia, has been about fifty cents, at Dantzic, in Poland, about eighty cents, and at Philadelphia about one dollar and twenty-five cents per bushel. It may be inferred, therefore, that could a perfect free trade be established, our wheat could scarcely enter into successful competition with the wheat of Europe. We must erect our own market at home. We must not voluntarily sink ourselves into the colonial condition, into the condition of the semi-barbarous nations. We must look upon all who advise us to do so with compassion for their infirmities.

The Census of 1840 shows that the whole amount of capital invested in manufactures of all kinds, including hats, caps, tanneries, grist and saw-mills, etc., did not exceed in the whole country, the sum of $212,339. The proportion is scarcely one dollar invested in manufactures, to seventy-five invested in agriculture. Now what sort of jig can such a political body dance, with the agricultural leg seventy-five times longer than the manufacturing one? It must needs play the cripple, and pay or beg its way to distant markets.

The spontaneous productions of nature afford but a scant subsistence for man in the savage state. Necessity turns his attention to the cultivation of the earth. And to do this his first application is to art. The artisans construct the plough, the sickle, and all the varied implements for cultivating and gathering crops; the carriages, houses, clothes, and they necessarily constitute the right leg and the right arm of agriculture; for without their auxiliary labor the operations of husbandry would be weak, inefficient and extremely left-handed. Who contemplates a man scarce thinks of him except as a whole, a unit, having certain qualities and powers resulting from a combination of all his parts. It would

not occur, that he might be deprived of a leg, or arm, with advantage to himself, or that these limbs have no necessary relation to the perfection and utility of the body. He would not extol one limb as more worthy than the rest, seeing all are useful. So in contemplating a political body, one cannot reasonably assign the pre-eminence in importance to agriculture, or to manufactures; both give equal grace, strength and independence to the State. Agriculture leans on manufactures, and manufactures in turn lean on agriculture, as the limbs on which one walks support and depend upon each other.

THOUGHTS ON AGRICULTURE.

THE general rules which apply to business lose none of their importance in their application to agriculture, particularly that of having a place for everything and keeping everything in its place; that of doing what is to be done in the right time; that of driving business instead of being driven by business; that of arranging to avoid, rather than invite accidents; that of making sale, when one can do well, rather than wait to do better; and that it is better to secure a competence, than to risk it for great wealth.

But whatever gives perfection to agriculture will be sure to follow a constant and convenient market. Who has a profitable business will soon adopt the best order or method of prosecuting it. Wrong steps will be pointed out by experience. Whatever is done in the arrangement of fields, buildings, or fences should be well done. In the plan of buildings, a mistake is a source of lasting annoyance, and the best way to avoid it is not to rely wholly on one's own invention; but look carefully into the plans of others, and ascertain what experience has elicited respecting their advantages and defects.

The durability of fences is much affected by the time of felling the timber. The commissioners of the navy advertise for timber, to be cut between the 20th October and the 20th

February. From inquiries which I have made, and from my own observation, I am inclined to think that the best time for cutting timber is soon after the first hard freeze in November, and that rails of small size are least liable to decay. A worm fence should be laid on a stone foundation, sunk about 9 inches in the ground; perhaps a less depth might answer. It should be, however, beyond the disturbing action of frost. The stone will incline to the side that is first thawed, and permit the fence to slip down to the ground. Fences along steep declivities, placed on such a foundation, will stand with permanence.

Among the manures, lime is the most enduring. The land on which it is once spread will never cease to feel its influence. As a proof of this, I need only refer to the limestone land itself—it is uniformly found to be the most fertile of all the uplands, and quite incapable of being worn out. The leaves have fallen as many thousand years on the other lands as on that which abounds with limestone. Yet the latter is most fertilized; hence it may be inferred that limestone has a principle of fertility in itself that is constant. Years ago I came to the conclusion that lime affects vegetation by conducting carbon from the atmosphere to the roots of plants. I thence inferred that the best way of applying it to land was to spread it on its surface and there let it remain, to be carbonized as long as the land could be spared from the plough, and afterwards at every ploughing going to such depths as would be best for turning up the lime to the atmosphere. At every ploughing there would be an increased burial of the lime, until but a small portion of the whole quantity spread on the land would remain on its surface in contact with the air. Consequently, the land would appear to feel the effects of the lime less than formerly; not because the lime had diminished in activity; but because a large proportion of it had lost the opportunity of carbonization, by being deeply mized with the soil. But though the effect of a given quantity would thus be lessened after being stored into the soil, the land would still continue to feel the influence of the lime it had received in proportion as its scattered particles come in contact with the atmosphere. On enquiry of the late James Barker, who

had used lime some 50 years in Chester county, Pa., he informed me that formerly the practice there was to plough and harrow in lime with wheat; but that for the last 16 years it was found better to spread on sward and leave it there some two or three years before ploughing it in. Others have received the same counsel from experience. Stabler, in a late essay on renovating worn out lands, recommends a similar application of lime, and considers its pulverization by frost and rains as one of the advantages of this mode.

If the limestone were ground as fine as flour, it would immediately act as a manure, being fully carbonized; and then to harrow it in with wheat would seem to be the best way to apply it. The burning expels its carbon, which it must reacquire from the atmosphere before it aids vegetation, otherwise than in hastening the decomposition of matter. The application of fire to limestone, to be used for agricultural purposes, is mainly to disintegrate it or reduce it to powder. If this end could be accomplished without fire, or, if burned lime could be recarbonized without being thinly spread out to the air, it might be harrowed in on seeding, and its advantages be more immediately realized. In whatever way lime is spread on land, it gives to it not a temporary but a permanent fertility. It makes a change of the soil from bad to good, and imparts a value to the farm much above the cost of putting on the lime. A farmer in New Jersey informed me that he had more than doubled the value of his farm by hauling lime 16 miles at a cost of 15 to 20 cents per bushel at the kiln. In this country there is scarce a farm but could be limed at an expense not exceeding four cents per bushel.

In 1839 I was on Long Island. A vessel arrived there laden with leached ashes, worth 15 cents per bushel. The farmers rushed to the port with wagons, eager to purchase the article. I noticed the captain of the vessel refusing to sell over a certain number of bushels to some of his customers, because he had let them purchase more than their proportion of his former load, insisting that their neighbors must have an opportunity to purchase as well as they, I mention this fact as worthy of consideration by those who gather but from ten

to fifteen bushels of wheat from an acre, while they let their leached ashes and other manures go to waste, and lie as obstructions about their dwellings and stables; who burn log heaps in the midst of limestone quarries, without attempting to make lime; who, when their land promises to pay an interest of fifty to one hundred per cent for all that is lent to it in the shape of manure, still remain indifferent to the advantages of the offer, and persist to plough an acre for 12½ bushels, instead of ploughing it for 35 bushels, as if their intelligence was chiefly directed to the saving of labor in the gathering, or harvesting of the crop, and not to increasing its amount.

I noticed that a farm of 200 acres had been divided into four parts by the law of descent. One of the heirs informed me he raised more grain on his one-fourth of the old farm than his father had raised on the whole of it in his time. He said he had borrowed money on mortgage by demonstrating to the lender that by putting the money on the land in the shape of manure, it would yield to him some 40 per cent more than the interest demanded for the loan; the lender being one of those men who would not make a loan unless he was satisfied that the borrower might be benefited by the intended use of the money. The result had more than justified his hopes. He enriched his land, which, yielding generous crops in return, enabled him to erect buildings, pay off the mortgage, and was then educating his children, having all the conveniences, and enough, for his good, of the luxuries of life. His land would scarce return the seed sowed upon it when he undertook its improvement. He had used various manures, and all with more or less advantage.

A stitch in time, too, in this matter, is important. A crop of grass must be produced before it can be ploughed in. This method of preserving the fertility of soil should be resorted to before the land gets too poor to bring a crop worth the trouble of ploughing under; otherwise instead of being the first it must necessarily be the second step in improving the soil; the first being the application of the manure to produce grass.

In an uneven country too much attention cannot be paid to prevent the washing off of the soil by rains. The original soil

is of more importance than one might suppose, until he considers how many thousands of years the hand of nature has been employed in its production. Strip a piece of ground of all its soil, especially ground destitute of limestone, and attempt to restore it to fertility by manuring it; you will be surprised to find in the course of twenty years how much manure such a piece of ground will take, without after all being equal to the adjoining land which retains its soil. It may have brought good crops from manure; but as soon as the strength of the manure is exhausted, its comparative barrenness appears. Deposit a four-horse wagon load of stable manure in a forest, and ten thousand years afterwards how much of it will exist in the shape of time-elaborated soil? A very few shovels full, perhaps not more than one; but what remains will be pregnant, like our rich soils, with the elements of vegetation, capable of aiding in the production of a thousand crops without suffering further material diminution, whatever changes it may undergo by the operation of its affinities. When our farmers lose a shovel full of soil, they lose that which was once a large mass of matter, the essence of a large heap of vegetable and organic remains, the spoils of death, in his unnumbered centuries of triumphs.

The washing off of this soil may be prevented by deep ploughing along the sides of slopes on a water level. The ploughing for this purpose, as for all other purposes, should be done at times when the ground is not so wet as to bake or dry into hard clods, but turns up mellow so as to readily dissolve the whole of an ordinary shower of rain—sub-soil ploughing, which some have extended from eighteen inches to thirty and thirty-six inches in depth, would effectually enable a hill side to soak up a considerable shower. No grass field, woods, or unploughed surface should lie above the ploughed part of the slope, lest the water, suddenly gliding down to the loosened earth, should sweep it away.

Creases of any size should never be made up and down the slope. I have experimented with a light harrow; first harrowing the field, by keeping at a water level, along the side of the hill, and afterwards, at one end of the field, going a few times up

and down the hill. Though the creases left by the harrow were small, they caused the field at that point to be washed four fold more than at the point where the last touch of the harrow was along the side of the slope on a water level. Shallow ploughing exposes the soil to be washed off of slopes, as dust from the roof a house.

The cornstalks, the straw, in short, all vegetable refuse, should be left on the fields, in preference to setting it on fire; it should not be burned, for it aids in preventing the formation of gullies, while decaying, gives lightness to the soil, and returns to the land the carbon and hydrogen received from it. The limbs of trees, or brush heaps, should be left, when not too much in the way, to gradually rot, and be scattered.

It has been observed that the refuse of any crop is the best manure for a like crop. It is said that if corn stalks are cut in the fall, and buried in a deep furrow between the rows, and corn be planted on the top of these buried stalks, the next spring, a good crop will result; and that the same field may thus be used for corn, any number of years in succession, without a perceptible diminution of its capacity to yield the same crop. Vine dressers have declared that manure from the leaves and twigs of the vine is necessary to keep the grapes from being deteriorated in flavor. Probably the manures for orchards and vineyards might be improved by the addition of decayed limbs and vines, and the substitution or addition of fresh soil. These stationary bearers of a long succession of crops may, in length of time, exhaust the ground on which they stand of some of the needful properties for well flavored fruit, and this exhaustion may, perhaps, be in part the cause of the barrenness of old trees; as young apple trees are known not to grow well on the places recently occupied by old ones.

Charcoal has been found to be a durable manure, and, where wood abounds, is not unworthy of attention. A Mr. Vail, of New Jersey, publishes that its force is little injured after sixty-five years. Fruits add to the value of farms, coming annually without the labor demanded by grains. The grape, the currant, the peach, produce by and before the fourth year after planting. Of the grape, the Catawba and Cape or

Schuylkill appear to be the most desirable; and of plums the damson is most deserving of regard, as constant in bearing and little affected by the curculio. It is said the most profitable orchard is that which bears the longest—keeping apples of only four or five kinds, best known in the markets. An orchard of summer and fall apples for hogs is as useful for their support as the ground it occupies could be made to be, if cultivated in corn. About two-thirds of such apples should be sweet, the rest of various degrees of sourness. I have had hogs of medium fatness killed, after being fed only on grass and apples, and their flesh, it was thought, possessed an equal if not superior solidity to that of hogs which had been fed on corn.

Apple trees should be planted about forty-five feet apart, intermixed with well rotted manure, in a hole large enough to contain ten bushels of rich mould, be trimmed but lightly, and ploughed so as not to cut the roots. If the lower limbs are permitted to remain, they will by the time the tree is half grown, incline so near the ground as to shut out the sun, and kill the grass and weeds beneath, and thus cultivate themselves. Hogs and poultry, by rooting and devouring insects, both cultivate the trees and enable them to yield fairer and better fruit. The cutting off of the lower limbs of apple trees, to enable teams to pass under the tree, or for other cause, thwarts the purpose of nature in shaping the tree, and prevents its exterior surface from occupying as large a space for taking the sun and air as the perfection of its fruit requires. I have noticed that peach trees, when well manured and ploughed, are more capable of resisting the infirmities to which they are subject, particularly the attacks of insects or worms, and the cold of winter, owing to the vigorous constitution which such cultivation imparts; but as the ends of limbs of swift growth may be killed by frost, it is best to moderate their speed to give solidity to the wood. The attack of the insect is probably the effect of which cold is the cause. The cold may cause putrefaction of the juices or sap of the tree. This attracts the insect to deposit its eggs in the bark between wind and ground; the destruction of the tree soon follows; though I have prolonged the existence of trees thus assailed

for some years, by digging out the worms, applying lye nearly boiling hot to the roots, and putting about four quarts of dry wood ashes around the body of the tree, so as to lie in contact with the body from the surface of the ground down to the lateral roots. In the spring of 1828, I planted one hundred peach trees. Fifteen of them were exposed some three or four days on the surface of the ground, having been overlooked on planting the others. In the spring of 1830, I examined all the trees, and found the worm in none but these fifteen, which I treated with hot, scalding water and dry wood ashes, on removing the worms; these trees continued to grow, but died about four or five years sooner than the others, which lasted seventeen years. The ground was well manured the first year, and was ploughed the five succeeding years. The next ten years it was in grass annually mown. The amount of the crop gradually diminished as the distance from the time of manuring increased. Some thought this orchard lasted longer than there was reason to expect it to last; as, just before it was planted, peach trees in this region had been generally swept away, and few persons had much hope of raising them at all; but I think if the manuring had been repeated, and the ploughing continued as often as once in three years, the orchard, or the greater part of it, would still have survived, as have a couple of trees so situated as incidentally to enjoy those advantages.

The provision of winter pasture for stock has been found useful as cheap. After mowing a field of grass in July, and putting the hay in stack around a tree, to prevent its falling on the cattle, I have let the second crop grow up for winter pasture. On turning the stock upon it with liberty to eat at the stack or the pasture, they were observed generally to prefer the latter when the snow did not prevent their access to it, and the pertinacity with which they pawed away the snow, at times, in order to reach it, showed they liked it better than the hay of the stack. But I have understood that stock will not fatten so well on such pasture as on hay; for, though palatable, it is less nutritious than ripe, well cured grass. The green blades taken into the mouth with the older grass prob-

ably affords an agreeable sauce, which makes the food more palatable than the best of hay. Many years ago this method of wintering stock was obtruded upon my notice by the refusal of a horse to be caught on the evening of a snowy day in the latter part of November. After trying in vain to corner him, he was left, as I supposed, to suffer the consequence of his perverseness, to lie out in the snow. There was a hay stack in his lot, and the grass grown after July was mostly standing. Some days afterwards, on visiting the lot, I found the horse, although the snow was fourteen inches deep, had not been at the stack, having preferred to paw for grass. He was kept in the lot all the winter, and he took from the stack not an hundred pounds of hay in the whole time. The two succeeding winters he was kept in the same way. He was all the stock I possessed. I then resided in town. In the beginning of March, at the close of his last winter, his sleekness and fine appearance were such, that I felt inclined to exhibit him to my neighbors as an illustration of an improved method of wintering animals of his species. He was brought into the stable. As he had been fed no grain since the previous November, I prescribed for him hay, with one quart of shelled corn for the evening feed. The next morning, awhile after he had been fed, I entered the stable, and found the horse unwell, with his morning feed, seven quarts of shelled corn, lying in his trough. He would no longer eat; in short, he died the succeeding day. About seven quarts of corn instead of one had been given the preceding evening.

The inference is, from the facts in the case, that the transition from winter pasture to grain should be gradual; that one must superintend his own business himself, if he would be certain to have it done right; and that one may pity a horse for exposure to the weather when there is little cause for it; for in an open field where he can take exercise he can keep much warmer than in most stables. I have, since the experiment with the horse, adopted this method of wintering cattle and sheep, and found it particularly advantageous as to sheep, but sheds should be provided to shield them from cold rains, and afford to them a dry bed.

Pasture and meadow land should not be trod by stock from about the middle of March to the middle of May. The frost leaves the land mellow, and it should be kept so until the grass gets up. Animals put on before the grass is up thick hunt for the tender shoots over a large space in a short time, and, without benefiting themselves, materially do a serious injury to the ground, making it hard, and thus diminishing its capacity to produce for the season some 50 per cent.

A plum-orchard should be planted on high ground, in a place expected to be daily frequented by hogs and poultry, or in a paved or hard trodden yard, that the insect called curculio may be crushed, devoured, or otherwise prevented from placing its egg in the plum, and cause it to fall from the tree when about two-thirds grown. I have never got plums from trees standing in untrodden, mellow ground, except the damson, without taking measures to repel this insect. I have saved a crop of plums by tying a hen with her chickens to the body of the tree, when the plum was about the size of a pea, and keeping her there some four weeks. Her spluttering and scratching for food in the loosened soil averted the curculio.

The sun blight of the pear-tree may be stopped by cutting the blighted limbs nine inches below the dead part and burning them, or by removing the ground around the body of the tree some three or four feet, until the upper surface of the lateral roots are uncovered, and applying hot, boiling lye. One and a-half bushels of wood ashes boiled a while in eighteen gallons of water were (both the lye and ashes) thrown on the roots of a pear tree about nineteen inches in diameter. The tree revived, and has borne fruit for many years. Three-fourths of its top was dead when the remedy was used.

The disease called the gaps destroys many chickens, if they run at large with the hen about long inhabited dwellings, probably on account of being over-fed with worms; for the disease seldom prevails in recently improved places. They escape it, near old buildings, when the turkey acts as their mother, as she does not scratch for worms. Stationing the hen in a coop with her brood some twenty rods from wood

piles, old buildings and rubbish, and feeding them there, will avoid the disease. The dish in which they drink or feed should be daily washed.

In thus stating the results of some of my own observations and experience, I am conscious that what is valuable therein is already known, and what is new is probably of little importance; still the valuable may be welcomed as an old acquaintance, and the new may afford material for consideration and experiment.

ABOLITION BEFORE AND AFTER FEBRUARY, 1833.

Several Abolition Societies were formed about the time the Federal Constitution was going into operation, when its true construction was not generally understood. Petitions to abolish Slavery were presented to Congress. They were received and referred to a Committee, who reported that the General Government had no power to abolish Slavery in the States. This report was acquiesced in, and the Abolition Societies thenceforth sought by moral suasion to move the State Governments to abolish it. It was abolished in New York in 1828, and in other Northern States at other periods. Dr. Franklin, Dr. Benjamin Rush, the Society of Friends, Chief Justice Jay and many other good men were engaged in this work of gradual emancipation. Many eminent men of the South condemned Slavery, though they tolerated it. Judge Tucker, of Virginia, in 1798, published a plan for its gradual abolition. Thomas Jefferson could print his acknowledgment of its iniquity, and say that he "trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just, and that His justice would not sleep forever," without being blamed for uttering a truth. In October, 1819, there was a convention of Abolitionists held in Philadelphia, composed of delegates from Abolition Societies in New York, Delaware, Pennsyl-

vania, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. It appears from its minutes to have been the sixteenth convention. It was occupied with plans for excluding Slavery from the Territories, preventing the Slave Trade, kidnapping of free negroes, the education of the blacks, their colonization and gradual emancipation.

In 1817 there were eight Societies in Belmont and Jefferson counties, Ohio, whose delegates met semi-annually, at Mount Pleasant, in Jefferson county, to promote gradual emancipation. The convention of these Societies published a large edition of an oration delivered before it in May, 1818, for gratuitous distribution in the South and East. This speech appeals to the self-interest, in time and eternity, and to the sense of justice in man; insists that all races are brutalized by Slavery, white as well as black; and on the authority of Diodorus Siculus, Lucian and Strabo claims that the dark-skinned race were the first learned people, and the inventors of letters, and instead of praying to live unabused, might demand the gratitude of mankind. It objects to colonization abroad or at home, and recommends gradual emancipation, preceded by education sufficient to form good citizens.

Benjamin Lundy, then a saddler in St. Clairsville, soon afterwards began to publish an Abolition paper, called *The Genius of Universal Emancipation;* the first of the kind. After publishing it in Ohio for some time, he moved with it to Greenville, Tennessee, where he published it several years. A copy of it, No. 8, vol. ii., is before me, dated Second Month, 1823, Greenville, Tennessee. It has a frontispiece of a driver and gang of slaves, with the American flag floating above. Below he asks the American people to note "the detestable traffic in human flesh," "and LOOK AT IT again and again," and then say whether they "will permit so disgraceful, inhuman and so wicked a practice to continue." He claims that the slaveholders do not generally justify slaveholding, but inquire what shall be done? and ask to be shown a plan of practical emancipation. Mr. Lundy removed with his paper from Tennessee to Baltimore. There he took William Lloyd Garrison as partner. Lundy died, and Garrison removed

to Boston. Lundy differed from his Abolition friends in Ohio by advocating colonization. He was not molested on account of his Abolitionism in either of the Slave States, for Mr. Calhoun had not as yet dropped the Tariff and taken up the Slavery question, as best calculated to unite all the Slave States. It was said he had despaired of reaching the Presidency of the Union, and wished to be the head of a Southern Confederacy. He found the Tariff question would not captivate the sugar growers, for they needed a tariff, but all were alike interested in Slavery, and the agitation of the negro question was deliberately inaugurated.

Of course the agitators would try to alarm the people of the South by imputing sanguinary designs to the peaceable Abolitionists, who at that day were mostly Quakers. The Abolitionists indignantly denied the imputation, and confidently referred to their acts and writings to show that they had only addressed the consciences of the masters. Still the Southern politicians persisted in charging that the kind-hearted and peaceable philanthropists had most wicked purposes. There was not enough of Abolitionism in the North to answer the ends of the Southern Confederacy politicians. It was supposed that one of their measures to increase it was to raise a mob in New York against Lewis Tappan. He and his brother Arthur had been giving some thirty thousand dollars a year for religious and charitable objects, and might, if "rubbed against the grain," apply all their means to Abolition. This mob was in 1834; the Tariff Compromise in February, 1833. The year 1835 exhibited, consequently, an increased Abolition excitement, and, instead of gradual, the masters were exhorted to immediate Abolition. Though Benjamin Lundy could publish his paper, with its satirical frontispiece, for years in Tennessee and Maryland unmolested, yet Tappan could not express liberal sentiments in a Free State without being mobbed; and this in less than two years after Calhoun had dropped the Tariff and taken up the Negro. The Southern gentlemen then in the city of New York were charged with getting up the mob, I know not how justly. I see in the newspapers of that time that the Aboli-

tionists gave notice of holding a meeting at Clinton Hall, on 2d of October, 1833, and that a placard was put up through the city, signed "MANY SOUTHERNERS," requesting all persons from the South, and all persons interested in the subject of the meeting, to attend at the same hour and place and express the *true* feeling of the State on this subject. A disorderly mass did attend, compelling the Abolitionists to withdraw to another place called Chatham Street Chapel. Their opponents organized and passed resolutions at Clinton Hall against interfering with Slavery. While at the chapel the Abolitionists adopted a constitution for a Society for immediate emancipation, therein declaring its object to be to elevate the character and condition of the people of color, "but will never countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force!" "Lawful, moral and religious means, by appeals to the consciences, hearts and interests of the people," is what they propose to resort to. Might they not do this without blame? Might the slaveholders not be argued with to show them their true interest, their obligations to God and man, involving their happiness or misery in time and eternity, without doing them a wrong? Would it injure them to enlighten them? Whether they got up the mob or not, it played into their hands, or gave them what it was supposed they wanted, an increased Abolition excitement in the North, and something of a bugbear for them to point at while trying to frighten the South. At the same time the masses of the South were filled with intense prejudices against the North. A man from Belmont county, who resided some fifteen years ago at Augusta, Georgia, informed me, about that time, that the "common people," as he called them, were very bitter against the whole North, often saying they would rather trade with Europe than any of the Free States. Others have con firmed his statement. The Southern people have thus been prepared for conflict with the North long before President Lincoln was thought of for the Presidency.

In pursuit of their object—the alarming and uniting the South—the politicians have made the *most* of all events in any

degree chargeable to Abolition. Hence, Governor Wise, after the United States Marines had subdued John Brown and his followers, runs Old Virginia to one hundred and eighty thousand dollars of expense in guarding against pretended dangers, gasconading and making "a fuss," as if bent on furnishing materials for writers of comedy and farce. Not so. He was neither coward nor fool in that thing. He was alarming and therefore uniting the South, and making it a more compliant tool in the hands of political jugglers.

The use of an united South to the political leaders for governing the Union is so plain, that some have thought their negro agitation had no object beyond presenting thereby a power with which to bargain with the leaders of one of the Northern parties; by uniting with which they got control of the Government. This seems to have been the plan pursued, whereby for fifty or more years the South, with scarce one-third of the white population, have taken about three-fourths of the federal offices and dictated the laws; the other fourth of the offices being conferred on the *obedient*. But as soon as the presidential patronage is lost, as soon as the South sees it must cease to rule the whole Union, it raises the standard of rebellion. The whole North had acquiesced in the report of the Congressional Committee, and were only seeking by moral suasion to remove gradually the fetters of Slavery, when Southern politicians by their arts and emissaries increased and intensified Abolitionism in the North for the purpose of uniting the South.

Duff Green, Calhoun's editor, in 1833 proposed to publish a newspaper for Southern circulation. He says in his Prospectus, in substance, that "the South had heretofore erred in admitting Slavery to be a moral and political evil—and proposes by his paper to show that Slavery is right in itself. That what is to be feared is not what the little knot of Abolitionists in the North may do, for indeed they do *not address the slaves* at all, but this is to be feared that the consciences of the masters may become too tender to hold slaves. And his paper will sear the consciences of the slaveholders." This Prospectus was published several weeks in the *United States*

Telegraph. Considering Duff Green's position in reference to Calhoun, this prospectus should go far in exculpating the Abolitionists from any improper designs on the South at that time, and confirms the opinion of Clay and Madison.

Mr. Clay, in his speech in the Senate, of February, 7, 1839, alludes to this fostering of Abolition excitement by the South in these words: "I say it with profound regret, but with no intention to occasion irritation here or elsewhere that there are persons in *both parts of the Union* who have sought to *mingle Abolition with politics, and to array one portion of the Union against the other.*"

Mr. Benton, in his speech against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, of 1820, delivered in 1854, says, "and now what is the excuse for this breaking up of ancient compromises, for arraying one-half of the Union against the other? What is the excuse for all this turmoil and mischief? We are told it is to keep the question of Slavery out of Congress. Great God! It is out of Congress, completely, entirely, and forever out of Congress, unless Congress drag it in by breaking down the sacred laws which settled it." "What advantage do the Slave States expect from this bill? Certainly an extension of Slave power. This may prove a fallacious expectation. The question of Slavery in these Territories will be a question of numbers—of majority for or against Slavery—and what chance would the slaveholders have in such a contest? No chance at all. The slave emigrants will be outnumbered and compelled to play at a most unequal game, not only in point of numbers, but also in point of stakes. The slaveholder stakes his property, and *has to run it off or lose it* if out-voted at the polls."

Thus Clay and Benton recognize the real agitators of Slavery. Benton's speech shows that he was ignorant of two things that the introducers of the bill were probably not ignorant of. First, the intended march of Major Buford with some three hundred Georgians and South Carolinians, and the march of Senator Atchinson's Border Ruffians to drive off, or wipe out, as they said, the Free State settlers in Kansas, and thus prevent the out-voting. And, second, the Dred Scott

Decision, to prevent the necessity of the slaveholder running off his slaves or losing them. Could Benton have conceived of these changes and violations of law, he might not have added, in the same speech, "I see nothing which slaveholders are to gain under this bill—nothing but an unequal and vexatious contest in which they are to be losers." For Benton thought of lawful means only.

His last word to the American people denounces the conduct of the Administration for "suppressing and concealing the evidences of a foreign negotiation, that is surrounded by circumstances which connect it with a scheme to bring on a separation of the Slave from the Free States. "I speak," says he, "of the Gadsden negotiation, and of fifty millions he was authorized to give for a broadside of Mexico, with a port on the Gulf of California, and a railway to it to suit the United States South, after the separation, to which point all the schemes of a Southern Pacific Railroad tend, while the public are made to believe they are hunting the best way to California, where they mean it shall never go, because California rejects Slavery." Benton further says that, "In the year 1830 some Southern politicians, having some private griefs of their own to redress, and some ambitious objects of their own to accomplish, conceived that a separation of the States, and an erection of a new republic South was the way to accomplish their purposes, and at that object they went to work, pretexting their operation with 'the oppressions of an unconstitutional Protective Tariff.'

"With this view, and upon this pretext, the first Southern (South Carolina) Convention was held November, 1832, which passed the Ordinance of Nullification and Secession, declaring the revenue laws null and void, fixing the first day of February then next ensuing for the secession, and levying an army to maintain her attitude. The Jackson Proclamation of December, 1832, denouncing the penalties of high treason on all who should commit the overt act under that Ordinance; and the full belief that he would do what he said, balked that project and gave birth to the Tariff Compromise of 1833, by which Protective Tariff, as a pretext for secession, was laid

aside, to be substituted by the Slavery agitation. The substitution was instant and notorious. On returning home from Congress, Mr. Calhoun told his friends that the South could never be united against the North on the Tariff Question—that the sugar interests of Louisiana would keep her out, and that the basis of the Southern Union must be shifted to the Slave Question, and shifted accordingly it immediately was. Incontinently all the nullification newspapers opened for a secession for that new cause, filling the country with alarm for the safety of slave property. In less than three months after the Protective Tariff pretext for secession, the new pretext had been installed in its place, and so fully developed as to be seen by all observers. Mr Clay saw it, and on the 27th of May, 1833, in a letter Mr. Madison, expressed his apprehensions of this new danger, and declared his disbelief of any foundation for the alarm which was attempted. Mr. Madison immediately replied, reciprocating both his apprehension and disbelief."

"It is painful," says Mr. Madison, "to see the unceasing efforts to alarm the South by imputations against the North of unconstitutional designs on the subject of the slaves. You are right. I have no doubt that no such intermeddling disposition exists in the body of our Northern brethren."

These facts, this design of Disunion, seen by Clay and Madison in May, 1833—charged on the South by Clay in February, 1839—and stated by Benton to have originated in disappointed ambition in 1830, sufficiently explain why the lawful election of a President that will not be a tool of the Slave Power, is the signal for raising the standard of rebellion. If the Slave Power cannot rule, it will secede; and, raising armies on pretence of secession, it steals a march in accumulating military force, with which, if circumstances in the North were favorable, it might possibly hope to establish a monarchy over the whole country. The blindness with which that Slave Power has been followed, may have given it hopes we scarce dream of. It has dared to trample on the morality of mankind, under which Thomas Jefferson condemned Slavery, and on the Christian religion, by whose

light John Wesley saw that Slavery was the "sum of all villainy." It has got its Church South, with this gigantic iniquity tied to its neck, giving the lie to all its professions, making of it a tool to save Slavery, instead of sinners. While it used the Tariff pretext it boldly denied the truths in political economy, as it has those contained in the Declaration of Independence; so tangling up the ideas of their partizans, on religion, morals, political economy and human rights, as to excite the astonishment of those who conversed with them.

Had Lincoln not been elected, the day of secession would only have been postponed, not abandoned. His election merely shows the Slave Power that it has ceased to have a tool in the President, or has ceased to rule the whole Union, with whose money it had hoped to purchase Cuba, and other slave territories. For the former two hundred millions were named. The five millions paid to Spain for Florida; the some forty-five millions to prevent its sheltering runaway slaves; the sixty or seventy millions for warring for Texas; the fifteen millions paid to France for Louisiana; the fifty millions hovering around the Gadsden treaty; the twenty millions to Mexico by Trist's treaty; show that the Northern purse, which yields two-thirds of the revenue, is a convenient affair, and its transfer to Republican hands not to be tolerated by persons born to rule; whose selfishness has sacrificed the Democratic Party in ungrateful return for all its losses on their account.

From the foregoing facts we see that Abolitionism was not even complained of, much less assailed with violence, until Calhoun dropped the Tariff and took up the Slavery Question, with which to unite the South, that its political force might be wielded, we may presume, for the benefit of political leaders; but certainly not for the benefit of the mass of the Southern people.

The respectable citizens of the North and the South held the same opinions as to the injustice and immorality of Slavery. Mr. Jefferson in his letter to Dr. Price says there are some exceptions just as there is found at times a thief or a murderer in every community; but this was before 1833.

Up to this period we hear no complaints againt the Abolitionists by the South. But as soon as Calhoun shifts from the Tariff to the Slavery Question, as soon as it becomes the interest of ambitious political leaders to array one portion of the Union against the other, then it is proposed to sear the consciences of slaveholders, and accusations of all sorts are made against Abolitionists to spread alarm for the safety of slave property. It is plain, that these leaders would be sorely tempted to procure petitions to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and to make the loudest of noises at the entrance into Congress of a petition of that sort. To make the new question available many strings would likely be pulled besides those of mere falsehood in charging Abolitionists with designs and acts which they refuted continually by their writings and their conduct.

Those whose penetration does not go beyond the surface of affairs may wonder why it should be wrong to preach to slaveholders on justice, righteousness and judgment to come; but Duff Green's prospectus shows that such preaching might make their consciences too tender to persist in the sin, and this might diminish the political force intended to be based on Slavery or on the Union of numbers interested in it. When it is found that Slavery is so worthy and sacred an institution that it sits above the rights of man, above morality, above religion, and when it meets these they must give it the road, as being superior to each and all of them, it will then be seen how wrong it is to attempt to preach to slaveholders. As a nation we must be punished for tolerating Slavery if the Scriptures are true, and give another proof "that those who deal with evil feel its fangs."

THE ISSUES OF MR. LINCOLN'S ELECTION.*

THERE was, in 1860, a Republican and a Democratic party. The Republicans opposed the extension of Slavery. The Democrats favored such an extension. The firing on Sumter created a new party. All that remained of intelligent patriotism joined this new party, assuming the well-deserved name of Union Party. The storm of patriotic indignation burst from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. The Republican and Democratic parties were forgotten, dissolved and merged in the Union party. This party had the field alone for more than a year.

Doubtless the slave power did not go into rebellion without making arrangements with the Northern traitors to assist in the villainy. But these secret allies of slavery were awed into silence by the general rising of the people. At length, after the excitement had somewhat subsided, Vallandigham organized a party in opposition to the Union party—the man who had boasted he had never voted a dollar to repress the rebellion. We need no proof, though there is proof enough, that the rebels would not have commenced open war on the nation without assurance of assistance from their subordinate party leaders in the North; and it was expected that some of them, both in civil and military life, would prove to be traitors; and the rebellion has accordingly produced Vallandighams as the revolutionary war produced tories. The people could not tell who were traitors until they observed the fruits; and the fruits, often but dimly seen through mists of fraud, at length revealed the true character of many who had possessed the confidence of honest Democrats.

Jeff. Davis, in his last speech in the United States Senate, had ground for saying that the "war would be prosecuted *on Northern soil.*" The letter found among his papers in Mississippi from ex-President Pierce encouraging rebellion, tells him, in case of war, the streets of Northern cities will be stained with blood, and that the North will have enough to

* First published in the *Belmont Chronicle*, October 5, 1865.

do at home, and the Southern rebels have often accused the Northern Democratic leaders of treachery in not keeping promises of assistance.

Behold, honest Democrat, the gulf in which you came near being plunged because you would not take the trouble to investigate and think for yourself. Be thankful to your Broughs, Tods and other Democrats, who, joining the Unionists, saved you from war on Northern soil. You who have principles should not follow leaders of no principles—the sorry tools of rebellious aristocrats. These unprincipled leaders are accused of treachery because they did not arm and share the bloody-bones part of the game. Did the slaveholders not know that sycophants, who mostly follow office-hunting for a living, are not reliable in bloody extremities? These assisted to murder the brave and increase the public debt by prolonging the war as far as their courage permitted. From the nature of things they were necessarily a selfish, cowardly class, who would have delivered their own brothers, chained and bound, over to the slaveholder, if they could have done it without gun-shot and sabre wounds. It is strange the rebel Davis expected them to do more than bark at a safe distance from danger; and that on the promises of Northern poltroons he should have drawn sword against the flag he had sworn to defend, merely to found an empire whose corner-stone, as the rebel vice-president declared, should be Slavery.

Though Slavery nourished and created the *will* to rebel against Democratic government, or government wielded by the people, yet the means of carrying rebellion into effect was the doctrine of State sovereignty, by which a State may claim to judge of the measure of redress for its grievances, real or imaginary; put its hands into the Union pocket and purchase Florida, Texas, Louisiana, extinguish Indian titles; pay off Texas scrip, and then at the suggestion of its idlers and demagogues withdraw from the Union and close up the outlets to the ocean, or impose a tax for the privilege of going thither. Well, if a State's grievances are real, they should be redressed, and the Constitution provides the Supreme Court

for that purpose, among others. Besides, there is the tribunal of the whole people, whose sense of justice may safely be appealed to. This absurdity of one of thirteen or more partners judging in his own cause was devised by some Virginians in 1798, but no other States save Virginia and Kentucky assented to it. John C. Calhoun, disappointed in not getting the nomination for President in 1828, resorted to secession and nullification of the federal laws. His pretext was an oppressive tariff, though voted for by South Carolina members of Congress. Judge Smith, Senator in Congress from that State, alleged that if the South Carolina members had voted against the tariff complained of, instead of voting for it, the tariff would have been defeated by seven votes. This was the grievance (inflicted by her own votes) for which South Carolina, led by Calhoun, applied the doctrine of the resolutions of '98, and in November, 1832, passed her ordinance of secession and nullification. General Jackson nipped this villany in the bud, and, it is said, regretted that he had not hung Calhoun, and thought the American people would in future times blame him for this omission of duty more than for any other cause.

In 1861 the doctrine of the resolutions of '98 was again applied on other pretexts. The slave power had deliberately split the Democratic party, as they called it, into three parts to insure the election of Lincoln, that they might complain, as if really hurt, that a sectional President was elected, and excite the ignorant masses of the South. Thus in 1832 and 1861 the pretext for applying these mischievous resolutions was manufactured by the seceders themselves; and it is abundantly shown that whenever a demagogue attains a considerable influence in any State he may set the State to disturbing the peace of the Union. Every good citizen will see the necessity of rebuking this doctrine and giving it its death-blow. An opportunity to do this may be had at the coming election. The party opposed to the Union party, calling itself Democratic, has made the resolutions of 1798 a part of its platform; and in so doing undertakes to justify the principles of the late rebellion, and lay the foundation of future wars.

Has not this doctrine cost us enough in lives and treasure to satisfy any one that it should be put down, trampled on, and cursed forever? What fruits have these resolutions of '98 borne? The secession of South Carolina in 1832; and the secession of herself, with many of her sister States, in 1861. Of what use is this false claim of State sovereignty? Are not all the States interested in the welfare of each State, and in the prosperity and dignity of the nation? Of what use, then, but such as we have twice seen it used for, as an entering wedge, employed by State demagogues on frivolous pretences of *their* own making, to split the nation! while their bribed or deluded agents in the North cry lustily, "Let the rebels alone, let them do as they please, if you wish to preserve the Union." It was doubtless rebel intelligence that put this State sovereignty plank in the Democratic party's platform, or else it was the monarchical intelligence that so greatly favored the rebellion; for the statesmen of monarchies cannot fail to see the use of such a doctrine in affecting future divisions of the gigantic republic. They can easily bribe a man who controls the policy of a single State, and make her take the lead in disunion. The doctrine is, in brief, an indispensable handle by which domestic or foreign enemies may take hold in order to plunge us into civil war. Union on their lips, disunion in their actions, who but very thoughtless persons can fail to see that they are either knowingly or unknowingly the tools of rebels or foreign foes, who ask the people to sanction by their votes the doctrine that a State, led by a John C. Calhoun or a Vallandigham may rightfully do what may plunge the nation into all the horrors of civil war. Perverted State sovereignty and repudiation in various forms will be attempted by the enemies of our greatness to bewilder and weaken the nation, for if she break her contracts who will lend to her in her next need? She would find it difficult to defend herself against a nation of one-fourth her own numbers. The hostile Delilahs know well that the secret of our great strength is our good credit, won by uniform honesty, but easily lost by a simple act of dishonesty. Our honesty and Union are our strength; fraud and disunion

our weakness and shame. Our credit gone, our foes would triumph. A single State might then rebel almost with impunity. The devil has been accused of assuming the name of Christian in order to teach his own doctrine. He may assume the name of Democrat for the same purpose. Hence the fruit of the tree and the tendency and effect of these teachings should be scrutinized.

THOUGHTS ON PROTECTION OF MANUFACTURES.*

Or sleeeping or waking, I lately discovered a gentleman clothed with English goods, beseeching some power in aid of domestic manufactures. I noted what he said, and herewith transmit it for publication, hoping the hints therein contained will not prove unuseful:

"We cannot maintain competition with foreign goods, although they pay a duty of twenty-five per cent to Government, and a considerable sum to our seamen, ship-carpenters, for freight, etc. We therefore ask that Congress be persuaded to prevent the importation of foreign goods, that we may obtain a higher price for ours. But we will not secure the Government twenty-five per cent on the amount we manufacture; nor will we provide employment for the seamen. Let other nations, or the coasting-trade, nurse seamen for our navy; and let direct taxes be resorted to for the support of Government, while we get rich by selling the people goods at a greater price than before.

"Let our protection be quickly secured, before the clouds of sophistry are dissipated by the force of common sense. Now when a man buys a coat, he pays something towards the support of the national government; but hereafter let him give a higher price for it, and pay the whole toward our support, and

* First published as a communication in the *Belmont Chronicle*, September 2, 1820.

we may then live. Do not let the people see that they now defray the expenses of the nation with that which we attempt to fob, without giving any equivalent; although we hold out expectations of a home market for agricultural products, which will be very much under our control.

"As we wish the nation to concede to us a certainty for an uncertainty, let not the sovereign people discover that they reap prosperity from that commerce, which at the same time exempts them from federal taxes, and supplies them with clothing; and both at a less price than their clothing alone could be furnished by us. Let them not see that the English manufacturers, working fourteen hours per day for a poor subsistence, are a description of slaves to American agriculturists. Let them not learn that while our merchants are enriched by the exchange, our seamen and ship-owners benefited by the freight, and our Government supported by the duties of foreign goods, these goods are furnished to them cheaper than we pretend (or true or false) they could be manufactured by ourselves.

"May the people scorn the bridge (commerce) which they have passed over in safety, and go astray after new theories, directed by speculators under the cloak of patriotism. May they not recollect that those manufacturers who have failed, would have failed in perhaps any other business; being deficient in capital and economy. The ill fortune occasioned by their weakness or folly, we have cunningly attributed to the inadequate protection of Congress. Prosper our endeavors!

"Let the people not see that it is as possible to get in debt to our own manufacturers, as to the English, and as injurious to the nation to be unable to pay the one as the other class of creditors.

"Moreover, cloud their minds with assertions bold, and analogies with nations whose circumstances are materially different from our own, that their attention may be diverted from the foregoing results."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

SELECTION.

"KNOW thyself," is a precept useful as it is old. Yet how often is it disregarded! When a mechanic would instruct a farmer about the details of agriculture, or a shoemaker would teach a carpenter in the mystery of framing a house, or a man would fill an office without half the abilities of a rival candidate to perform its duties, how forcibly are we reminded that he is unacquainted with himself! Many who now rush towards office as swine to a trough, would be restrained by modesty, if they had a knowledge of themselves. They would see and feel their own weakness; and then, if they were honest or patriotic, it might be hoped they would not endeavor to rob the public of the services of its ablest citizens, by crowding themselves with their feeble talents into stations where great abilities are needed. If they should persist to crowd themselves forward, knowing their inferiority, might they not be styled enemies of their country? Could you, reader, style him a friend, who would take out of your hands strength, and give you weakness in its place for your defense? Would you not suspect he valued your pay as much as your safety?

Few are willing to look into themselves; but when candidates for office neglect to do it, the people should do it for them. When persons who know their inferiority of talents, offer their services in important offices, they plainly tell the people that they prefer inferior to superior qualifications in public servants. A strange compliment! just such an one as an English scribbler once gave the West. He says, "The people of the United States, or a majority of them, which is the same thing, will one day prefer ignorance before knowledge, if not vice before virtue. Already the representatives from the western States owe much of their good fortune to rye whiskey, and a want of correct intelligence among their constituents." He then triumphantly asks, "Does not this boasted republic contain the seeds of its own dissolution?" Such are the predictions of our enemies; let us not assist in their fulfill-

ment, but carefully examine the merits of candidates for every office. Were this done, those who are too lazy or too avaricious to acquire knowledge, (which is within reach of us all,) would not venture to ask our suffrage. Those who seek every opportunity to bite the public loaf, will get their fangs into it upon the easiest terms: they would not even learn to read, if the people would employ them without that qualification.

But some one inquires if such persons are not ashamed to appear in stations where wisdom and knowledge are expected. Perhaps their pride is sometimes wounded; but the pay heals the wound. They often want self-knowledge, and do not know when they are laughed at. They have certainly not the same care of themselves, that a prudent father once had over his children. Observing that they had weak minds, he located them on farms under his eye. When asked why he put them in so limited a sphere, he replied, "My sons can occupy the post I have given them with credit to themselves, and some honor to me. I have too much regard for myself and them, to place them where they will expose the poverty of their genius."

"THE OLD BACHELOR."

The danger of setting one's affections upon improper objects is constantly menacing the old bachelor. I think it is Plutarch who says, that the amorous part within us, rather than be idle, will for want of a proper object, bow down to monkeys and little dogs. It may be, that as this amorous part must have an object, that the old bachelor does not owe his celibacy to a want of spirits, so much as to his having them in too high a degree: wherefore his affections become set upon a breast-pin, a particular quality of wares, or a particular mode of expression, or course of conduct, and set so fatally that he cannot set them on woman. Some contend that he cannot love but once.

If these are correct in their opinion, and the philosophic

Plutarch is not mistaken in what is above attributed to him, we are furnished with considerable data concerning the bachelor, which will assist in explaining many things in his conduct, supposed to be enveloped in mystery. At the age of fifteen, for instance, his strong affections may have burst forth in a torrent in some direction, and toward some other object than woman—from which direction he cannot turn them. Hence he trots down three or four generations of girls, carrying among them the shape and bloom of a man, and exciting their hopes by his attentions: but they presently learn that he is a flower whose fragrance of affection has departed. They never find out, however, on what object it reposes. If this could be ascertained, the world would not so often say of him,

"Without cause is he mad, without cause is he pleas'd;"

but could account sometimes for his seeming eccentricities. If, for illustration, his fondness was known to be for a poplar, we should not be surprised to see him melancholy or peevish during a tempest; if for keeping records, to see him gloomy when there is no employment for a secretary. If some person, more acquainted with human nature, would pursue this investigation, it is probable that many causes of the effects observed in this part of our species might be discovered, and a remedy applied which would increase their usefulness in society.

ON BANKING.

SELECTION.

Let the note-holder be safe and banking free. Capital makes most profit, when it represses competition. Could the merchants of St. Clairsville cause a law to pass, limiting their number in the county to two, and that none should trade but on capital of $50,000, a few individuals would make great profits. If the lawyers could effect the same limitations, the favored few would thrive. Anciently, they were limited to six in the city of New York. If the millers could get their

number limited to five, east of the Muskingum, the five would do well. Monopolies in most pursuits have existed.

Keep down competition is the motto of all profit-mongers. Hence the stage-coach takes a passenger a hundred miles for twenty-five cents to repress a rival line. Hence a quack traduces his brother quack. Hence the sharper intrigues to get usury laws enacted, that he may have the money-market to himself, well knowing that wants must exist. Choosing to supply them at his own price, he gets a statute passed to keep all the law-abiding, the timid and moderate profit dealers out of the market. Let Legislators remove, or prevent wants. There's the evil. If they cannot do it, then let them not obstruct the path of the needy with laws that drive him into the hands of the unconscientious, who, when unchecked by competition, do as they please. I once witnessed the alarm of some money-lenders, at a recommendation of the Press to repeal the usury law in New York, as inconsistent with the intelligence of the age. They said it ought to be refuted. One, touching another's knee with his finger, with full-moon eyes, observed: "Certainly, it will bring money down to eight per cent." "Very different *that* from four per cent. per month;" rejoined his friend.

When a usury law is in force one may ask forty persons in succession for a loan, without getting it, although all have the money, and would be glad to lend it for about eight per cent., on an average, were it lawful to do so. If one is willing to disregard the absurd law, he is not willing to take an interest equal to the risk; he, therefore, declines to loan. Another, through fear of loss, declines; and a third through respect for law. Thus the borrower is driven to apply to those who are not nice on these points, and is obliged to give 50 per cent., for $500, when the forty persons he has applied to, hold $100,000, waiting for investment at the next sheriff's sale, or to be used to buy the small farms around, and to outbid the poor. Usury laws give to the devourer all the advantage; compel the rich to be richer, by taking all the good bargains, instead of assisting the poor to reach them; and the poor to be poorer.

Money lies not patiently for demagogues to try experiments on it. It leaps to Virginia, New York, or across the Atlantic. The demagogue gets his wages from the abused people, forms a link in that experience which makes fools wise, and fulfills his destiny; but the people must still pay their taxes in spite of his blunders.

A State should invite, not repel capital; give equality of privileges, avoid monopolies, offer incentives to virtue, not tempt, as in the bankrupt law, the innocent to be dishonest, nor force the creditor to sue the debtor portion of the community, in order either to take their funds away from Ohio, or to invest them in bank stock within the State. A State should not degrade its officers, nor seek the services of the incompetent. It should require its legislators to regard the intelligent as well as the supposed ignorant within its borders. The time was when men devoted their lives to their country; now they would sacrifice the country for fear, not of losing life, but a few votes of the inconsiderate.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

SELECTION.

How often need one praise virtue in order to practice vice advantageously? How often praise truth before a lie may be hazarded? How much love express for the people while picking their pockets? How many personal reflections on a reasoner will refute his arguments? How much must a people's capacity for self-government be extolled to induce them to govern themselves for the benefit of others?

The physician of Pyrrhus proposed to the Romans that for a certain sum of money he would poison Pyrrhus, on whose bounty he had lived. But the Romans disdaining to use so base a tool, informed Pyrrhus how unfortunate he was in his selection of friends and enemies. Were it possible for the

scrub nobility, termed the slave power, to be as magnanimous as these Romans, might they not point out to us some traitorous political quacks who are fed by our bounty while seeking, as tools of that *nobility*, to poison the fountains of our prosperity?

So long as people will not take the trouble to think, they will commit blunders; take names for things; suffer from false guides; guides who lead them into measures beneficial to the enemy and hurtful to themselves.

Vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. Of this truth no people have been sufficiently sensible, as the graves of past republics testify. Christ's concern for this indolence of the mind is evident. He would have the spirits tried, the tree judged by its fruits, and the talent well employed. It is painful to see an immortal being led over his own grain field, and sheep fold, and currency, by a party halter, dragging a vehicle loaded with fetters, cotton, Texas grants and scrip.

To separate the citizens, who have most interest in studying the bearing of public measures, from those who have less inducement to do so, is the business of those who design to lead the people astray from their true interests. Common schools have not been generally neglected in the Slave States without a strong reason. How delightful to pay for insults to our understanding!

The Free States are in the extreme of Democracy, while the Slave States are in the extreme of aristocracy; having a political power founded on property. A pretty power this, to give law to genuine Democrats! This power has held the presidential patronage with which it has bought Northern men, paid its tools with hopes of office more than with the reality, and made the Free States subordinate to the policy and will of the slave power. The tools of this power are to be crowded into every party, requiring the members of all parties to be on their guard. This power, so largely founded on property, professes through its tools to see great danger, or evil, in the union of the little savings of some farmers, lawyers, tinkers and cobblers, in the form of bank stock; although five shares of bank stock do not give three votes to the own-

ers, as five slaves do. If bank stock conferred political power according to the number of shares, like negro stock, it might lead to abuses; but what must we think of one who hugs the slave power, and pretends to be alarmed at bank stock? Does he not strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?

PERMANENCE IN THE TARIFF.

SELECTION.

On a recent visit to Wheeling, I was informed that the town was fast recovering from the paralysis brought on by the low state of the tariff in 1839, 1840, 1841 and 1842. The many Belmonters seen at the market-house with produce for sale showed for whose benefit the tariff of 1842 was working. There could be no mistake. The venders of chickens, butter and beef, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, landlords—every link in the social circle brightening and illustrating its dependence on all the others.

If the farmer cannot get good prices, the merchant and manufacturer are doing a dull business. No one prospers then. Fewer buildings are erected; less goods purchased; the lawyer, physician and parson with difficulty collect their fees. All suffer except, perhaps, the salaried officer, who has no interest in the country but his office.

The increase of Wheeling increases the value of Belmont lands and of the labor bestowed on them, by affordiug a convenient market for their products. Whatever politicians may *say*, the property holders of Wheeling *feel* that its prosperity depends not only on the *permanence of the tariff*, but on a *confidence in its permanence*. A want of this confidence prevents or retards investments for manufacturing purposes. The continuance of the tariff is found to be an element of every proposed bargain for property. "If one were sure of the continuance of the tariff, one could venture to engage so

and so," is the oft-repeated language of dealers. Not that our manufacturers so much fear the rivalry of the foreign manufacturer; for they are now competing with him in foreign markets successfully; but they fear his government, who, by premiums on exports, may enable him to undersell them here at home, unless prevented by a tariff. The premium would not be lost to the foreign government, but got back with interest, in the shape of excise, after the destruction of our manufactures had enabled the foreigner to raise prices.

RAILROADS FOR DEFENSE.

THE North having, by individual and State enterprise, become well supplied with railroads, it is time for the South to discover that the Federal Government has the constitutional power to make internal improvements, especially as with the help of Texan votes, such improvements may now be made in the South exclusively—all for war purposes, however. Better defences than Railroads can scarce be constructed. As soon as it was certain that Texas was to be annexed, the Mississippi became an inland sea. The country had done more for defense in the last fifteen years than at any former period. Instead of erecting fortresses that might shield an enemy, Railroads have been made by which supplies and forces may be concentrated instantly to drive him into the ocean. On almost any point from Washington to Boston, 100,000 men may be thrown in little more than one day, each man carrying ten days' provision. Battle might be given forthwith, overwhelming the enemy; unless he could got some very advantageous position; before the provision was consumed, either the campaign would be victoriously ended or the governmental supplies would have arrived.

The magno-electric telegraph and the railroad will fearfully increase the capacity of power for good or evil in all countries, making the government omnipresent, and giving

rebellion scarce any advantage of a start in the race. The Emperor Nicholas can soon throw ten thousand men, at thirty-five miles an hour, to any point of threatened insurrection, and thus make them do the work that it formerly took three hundred thousand to perform.

In proportion, therefore, as the facilities for the passage of troops are increased in a republic, the standing army should be diminished until there is none at all. The republic is safest when left to the protection of valiant hearts. Doubtless so thought the Athenians after they had granted Pisistratus his body-guard. Republics have been destroyed from within, not from without, though outward pressure has often given the body-guard to the usurper. Troops raised to defend their country in just and necessary wars have been used to destroy its liberties, uniting with their chief to rob the people, as mutineers take command of a ship and become pirates. Hence, war is always dangerous to republics, as individuals must be trusted with power formidable to liberty; and when the power thus entrusted can be given twenty-fold effect by speed, of course the danger is proportionately increased. But if two hundred men can be made as efficient for suppressing insurrection as six thousand formerly were, when they had to be stationed in small companies over a wide space, the argument of economy, as well as that of safety, requires the extension of railroads in the South. It will be constitutional to make internal improvements *there*, and though it may be economical it will not be more so than to have cleared of snags our western rivers, where millions have been yearly lost for want of sufficient appropriation by Congress.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.*

MILLIONS for defense of our own rights, but not a cent for invading the rights of others.

* This was published in June, 1846, and bears upon the arguments used in support of the existing Mexican War.

If you have done wrong, do so no more; make reparation and repent.

Does a man oppose freedom of speech and of the press? He is a traitor to the Constitution.

The cheese-monger of Cincinnati who questioned the valor of the American troops did a foolish thing; but the mob, who burned up his cheese for it, were criminal as well as foolish. He had a right to make foolish speeches. He forgot that he was not in Old England.

Lord Mansfield is said to have decided, in that country, that an old woman had a right to ride, feet upwards, on a broomstick, through the air, as there was no law against it; and the honest people, though angry at her pretensions, became reconciled to the judge's decision, and concluded not to jeopardize their own rights by quarreling with the old woman's taste, which was more likely to harm herself than others. An English writer cites this case to prove that his countrymen have good, hard, common sense.

Texas, at no time, had a thousand troops in the field it is said; yet she was safe against Mexico; but since she has become our shield, it takes 4,000 regular troops and 15,000 volunteers to be in the field, and 35,000 volunteers to be ready to spring to her aid; twelve new war steamers to be built, to say nothing of heroic resolves in order to protect her.

The federalists, before the war of 1812, said our government could not be kicked into a war; but after it declared war they reproached it for so doing, though it was declared against the impressment of our seamen; and as it was deemed just, it became popular, and the federalists unpopular. Does it follow that all wars are popular, as well the unjust as the just? If so, we have original sin in excess; and the fourteen Lots in Congress may endure what the demagogues have foretold. These arch demagogues are apt to understand the weak side of the people, as their chief study is to retain office, let what may befall the country, its welfare being to them quite a subordinate object. They are more concerned about the opinions of some dozen ignorant and vicious voters than the safety or ruin of the country. Hence the opinions of

demagogues deserve, as political thermometers, regard, as marking the state of public opinion, the state of folly or wisdom of a people, and of a nation's inclination to be just or unjust.

The people of Athens showed they were able to govern themselves when they rejected a project merely because it was unjust, though full of present benefit.

"For fortune when her flowerets blow,
Oft bears the bitter fruits of woe;
But to the just, with blooming grace,
Still flourishes a beauteous race.
One base deed, with prolific power,
Like its curs'd stock engenders more."
The old injustice joys to breed
Her young, instinct with villainous deed;
The young her destined hour will find
To rush in mischief on mankind;
But Justice bids her ray divine
Upon the low-roofed cottage shine;
And beams her glories on the life
That knows not fraud nor ruffian strife.
The gorgeous glare of gold obtain'd
By foul-polluted hands, disdained
She leaves, and with averted eyes
To humbler, holier mansions flies;
And looking through the times to come,
Assigns each deed its righteous doom!

USURY LAWS.

If the Constitution prohibited legislation on the subject of interest, it probably never would rise above eight per cent, because of the competition of lenders. Hence large lenders, the extreme sharpers, are the real fathers of usury laws. They wish to exclude the people at large from competing with them in the money market. They well know that wants will exist

whose gratification must be governed by the law of supply and demand, and that nothing can reduce prices but a plentiful supply. To prevent this supply has ever been the object of sharpers, and they have used the prejudices of the thoughtless to effect their object. The vile, cock-fighting, horse-racing parsons and profligate lords of England, whose prodigal habits force them to borrow in anticipation of income, have modestly claimed to fix the price at which the industrial, more moral, and frugal classes should lend it. But in spite of severe usury laws, we see the price of money quoted in business centres at one, two and three per cent per month. The severer the law, the higher the interest ascends; because the mass of the people are kept out of the market from respect to the law, while a wise few do the lending, selecting for borrowers men of sense; men who would as soon think of stealing the grave clothes from a corpse as attempting to plead usury. These few are much tempted, if they have influence over banks, to borrow largely at bank interest in order to lend again at higher rates of interest; and I have heard them accused of seeking by usury laws to force the money of mechanics and farmers into bank stock, in order that they (the said wise few) might get the handling of the funds for their own purposes.

I can see no good reason why the people should not be permitted to sell their money, or rent or lend it, as they do their houses or horses. The fixing a value on one's property by law is strikingly absurd; and is like declaring by statute a dry ridge navigable. The relation of demand and supply determines the value of the money; and the amount of water the navigability of the ridge. That all nations have had usury laws, shows that the few in all nations have the many ridden; that cupidity is ever seeking to control the property of others for its own advantage. Why not let the people at large lend their money directly for eight, nine, ten, or any other per cent, instead of forcing them to employ bankers to work out a per cent for them. Why deter foreign capital from entering the State?

There was a time when Philadelphia had a greater population than New York. In spite of the ignorance and preju-

dices of the times, the statesmen of New York, well knowing that business would attend capital, contrived to put interest one per cent higher than in the other States. This soon carried New York ahead of Philadelphia; and now more than one half of the whole revenue of the nation is collected in New York city: showing her great superiority in capital as well as population; and this superiority was manifested before her canal came into operation, and as to her harbor it is no better than some others on the coast.

In May, 1837, money was three per cent per month in New York, according to the published quotations. In 1845 it was five per cent per year. A capable judge in such matters, doing business in that city, told me that the price of money could not have reached one per cent per month in 1837, had it not been for the usury law, which kept the many out of the market, and left it to the few without competition. The many would not lend at seven per cent when it was worth more to buy goods with at sheriff's sales, three-fourths of which sales might not have occurred if the victims could have borrowed of every and any body, or if quack law had not cut off the chief arteries that supply the vital fluid of business.

The law of demand and supply is a law of nature, and human laws cannot repeal it, more than they could make a river run up stream. An obstruction could be placed in the channel which would disturb the current, but it would still go on in spite of the obstacle. Poor Pennsylvania is just now waking up on this subject, while New York is trying to keep ahead by proposing to abolish all restrictions on the trade in money.

When the bank of St. Clairsville was in operation, it contained generally between fifty and sixty thousand dollars of deposit. Knowing certain men had deposits there, I have advised the applicant for a loan to call on these depositors. The applicant returned afterwards with the report that none of them had money to lend, but that money could be got for him, if he could afford to pay twenty per cent for it; and he had agreed to give that per cent. On my afterwards asking the depositors why they refused to lend, they said they would not lend for six per cent. I found they would have loaned at

from eight to ten per cent, if there had been no law to dodge in doing so. Thus I have often seen borrowers obliged to give fifteen to twenty per cent when I did not doubt that some forty thousand dollars was lying idle, waiting for investment, and could have been had at from eight to ten per cent, if there had been no legal obstructions in the way.

It is needless to point out the advantages which usury laws give to enterprising financiers, who thrive best in troubled and muddy waters; who leap the ditch that holds back the mass of the people, confining them to scant pasture, while they who leap over enjoy fine picking, without any wear and tear of conscience—as they cannot, until deprived of sense, think it wrong to sell gold or silver at its real value, as well as Yankee cheese.

In spite of forfeiture of both principal and interest, by the laws of New York, the value of money has been quoted as regularly as that of Ohio State stock, coffee or shad, from five to thirty-six per cent. A while anterior to 1837 so many had learned the way of dodging the usury laws, that shaving became a dull business in New York. The usurers contrived to have the machine tinkered so as to cut off the "dodge." Their prospects soon brightened. It was in this improved state of the machine that money rose to three per cent a month in 1837.

JURIES DECIDING BY MAJORITY—A SUBSTITUTE.

All lawyers, of much experience, know that in cases somewhat complex, or difficult of comprehension, the jury, on taking a vote on the case, at first show that only two or three have comprehended it; sometimes only one. This minority explains, over and over, to the majority, until, in the course of thirty or forty hours, the whole jury get to understand it. This comes from the nature of things. There are more weak than strong minds. For one that is strong and disciplined,

there are some scores of *mediocres*, and creatures of mere impulse, prejudice or passion, with whom reason has little or nothing to do. If two or three out of a dozen juries be capable of understanding a difficult case, it is great luck. But these would uniformly be out-voted in such cases, and if they had no power to check the majority until they could enlighten it, jury trials would soon be intolerable. If the one, two, or three, that comprehend the case, fail to convince the majority, it is better the jury should be dismissed for disagreement, than give a wrong verdict. So long as we try by jury, the general safety requires that the brains of that body should be allowed a preponderance, and have a chance, at least, to guide it to correct conclusions or prevent a wrong conclusion.

A substitute for a jury has been extensively tried in chancery courts, and found very reliable. The Master in Chancery has reduced the testimony to writing in the presence of the parties or their counsel, and afterward made his report, or rendered his verdict, upon which the court, if no exceptions were filed to the report, proceeded to judge or decree. By this mode the expense of each witness's deposition, at ten cents the hundred words, has not averaged over one dollar probably in each suit. The witness is not detained, generally, more than one day. In cases of appeal his deposition can be handed up with the rest of the papers without more expense. If there is error in the report or decree, the testimony stands in writing by which the error may be corrected. If the court think, on argument of the exceptions to the master's report, that it is wrong in any respect, they may refer it back to the same, or another master, for further examination and report, or to take further testimony and make further report.

The master has full time and opportunity to examine and decide. Counsel may argue the matter to him, and if they have often omitted to do so, it was probably because they supposed it unnecessary, or because they thought the master as capable of understanding it as themselves. I do not remember of hearing suitors complain of masters' reports, as finally received and adopted. The cheapness and certainty of this mode of trial ought to have commended it to reformers. It

besides would prevent much litigation; for how many suits are brought in the hope of a finding of the facts according to the prejudices of the jury! I have heard a lawyer say to his client, "In strictness of law you cannot recover: but there is no telling what a jury might do." The client is thus induced to bring suit. The lawyer evades responsibility, gets his fee, and wins an opportunity of making a speech by way of advertisement of his calling. If the master were bribed, or inclined to be partial, he could not, still, divert the course of justice: for the evidence would be in writing, and taken down under the eyes of the suitors or their counsel. The Judges of the Court of last resort would have to be bribed also to effect the evil purpose; but who could bribe the public before whose eyes the recorded testimony could be brought, and the Judges themselves arraigned?

The master, referee, or single juror, whatever his name, would act under a *responsibility*, which would generally overrule any feeling of friendship or malice for the suitor, were the other checks wanting. It can scarcely be hoped that a majority of the lawyers will favor this plan, for it would diminish their income, as well as their chances for cultivating and displaying their eloquence; though, as a class, they are as patriotic and self-sacrificing as any other. Eloquence is a good thing, but should not cost too much. It indeed, according to Tacitus, flourishes best where the machinery of government is disordered or imperfect and needs much tinkering. Measures, then, that save wind must be sanitary.

Among the inconveniences to be obviated by the proposed substitute are the many days' attendance of witnesses before they can be examined in open court; the winnowing out of all intelligent men in order to procure the veriest chaff of humanity for jurors; the two to ten hour speeches addressed to jurors to penetrate their supposed stupidity, or excite their prejudices; the feeling of but one-twelfth of a proper responsibility by the juror, and the non-existence of a record of the testimony.

THE DESIGN OF PROVIDENCE.*

THE events just passed seem to show that heaven designed the liberation of the slaves. To effect this the Northern leaders of the mis-named Democratic Party gave encouragement to the South to rebel, but failed to second the rebellion with blows; giving the rebels hope with words, and thus prolonging the contest. A large opposition minority was necessary to feed this hope. All were surprised at the numbers of this minority while its leaders were in the interest of despotism; favoring a government whose corner-stone was to be human slavery, as its Vice-President, Stephens, declared. Most persons who adhered to the party, called Democratic, did so because they or their fathers had thought it the party most favorable to liberty and equal rights. They had boasted of the Government all the years of their manhood as the very best government on earth. Yet they saw that Government attacked by rebels, not because the rebels were oppressed (for they controlled it), but because the rebels wanted to establish a slave empire! And strange enough, while imagining themselves Democrats, they gave to such rebels against so good a government their sympathy.

In this we see the design of God to keep up rebel hopes, by sustaining a large minority to snarl at the best government on earth; rejoice at its misfortunes, and glory in the success of the rebels. Such insanity of will could not have afflicted some two hundred thousand voters in Ohio, after more than twenty-five years of good common schools therein, if heaven had not clouded their minds with prejudices. President Lincoln also was made blind for a long time to the defective generalship of McClellan, apparently for the same purpose. He said all his Cabinet abandoned McClellan before he abandoned him; but after Antietam he could retain him no longer. Had any one of the Ohio generals, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Rosecrans, Gilmore, or McPherson commanded the two hundred and eighty-five thousand men on the Potomac in the fall

* First published in October, 1866.

of 1861, the rebellion would probably have been ended so quick that no negroes would have been enlisted, nor an emancipation of them proclaimed. McClellan was Lincoln's marplot, but efficient laborer in carrying out the designs of Providence. God inflicts punishments, and makes the wrath of man to serve him. This nation may have deserved punishment for tolerating Slavery, as much as Pharoah and the Egyptians did, and the punishment may not yet be completed. The head of President Johnson has taken a queer turn, though not very surprising. The nation may be further punished; but Slavery will be extinguished in fact as in name. Revolutions never move backward, but crush whatever attempts to hinder their progress. The imaginary Democrat will therefore have to remain inconsolable for the loss of his favorite institution of Slavery, for God decrees its fall.

Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Judge Tucker and others, were ashamed of the institution, and sought to leave evidence of their condemnation of it, little thinking that its evil communications would, in time, corrupt the principles of the party of which Jefferson was the head, and who, referring to it, wrote that he "trembled for his country when he reflected that God was just and that His justice would not slumber forever, and that in a contest with Slavery God had not a single attribute that could make Him take part with the masters."

POEMS.

THOS. H. BENTON, D.D.S.

Engraved by E. Bryant from a Daguerreotype by Brady

THE [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Russian [illegible] events, [illegible] importance [illegible] adventures which relate [illegible]

[illegible] persons and things [illegible] room by frequent [illegible] individuals [illegible] the works of [illegible] of Marat, the [illegible] and [illegible] valor of Elise Corday [illegible] be noticed.

[illegible] the epoch [illegible] occurrences, it was necessary [illegible] of the [illegible] described generally, [illegible] importance, and the [illegible] movements of the combatants.

From the nature of the [illegible] object of all operations. The [illegible] his power, and is only terminated by his [illegible] motions of the machinery always precedes [illegible] to this catastrophe, and [illegible] councils, bears affirmatively on his [illegible] tively influences the [illegible] others.

The Deity Angels, Providence, Passions, [illegible]

THE NAPOLEAD.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

PREFACE.

THE epic story of the following poem begins with Napoleon's Russian campaign, and terminates with his departure for Elba. Its events, though recent, are of such magnitude and importance, that they affect the imagination, perhaps, as much as adventures which relate to more distant and fabulous times.

So many persons and things enter into the action, that there is little room by frequent recurrence to the same person to delineate individual character. Great masses being oftener in view, than individuals, few persons interest more than others, as in the works of Camoens and Virgil. Still, the boldness of Murat, the perseverance and courage of Ney, the magnanimity and ardor of Benningsen and Poniatowski, the obstinate valor of Blucher, and the peculiar traits of some others may be noticed.

To preserve the epic action entire, and state the material occurrences, it was necessary to describe many battles; some of these are described generally, others particularly, according to their importance, and the information obtained of the movements of the combatants.

From the nature of the story, Napoleon is the centre and object of all operations. The war is commenced to advance his power, and is only terminated by his dethronement. The motions of the machinery (always preceding the action) tend to this catastrophe, and uniformly, what agitates the heavenly councils, bears affirmatively on his destiny, and only negatively influences the fate of others.

The Deity, Angels, Providence, Passions, Principles, Vir-

tues and Vices, mostly constitute the machinery, wherein the first is represented as directing all events through the others, his subordinate agents. This machinery is well adapted to late events. The allegorical personages may be tolerated by the reason, which would reject, in events so recent, the open interference of theological beings. These are never made visible to man; but communicate with him intellectually and through the immortal part of his nature; thus their dignity is preserved and the probability of their actions maintained. If a part of this plan be thought too metaphysical, it may not disgust reason; the date of the action made it necessary; without it fancy could not be gratified, but at the expense of judgment, and that harmony would be broken whence spring the pleasures of taste. The incorruptible objects of religious adoration should not be represented as holding intercourse with coporeal man, except through the medium of the principles and passions, which have a mental existence, and are known to influence his thoughts and actions.

The Deity, from the greatness of his character, is seldom introduced. In the First Book, in answer to Philanthropy, he develops his views with respect to man. In the Sixth, by directing Wisdom not to assist the counsels of the passions, he lays the foundation of Napoleon's disasters; and in the Twelfth he is exhibited to show his regard for fortitude, and the man who is superior to fortune, that the moral grandeur of the hero may appear more conspicuous, and in his moral be seen a prospective physical triumph.

The events are narrated in the order they occurred; there is, nevertheless, an anachronism in the date of the dismission of the legislative body.

In the Temple of Fame is held the court of Providence; because it is a classic edifice, and renown, it may be supposed, was a main object of the exploits which the poem celebrates. For this reason the Temple is represented as impaired by the conflict of the allegorical deities in the Sixth Book. The debate and combat of the gods there mentioned are intended to show, that the passions, uninfluenced by wisdom, retained Napoleon in Moscow too long, whereby his power was dimin-

ished. The same principle governs the movements of the machinery with respect to other events.

Seventeen years have elapsed since the poem and the above preface were written; during which period the Author has been laboring in a profession unfriendly to the Muses, and the greater part of the time the publication of the work was not contemplated; it has, therefore, not ripened in proportion to its age. But such attention has been paid to its sentiments and language, that it will not, it is hoped, corrupt the style or morals of the reader. If Deceit, War and Intrigue, are introduced, acting according to their nature, they are not commended, but rebuked. Who goes far in a straight line, must cross precipices and rivers, as well as plains, so, who treats of things as they are, must describe vices as well as virtues.

In 1823, a well written poem in ten cantos, in French, was published, of which Napoleon is the hero. In this work the principal acts of his political and military life are mentioned and justified. The Author in his preface advances the opinion, which is perhaps entertained by others, that it is difficult if not impossible to find the subject of a good epic poem in the life of Napoleon; because, whatever epoch might be selected for the principal action, after describing the triumphs of the hero, the reader's eye would penetrate beyond the picture; see him unhappy, and banished to the island of St. Helena, which he says, "*detruirait l'illusion, et par consequent, la vie et l'ame du poeme.*"

One prepossession may be removed by another. He who admits that the Iliad is the most perfect of poems, will not admit that the knowledge, which the Author unnecessarily gives the reader of the future misfortunes of Achilles, destroys its life and soul. Homer attempts no illusion respecting the fall of his hero on the Trojan plain. He sings with candor the wrath of Achilles, and the will of Jove. He sometimes makes known the catastrophe at the beginning of the action; as, when Patroclus goes to the field in Achilles' arms, it is explained, that

he will not return in safety. The future calamities of his heroes, like Milton's, are obtruded on the eye of the reader.

Successful campaigns abound in the life of Napoleon; but his conduct in adversity recommended him to me, as the hero of a poem. It was supposed that eighteen hundred years after the propagation of Christianity, and two hundred after the publication of the works of Lord Bacon, such as deemed it important would perceive more glory in a moral triumph than in one of mere force, which could be achieved by a brute as well as a man—by a Tamerlane as well as a Washington. A period, therefore, was selected for the action, in which the Emperor, though almost uniformly victorious in the field, was at last compelled to abdicate the throne by the force of events, and his own magnanimous regard for the happiness of his country.

He has been reproached for not committing suicide when he ceased to rule France. Was this done by persons capable of comprehending the true heroic character? Homer, or rather Pope, says:

"The great will glory to submit to Jove."

The general and better opinion is, that suicide is a cowardly retreat from the blows of fortune. Some Stoics, however, took the notion that the act, which admitted they were vanquished, was evidence of their victory; and probably their error has been the source of the false ideas entertained by some, who doubtless had thought a child foolish to beat the floor with his head for the loss of a toy.*

* The following ode (written while the Emperor was at Elba), expresses among other things, what I would farther hint, on the advantages of that elevation of mind in which true heroism consists:

How weak the props of human trust!
All earthly things go down to dust:
The chief who order'd many a throne,
Who view'd great nations as his own,
The friend of merit and her train,
Or seen in princes or the swain,
Is reft of lofty sway how soon!
What darkness clouds his blazing noon!

Poetry is sometimes judged by rules, or opinions, which very little concern the general reader, as they affect the head, not the heart, while what constitutes the excellence of the poem—its spirit, style, sentiments and conduct—is not duly considered. Hence the Cid was condemned by the French, and the Jerusalem Delivered by the Florentine Academy, though time has proved these works to be the best in their respective languages. Among these opinions is that concerning the successful termination of the action, which Milton has disregarded—and that entertained against poems on subjects of recent date; as to the latter I would observe, that genuine poetry cannot be affected by dates more than genuine beauty can be affected by ornaments. Gold is not the less gold for its modern stamp. If one prefers a guinea of ancient date, it is from a regard for antiquity, not the gold: neither the metal of the coin, nor the spirit of the poetry is changed by the time to which it refers. The opinion arises from mistaking

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Though his great mind and matchless power,
That aw'd the world, now awe no more,
False friends forsake, and lowering night
Succeed fair victory's dazzling light,
His fame shall still refulgent rise;
Misfortune lifts him to the skies!

In moral strength he soars elate,
And triumphs o'er the storms of fate:
With firmness fortune's anger braves;
The mind (his better kingdom,) saves;
Nor needs the aid of suicide,
The fools relief for wounded pride.

Gay fancy oft shall haunt his isle
To see him o'er earth's baubles smile:
And thither admiration stray
To view the evening of his day;
To see the great by doom severe,
Upon misfortune's bosom drear
In converse with the glorious past.
He knows his fame with earth will last;
That kings perceive he fills the world,
A throne whence one cannot be hurled,
And feels that he all eyes confines,
And, though in ruins, realms outshines.

a circumstance for the person, antiquity for poetry; though the latter can only derive from the former an adventitious aid in occasionally escaping from a dull to a venerable air. If the notoriety of modern facts prevent fabulous statements, no harm can result: poetry, like prose, gains lustre from truth; and superhuman movements, whether the date of the action be recent or remote, should be confined to the ideal beings, who may at pleasure be given a pygmean or gigantic stature.

St. Clairsville, October 17, 1833.

NAPOLEAD.

BOOK I.

ANALYSIS.

The angel of Death delegates his ministers to confirm Napoleon's determination to invade Russia. Philanthropy grieved at the prospect of war, implores the Deity to prevent it, who refuses her request—while Napoleon raises armies preparatory to hostilities—Policy advises him how to proceed, and solicits Intrigue to aid him, She mentions the extent of her ability to assist, and enters on her work. Then Napoleon, agreeable to the advice of Policy, demands of Alexander through his minister the adoption of the Continental System in terms calculated to offend. Napoleon, angry at his reply, accuses him of provoking hostilities. Alexander prepares to defend himself. He repairs to Wilna, calls a council wherein De Tolly Benningsen, and Tolstoy debate, and conclude to devastate Lithuania as the French advance—Napoleon after an interview with his wife and child proceeds to his army.

Sing heavenly muse, of arms, and him who mov'd
All Europe, warring on the Russian realm,
By federate kings constrain'd; his empire's fall,
His passive valor midst the storms of fate,
And moral grandeur:—Aid ye deathless powers,
And give to immortality the song!
  He, the great victor of unnumber'd fields,
Had long gigantic stalk'd o'er prostrate thrones
And humbled realms, supreme of mortal men;
His great achievements blooming in renown,
Surpass'd the fam'd exploits of heroes old;
While, like a comet blazing through the heavens,
The wonder, and the dread of neighboring orbs,
He soar'd refulgent o'er the astonish'd world
And fill'd the breasts of mightiest kings with awe;

When he resolv'd to shield the fruitful south
Against th' encroachments of the threat'ning north;
The cause of much disaster and lament:
For this he led puissant hosts to war,
Beyond the sphere that fate ordain'd his sway.
God mov'd him so, to check his proud career.
When first th' ambition seiz'd his restless soul,
Death's angel knew, and fearing human change,
From his pale nation delegates his sprites,
Instructed to infest the monarch's dome,
Where nightly he reposed, and him inspire
With greater wrath against the Russian Prince:
To elevate his mind with flattering dreams
Of his brave legions deck'd with victory's bays—
Of conquer'd kingdoms trembling at his nod,
And ocean's ruler humbled on the waves.
  The ghostly ministers in darkness flew,
Spreading diseases through the wilds of air;
While hell rejoic'd, as erst, when they led kings
T' avenge the Bourbon doom: the shades of men
Of ancient days, that haunt their native land,
Fled murmuring from their course, and to their sons
Moan'd in the vagrant wind, and sorrow mov'd,
That thousands wept, nor knew why flow'd the tears;
Thunders low roll'd along th' unclouded sky—
Philanthropy with dove-like voice complain'd
O'er spacious Europe, and on holy wings
Of love and virtue borne, to heaven ascends;
A pensive wanderer through the field of stars—
And flies majestic past th' ambrosial groves,
Angelic seats, where evil never comes,
And jasper mansions, while her robes of light,
Refulgent flowing on the balmy gales,
The pavement clear reflected with new charms;
And soon before the Lord of nature stands,
Veil'd by his radiance from celestial eyes,
And generous thus his sovereign aid implores:
  Great sire of worlds, I mount the blest abodes,

Afflicted so, that e'en no time I spare
To wander through my native heavenly groves
And view the grateful haunts of happier years.
For Europe's race I mourn; Ambition late
In fame's bright dome propos'd to lift Gaul's king
To peerless eminence, though Europe wail'd
Besmear'd with gore, and death and ruin march'd
O'er all her lands; then him inspired to war
On Russia's empire. While he doubtful stands,
What course to take, lo! Earth's grim tyrant sends
His ministry, commission'd to invest
His palace, and induce conclusion bad.
I saw and wept; nor can I more than seek
Thy high tribunal. and invoke thy aid
To stop that odious embassy, and save
Long suffering nations from contention's flames—
Which, gracious sire, permit me to implore,
If yet in thy pure eyes I lovely seem—
If yet Earth's fairest realms deserve thy care;
If yet thou lov'st the land where science dwells,
And countless temples to thy glory rise.
O still regard thy undeserving world;
Nor by neglecting man, let carnage blot
Her brightest sphere. O let the Earth have peace,
Wisdom prevail, and men learn war no more.
  To whom th' Almighty sovereign thus replies:
Offspring belov'd, perverse are human kind—
They madly rush on wo, then heaven arraign.
Created free, they still are passion's slaves,
And from the light of reason devious stray.
Yet on Columbia, freedom's proud abode!
I look, delighted: Reason there high thron'd
Rejects the monsters Europe's darkness bred,
That have my laws infring'd, and robb'd mankind
Of sacred rights: Like her France will'd to be;
Assuming human dignity, she drove
Her tyrants from her lands, when round the kings
Conspir'd with impious aim; then one I chose

To guide her arms to victory, and chastise
Them sore, but not destroy; he now must fall,
And vicious France endure great misery:
Fate's ministry shall unimpeded march,
And all that I have preordain'd transpire.
  Beseech me not to end the reign of war;
Man works his doom; by knowledge dearly bought;
Bought by long ages of destructive strife,
He will consent to change his deadly arms
For implements of husbandry: that time
Is yet remote—past many evil days.
Then shall all nations in loud chorus join
To celebrate our name, and hell will mourn
Its empire lost among the sons of men.
  He spoke; with reverent sign the fair retir'
From 'midst the great effulgence; sighing soft,
With head erect, she spreads her wings of light
And rapid flies along th' immortal plains,
Then through day's rosy gates; 'twixt heaven and earth
She moves sublime, till circumfus'd in clouds,
Slow on the breeze o'er Fontainbleau she pass'd,
There view'd a Synod of the Furies dark,
All ghastly smiling at portended war:
Griev'd by the scene her tender bosom heav'd;
The lucid tears roll'd from her lovely eyes;
The clouds seem'd sorrowing with the fair they bore,
Dissolving round in gently falling showers,
While she exclaims:—"Ah blind and hapless man!
Thy want of virtue, heaven will e'er avenge
With blood-stain'd fields and their attendant woes."
  Mars, hideous monster, heard and angry grasp'd
His arms, thus speaking, loud as thundering storms:
  Frail slanderer, avaunt! Is not my field
Bright Honor's richest mine? Fortune's great test?
And Fame's most brilliant road? Why then a curse?
A punishment by heav'n of man deprav'd?
'Tis what man seeks, and will he seek distress?
  Thus he declaim'd, fluttering on cloudy wings;

Nor more the fair one heard; with light'ning speed
Shrieking she fled his terrible approach.
  While at his dome arriv'd, the deathful crew
Surround Napoleon, and in him inspire
Visions of glory, and victorious war;
Of millions bowing at his potent nod;
Of ocean's sovereign struggling in despair
Against his greater power; of Russia's ire
And stern defiance of his arms; of kings
And principalities subjected by her fall;
And Europe's crown by him in triumph worn;
As one bespeaks him thus:—Illustrious chief!
Behold thy favoring Star in happiest blaze!
Lo! Fortune smiling beckons thee to arms!
How long wilt thou in ease inglorious bide
Possessing power to grasp these prizes great?
How long wilt thou see Russia disobey
And let thy thunder sleep? E'en now she aids
The queen of ocean—views with hostile scorn
Thy menaces severe, and dares thy power.
Prowess withheld grants impotence to boast;
Vice, timely banish'd, gives to virtue birth;
But when too late assail'd, it greater swells
With soul vindictive, and above control;
His bad example to the neighb'ring realms,
Unless soon punish'd will thy plans confound,
And wide rebellion thy proud hopes destroy.
Learn then th' importance of immediate war—
Russia subdu'd, broad Europe's crown is thine,
Thy revolutionary throne confirm'd.
E'en farthest Asia may confess thy sway,
Thy troops hold every land, thy ships rule every sea!
  He heard, and with desire of conquest burn'd;
Rag'd his great mind, soaring on fancy's wings
Sublime, above all height of mortal power!
He deem'd him marching over subject worlds,
Thrones and dominions trembling as he strode
And reverencing his dignity; but day,

In rosy vestments showering gold advanced,
Dispelling sleep and fancy's glorious scenes;
Then disappointment's algor palls the soul—
In his fierce eyes the burning passions play;
And am I thus, he cries, who late supreme
Of mortals towered? Alas! what toil remains
Ere Europe shall be mine, and all Earth's kings
Rule by just laws! Ere then what plains shall reek
With heroes' gore! What hosts untimely fall!
E'en Jena, Austerlitz and Freidland's fields
May be surpass'd in slaughter and renown.
Thus he, and of Rhine's federate States, Denmark,
Austria and Prussia, Italy and France,
Demands four hundred thousand warriors arm'd
To cross the Niemen. At his high behest
Obedient mov'd the nations call'd to war:
On Poland's plains collecting their dun lines,
Tipt with tri-color'd plumes and bayonets, seemed,
Like a wide ocean mov'd by boisterous winds,
Wave following wave, white-edg'd o'er the dark deep;
While boding Russia circumveil'd her realm,
With banded warriors, and with equal pride,
Return'd th' imposing frown of Gallic war.
Fair Policy, the various color'd dame,
Meantime descending from her mystic throne,
Whence she surveys the state and deeds of men,
Addresses thus Gaul's high designing king.
To point thy course I leave my chambers bright,
Whence late I saw thee, heedless of my rule,
Alarm the Russian king; when in red car
By steeds of lightning drawn, to him I flew,
Advising thus:—"'Tis prudent to provide
For evil days, thou see'st those days are near—
Increase thy martial stores, and call to arms
Thy country's bravest myriads; let them guard
Her wide frontier, and wait portended war."
He took my lore: 'Tis now your part to lull
His apprehensions with the voice of peace

So negligence may wave her palsying wand,
And hold her slack dominion o'er his arms
That in the first thou giv'st decisive blow;
For hard will be the task to force such hosts,
If vigilant and brave; then well excuse
Your hostile movements. But the task remains
To justify thy ways to men, and shroud
With well-wov'n cloak of justice thy designs;
Lest all believe thou striv'st from lust of sway,
And thy allies with dread thy power behold;
Whence may much ill result—they then will cry:
"Napoleon deems unjust who have to lose!
Because we have, he next may us assail!
Why should we aid him to devour ourselves?
Time wisdom gives; but fools are wise too late."
If facts are scarce, diplomacy will aid:
Now in thy capital Kowrakin bides;
Through him make some demand his king will scorn,
As quick t' observe thy Albion-blighting law;
Pretence thou thus shalt gain t' unsheath the sword.
Before thou enterest on this great campaign,
Form strict alliance with the neighboring realms,
And seek th' assistance of profound Intrigue,
By whose sole arm great monarchies have fallen;
Her piercing eyes will Russia's realm explore,
And round its sovereign wake rebellion's flames.
She ended—thus th' aspiring chief replied:
Lov'd counsellor, omit not to suggest
New means, conducive to my weal, my aims
Are wondrous—wondrous therefore be thy arts;
Exertions bold produce superior things;
What can we not effect with all our power?
Thy presence glads me like the rosy morn—
Thy voice delights like music of the grove—
Be ever present, courting fortune's gales
To waft me peerless down the stream of time;
Thy various light will cast on future years
One pure effulgence; all thy hues unite

As Sol's, and shine like his, if we succeed:
Let then the occasion and thy toil accord.
Thy early precepts, ripen'd in my breast,
Have crown'd my hopes in cabinet and field:
Opinion, queen of earth, and numbers vast
I follow, arm'd with all their giant power.
What now thou offerest statesmen oft have tried
With undeserved success; but seek her aid,
And bid her see me ere the golden dawn.
  The monarch spoke, her witty eyes she rolls,
With reverence bows, and nimbly mounts her car;
With glowing countenance waves a signal bright,
When vivid lightnings fitful quiver round
And thunders hoarsely growl; the burning wheels
Spontaneous roll; a blaze before her flies;
Behind the angry circling streams expire—
In awful grandeur o'er heaven's rolling hills she rides;
Soon o'er the chambers of the boisterous winds
Ascends, and enters fast the azure halls,
(Near fairy land, involv'd in shining bloom,
Whose tenants wondering, view'd her flaming march,
And ran, disorder'd, through th' enchanting bowers.)
There, on an emerald throne, Intrigue she 'spies,
Her Syrens round creating tender strains;
When quickly through the hall unnumber'd sounds
Symphonious, rose; the voices of thin shades
Lightly disporting on the lazy air.
After short space, the queen bids silence and exclaims:
Draw near, fair sister, and thy embassy reveal;
But come not with those red, unbridled steeds!
  When thus the dame: Gaul's mighty king intends
To conquer Russia, and admits thy aid.
I bade him quick thy subtle arms employ,
By whose sole power great monarchies have fall'n;
Thou know'st to him our choicest skill belongs;
Through him we have the fame of great events
Which nothing but his power could have controll'd;
We wear the laurels oft his valor wins;

Withhold not then thy aid; to him repair
Before yon moon resigns her borrow'd day,
Or rosy beaming morning dances on,
And all thou know'st of Russia's clime, reveal;
The while myself will fill thy crystal throne,
And hear the music of thy tuneful Hall;
Th' electric steeds shall slumber in my car,
Or, inoffensive, sport in azure plains.
  Stay if thou wilt, the sister queen replies;
But this thou 'lt deem the organ of the heavens,
Or where the winds hold festival, and tell
Of all their boisterous frolics round the world:
Of inundating lands with ocean's waves;
Of burying navies and o'erturning towers.
Not far below the stormy brethren dwell,
In hail of fairy-land, whose silver trains
Their lucid mantles tore, and ran confus'd
Along their dusky bowers at thy approach
With vivid lightnings darting round thy wheels:
Superior splendor shocks these darkling tribes:
They erst were low-soul'd mortals, scarcely touch'd
With fire ethereal, more than brutal forms:
Hell spurn'd the mites, heav'n left them to their mood;
They have no power except the power to hate;
Too small e'en for damnation, save their own!
Like fangless vipers strike but cannot wound;
Their efforts prove their venom, not their strength;
To sooth their enmity they now propound
To conjure up the winds to spread thy fires,
And whelm thyself and car in ruinous flames.
  Thus she, the many-color'd guest rejoins:
If such their means, their hatred I 'll withstand;
My fires diminish as the winds increase;
Then all their fury shall subside in shame.
She ended, and Intrigue forsook her throne—
Bewitching Nymphs and Syrens round her throng'd;
Then spreads her pinions on the southern gale,
And streams, a meteor, through the starry field.

Alighting soon in Russia, she assumes
Unnumber'd shapes; the master-passions learns,
Seeks every entrance to th' unguarded heart,
And tempts to treason by persuasive gold,
Or grateful promises of future pomp.
Then, swift, from realm to realm round Europe flies,
Discerning means to waken discord's flames
In regal palaces, and wield their stores
Against their lords to aid the king of kings.
Soon to St. Cloud with confidence repairs;
Grac'd with Minerva's soul-enlivening robes,
Demure, she thus address'd the chief of France:
  Sire, the wide world presents a comely field
Wherein to wander, and thy will perform.
And since with kings my fellowship began,
Than thou I have no greater patron found:
By thy sole influence, over half the world
I stretch my sceptre; make its sovereigns own
Thy supereminence, or fear thy arms;
Make realms engage (assisted by Deceit,
The friend and kind companion of my toils),
In thy behalf, allur'd by Freedom's charms:
For those were ill informed who have declared
"She with thee walks precarious—her sweet flowers
Oft withering in the cold blast of thy power;"
Ah, no—thy laws sustain her fragile vine
Amidst the frowns of her inclement foes.
Make victory grace thy banners, when plain force
Could nought avail, and give thee to renown.
Say in whose cause such triumphs have I won?
Or in whose breast with like success have rul'd?
No ancient hero had thy skill; not him
Of Macedon who valiant Greece subdued;
Nor conquering Cæsar, nor e'en Gallic Charles.
  Deep schemes on thy behalf I pondering sate,
When Policy, involv'd in streams of light,
Enter'd my Hall, revealing thy commands;
Thence swift round Russia with my trains I sped,

Discerning who were pervious to my shafts;
Whose hearts were treacherous, or unbrac'd against
The charms of gold; but few of these I saw;
Yet one there is of high repute and power,
Near Russia's king deserving our regard:
If he ungrateful prove to lord so kind;
Though cruel our commands, he will perform;
For thou, Ingratitude, monster of fiends!
Art high enthron'd on crime—cold matricide,
No pity has thy breast, nor virtue there
Can harbor; seat of vice, and hateful lust,
That waits but fortune's beck to ruin realms.
Curs'd with a heart so foul he would not loth
To bear his king to thee in chains, and view
With hostile scorn his benefactor's tears,
And royal mourning; or of Russia's strength,
Intentions, numbers, and resources tell.
  But thou, my friend—beware what may thee wait,
Thy throne, though high, exists on dubious base;
Heaven blasts the hopes of men and humbles kings;
Makes flowery scenes the gloomy seat of wo,
And barren lands in sweet contentment smile—
Ambition kills when in resplendent bloom,
And hurls its glories to an early grave.
As witness many a chief in deathless story bright!
Like theirs thy end may be; thy offspring mourn
Thy dismal doom, or throneless, wretched roam
Through this tempestuous world that smiles in pain.
Thy guards may be corrupted, all thy realm
Yield treason foul; even now the hideous fiend
May lurk around thee, waiting thy ill days
To rise in all his horrors, and destroy
Thy boasted eminence. Fortune deceives,
In ways unseen she flits before our eyes.
  My vassals wait our call in panoply
And through impatience ride the eddying winds.
Make known thy will; their movements will be thine,
And reach all regions of the peopled world;

So thou may'st wield ubiquitary sword.
  She spoke, and thus replied th' impatient king:
Thy speech is like thyself, exciting hope
To pain with disappointment—why should'st thou
With scarce an useful thought, declaim so long,
And take my time, more precious than thy lore?
  One easy man, it seems, thou hast beheld;
Can Russia's realm but one dissembler hold?
While mine, perchance, enough contains to shake
My proud throne's base when lowers the day of life!
Are some high-born offended of their king
Whose influence and resources much would aid?
If such there be them promise wealth and power;
Round Russia's sovereign wake rebellion bold.
Go, work our will, while fickle fortune smiles—
For thou wilt plot our ruin when she frowns!
We scarcely know, why we with vipers play—
We want success, not egotism here:
No vulgar mind ere brought a folly forth,
But straight it went to worshipping its spawn:
Though small the service that thou canst perform,
Didst thou not deem it indispensable
One might believe thou art not what thou art.
Or thou or not assist, our sword ere long
Shall as we please dispose the Russian race:
Their monarch then the evil time will mourn
He suffer'd commerce with the ocean queen.
  Thus he—Intrigue departs, her train divides,
And diverse sends them through the kingdoms round,
Swelling her empire, and enticing whom
Most sacred ties requir'd to spurn her lures:
As thou, Shouvaloff, fated to endure
The wo of unsuccessful treason; torn
Yet by fair Mercy's hand, away from scenes
Of past delight, to roam Siberian wilds,
And mourn the loss of honor, wealth and fame.
So may all base desert with wo be crown'd!
The stream of vice will disembogue in hell,

And that of virtue in celestial bliss:
Heaven's potent arbiter ordains their ends;
He indiscriminately on man bestows;
Prizing so low the circumstance of wealth
He gives it to the vilest of the race—
Thus teaching him to look in other worlds
For merit's meed. Ah, why should aught on earth
Allure poor man to whet oppression's fangs,
Destroy his brethren, and his God offend!
Fair Peace, in thee delight the wise and good;
Daughter of heaven, that man to reason gave,
That thou might'st fill his road of life with joy;
Yet he the dupe of tyranny becomes,
Whose bloody fury let the page reveal,
Where toils the tragic muse to picture woes.
O'er the sad story virtue pours her tears
And blames th' ambition that afflicts the world.
Ah, much neglected Fair! thy charms might move
The high aspiring hero of my song;
But doom'd to guard what revolution gain'd,
And Freedom shield from leagued monarchal powers,
Nought but vast kingdoms added to his reign
He deems will save; the Russian king must fall,
And thou awhile from half the world be driven.
  Pursuant of what Policy advis'd,
He forms alliance with the neighboring kings,
And Alexander through Kourakin thus bespeaks:
  Thou know'st, O king, my main desire is peace;
Her charms most tempt me to forgive the past,
And slumber in disgrace; to let just claims
In dark oblivion dwell, and you deride
My sovereignty; but deem not, stubborn king,
The living lion unreveng'd endures
Indignities so odious. My commands
Shall be respected, and my country's rights,
More sacred than her blood, be unprofan'd.
Think'st thou that my just system shall expire
By thy contumacy? Presumption wild?

Esperance false! Behold the vanquish'd realms
That dar'd oppose my will; view Austerlitz,
And in thy former see thy future doom!
We yet are brave, an undegenerate race;
Dread then our coming, nor irreverent treat
Our high decrees, conceiv'd in justice pure
For ocean's scourge, that foe of man's repose,
Whose impudence has oft impugn'd thy throne;
Yet to thy glory blind, or urg'd by fate,
Thou seek'st discordance with politic friends
To her great joy. 'Tis thine to give Earth peace
Or waken direst war. Adopt my plan
Without reserve, and thou may'st call me friend,
And honor'd reign among Earth's scepter'd sons;
But this refus'd, prepare to shun our ire—
Thy throne may totter, and thy kingdom mourn.
Thus he; the Russian king indignant heard
The stern demand reveal'd; yet rage restrain'd,
And through his ministry thus mild replied:
O brother sovereign, since our interests jar,
Is thine the right to dictate what shall rule?
My country's welfare shall my actions guide,
Though e'en thyself than I art not more fond
Of blissful peace; for which I fain would grant
What e'en might harm my dignity and realm.
Than I none else will sooner heed thy claim;
But be it just; for Russia 's not so frail,
So careless of her honor as to mind
Unjust demands—and ere she be so mean
Her Alexander seeks a glorious grave,
And half her warriors moulder in the tomb.
'Tis true, Britannia has on ocean wrong'd,
As France on land; but Russia 's just to all,
And none, we dare presage, will give her law,
Though much with France we wish to stand in peace,
No sacrifice of commerce with thy foe
Shall gain the boon, but justice or our arms!
This is our fix'd resolve. It now remains

With thee to ope the gorgon gates of war,
And deluge many a field with human gore,
Or let ill-fated Europe find repose.
  Ours is the part to threat and seek redress;
Our commerce check'd, Dantzic retain'd, the Poles
Fill'd with rebellious hopes, the ominous rise
Of Warsaw's dukedom, and its rapid growth
At Austria's cost, gives reason to complain:
Besides, you have the seven Venetian isles;
And Tilsit's treaty thou hast not perform'd:
By that thy troops should leave the Prussian posts:
Has this been done? They now keep Oldenberg;
Against it I protest, and humbly hope
Thou wilt delay not to withdraw them thence.
  Thus Russia's king—Napoleon then exclaims;
What singular and arrogant demands!
Can Russia peace desire, while seeking war?
For war is ripening in her deeds—in all her deeds;
Deems she we hear her loud defiance, pleas'd,
Or trembling? Impotence! Fate leads her on;
Her end is near. In evil hour and dark,
When all her genius slumber'd, she conceiv'd
The daring insults, that provoke our ire,
And on her head unwilling vengeance draw.
I long suspected Alexander's aim;
'Tis now reveal'd—his hostile views appear.
Invaded rights and wounded honor call
Our monarchy to arms—the sad resource
Of injur'd nations! In short time our might
Will teach his arrogance the lesson given
At Austerlitz, where France convinc'd him once
Her claims to justice were not ill premis'd.
  Thus he, while Wisdom, from her high abode,
Whence she, deep pondering, views the deeds of men,
Involv'd in clouds to Russia's king repairs,
And counsels thus: Beware what France intends!
From all transpir'd expect immediate war;
For lo! her chief imperiously requires,

What, well he wist, thou never would'st concede,
And what he meant should much thy pride offend,
Some pretence seeking to invade thy realm;
Which given, prepare to meet his vengeful arm—
Your utmost vigor, all your means employ—
Then if thou fall'st, thou fall'st exempt from blame;
Without chagrin, that thy inactive arm
Permitted haughty France to bring thee low;
But patient bearing heaven's severe decree;
Severe, yet just, and hoping better days.
Convene thy martial council, and be sure
What way to combat, when the foe invade;
Protracted war will most successful prove.
  The armies vast, by Policy array'd
On thy frontier, thy presence much require;
Let them be ready to maintain the war,
Well train'd and ardent to protect their land;
Yet in their rear let other hosts abide,
Them to support, if driven by stronger powers.
Implore thy nation to dispose its sons
In the defence of all to patriots dear.
Request the cities to pour forth their swarms—
Their bright example will advance thy cause;
Their generous fire induce more generous deeds,
And all thy kingdom bent on victory rise.
  She spoke—the king submiss to Wilna speeds;
He scans the movements of his artful foe,
And martial council calls to seek defense
Against Napoleon's kingdom-shaking power.
The chiefs conven'd, the monarch thus begins:
  France, doubtless, soon will our lov'd realm invade:
Already Poland holds her mighty host—
With peerless impudence her Emperor late
Demanded our adoption of his plans,
A pretence seeking to unsheath the sword.
I scorn'd his message; but o'erruled our pride;
His fierceness by our firmness was rebuked;
Now Wisdom bids, prepare to guard our throne,

Our utmost vigor and resource employ.
That if we fall, we fall by heaven's decree.
The means best suited to our end devise;
Protracted warfare most successful proves
Against our enemy bold; our frigid clime
Must with his southern armies disagree,
If food and shelter be from them withheld:
For these, I doubt not, they on us depend.
If domes exist to shield them from the storms,
Their sustenance might come from other climes,
And we lament their stay; but these consum'd,
Though food they have, the elements will blast
Their mighty legions, and destroy their power.
I then propose to make Lithuania waste
Full many a league around where he invades;
This was intended when our hosts were spread
Along our wide frontier from Baltic's shore
To Niester's stream, that where the foe advanc'd
A general ruin should his course precede.
The monarch spoke and from the court withdrew;
Then rose De Tolly and address'd his peers:
  Confederate friends, ye view the storm of war
Fast lowering on our land, by him impelled
Who many realms controls; whose potent arm
Is garb'd with victory, and who heretofore
Has trampled on the nations: now he wills
To subjugate our monarchy and throne:
O how will mortals marvel, if defeat
From Russian hands on his proud head rebound!
What high acclaim betide our valiant king!
But hope not to o'ercome in battle fields
That enemy strong, so oft triumphant there:
Some surer blow must rend him; some sad means
He ne'er anticipated, be employed
To disarrange his plans, and foil his arms.
What our high chief propounds is safe defense;
None surer though less dismal may be sought—
Dire is the evil, let the remedy be dire;

In desperate plight, we desperate means employ.
What if our arms avail not, and the foe
In domes our imbecility provides
Remain till spring return? O spring may bloom;
But Russia's majesty will fade, as flowers
Chill'd by autumnal winds; a winter then
Thrice dreary, sad and mournful, will destroy
Our budding honors, glories of our realm,
Our rights divine, and all to Russians dear.
What shall we, then, in such unhappy state?
Fall sheath'd in armor? Or degraded mourn?
Submit inglorious? Or to Tartary fly?
And there, at length, constrain'd by want severe,
Submissive kiss the rod of victor France?
All seem more dreadful, than Lithuania fled
On burning wings away; accord, then, peers,
With our high sovereign: where the foe invade
Wide round let all things flame, and ruin drear
In sterile pomp precede his daring bands;
That they not with impunity abide,
But learn to dread our frigid clime and arms.
  He ended, and Benningsen thus replied:
Thy ardor merits praise; great is our charge,
Our monarch's glory, and our country's weal.
The first, attain'd with conflagrations wide,
But ill secures the last—then which prefer?
Kings should belong to realms, not realms to kings,
And perish for their people; not depend
On their distress to save themselves from harm:
Else would they prove a curse to whom they rul'd—
A bane to social state, and type of woe.
Then to secure our monarch's future reign,
Should many millions be of home bereav'd?
General destruction o'er Lithuania hold
Mournful dominion? Widows, aged sires,
And tender orphans meet untimely graves?
Is it not wiser all we can t' employ
In potent combat, and before Gaul's king

Attain Smolensk, or Wilna, with vast power,
Make terrible assault on his long front,
Hurling him backward with o'erwhelming might
Confounded and dismay'd, while native scenes,
Of ancient habitations, the glad haunts
Of playful childhood, and ancestors lov'd,
Be with their sweet endearments undisturb'd?
  In numbers, as in valor, we excel;
Our dauntless legions will impervious stand,
Till wither'd by the iron blast of death,
Or victory crowns their toil—and though they fall
Envied will be their fate; their race will bask
In the undying brightness of their fame—
Fair Honor sorrowing deck their tomb with flowers,
At which posterity will pointing say:
"There rest who ne'er beheld their country weep,
Who valiant fought; nor by them pass'd the foe;
But o'er their corses grac'd with glorious wounds."
And if we conquer, what applause betides!
Russia will then pronounce the fate of realms—
Her future generations boast the war,
In which, by firm reliance on her sons,
She humbled the Leviathan of kings;
And not by conflagration of our homes,
Wherein, methinks, more shame than honor lies.
Can generous souls indulge the cruel scheme?
It will not tend to prove us great and brave—
Decline it then, and nobler means employ
T' avenge our country and repel its foes.
  Thus spoke the chief—and Tolstoy thus began:
More glorious it might be, to so repulse
Our enemy victory-wing'd, but perilous more;
And if we fail small glory will ensue;
What is unfortunate the world derides;
View suffering virtue, and successful vice;
That meets with scorn; with adoration this.
  Than we the foe should not be deem'd more brave:
Our armies doubtless would contend and die;

But from some cause unknown in vain might strive
In combat fair, though fir'd by spirit bold,
While he, careering high at all points round,
Plays ruinous game; and if compell'd to fly
His ruthless front, while means exist to keep
Him in our land, from cold and want secure,
How low will be our state! in what sad plight
Will be our much-lov'd country! now the proud,
The lofty Russia, then a vassal power!
Oh, holy saints! Apostles rob'd in light,
And thou high thron'd in heaven, Saviour of man!
Swift interpose t' avert the dreaded doom,
And judge ambition's lawless strides in wrath.
My friends, our object is defense, not fame;
Still glory springs from acting well our part:
The means that ward the foe will glorious prove.
How can they else when in our country's cause?
Then where the foe invade, let all things flame,
And ruin drear his impious march precede—
Though many millions mourn the hard resolve,
And deem it needless, cruel and unjust.
But what is wrong that guards our monarch's throne?
Or what is too severe, that forms such guard?
Ev'n Moscow's ancient turrets should be wrapp'd
In dire combustion to the foe destroy.
The General spoke—the chiefs assent declare
To waste the land the enemy might o'erpass.
The king delighted saw his plan prevail;
Himself the sole projector of his weal—
And them addressed: Illustrious chiefs, ye prove
By this resolve I trust whom wisdom guides.
Some well conceive unfaithful to fulfill—
May all your deeds, be as your counsels, wise.
A noble weakness too may disapprove
What we adopt—we could not better act.
Where comes the foe, our troops will waste the land
Far round and quick our wide-stretch'd army tell
Of his approach; when it will rapid strive

To concentrate at Drissa; where if Heaven
Us not indulges with esperance vain,
Our arms shall triumph o'er the daring foe.
  Thus they—meantime the Gallic chief prepares
To lead his conquering hosts to war and thus
Addresses his Louisa, blooming queen:
  Fond empress of my heart as of our realm—
War calls me hence; his clangorous trumpet soon
Will roar tremendous through all Europe's bounds:
Thrice on his burning wain round the huge world
Sublime I rode, when last sleep seal'd these eyes.
No more I slumber here; for rest no more
Visits Napoleon in inglorious sloth:
To tented fields I fly, where first I woo'd
Fortune and Fame; where yet my glory grows.
There, midst the clang of arms, bliss o'er me spreads
Her wings in martial majesty; ev'n thou
Art not more lovely than the iron groves—
And ev'n thy voice less pleases than their sound.
  Expect ere long to share the mighty crown
Of subject Europe; for our armies grand
Go no vain errand to the Russian realm,
Which, vanquish'd, soon shall haughty Britain bow,
Spain cease to combat, and our eagles wave
O'er half the world; know, fate th' alternate gives
To make such conquests, or resign our crown.
Holding the spoils of many conquer'd states
What glory would be ours, what peerlesss height
Our rising son enjoy! Nations unborn
Shall marvel at our deeds; renown will say:
"Napoleon liv'd, Louisa was his Queen."
Mourn not my absence, then; thy form will play
In memory's light till to thy arms return'd.
  The Emperor ended and his spouse replied:
Ah were thy love like mine, nor war, nor arms
Could be more pleasing than Louisa's voice.
Frail woman gives to affection all her soul
Nor knows why peril, and ev'n peerless fame

Bestow more happiness than peace and love.
How can I mourn thy absence for our weal!
Yet if we govern'd all mankind I deem
We still would murmur, as no bounds are known
To human avarice; all th' unnumber'd worlds
That shine through night, would scarce allay its rage.
  Be not too sure of Fortune—oft with smiles
And syren voice she leads mankind astray;
As wandering lights belated travellers guide;
Who journeying o'er some unfrequented land,
While sombre night her dark dominion holds,
Elated think they view bright taper, sign
Of man's abode, and bless its cheering beams,
Hastening toward the beacon false, till lost,
Inextricably lost in miry fen,
Or forest, briery, lonesome, dark and wild,
Where beasts howl hideous threatening to devour.
  Though prince of matchless armies, this campaign
May terminate thy sway. He who awes realms
May claim the humble tribute of a tear:
Condemn'd to mourn his dazzling glories gone,
With eyes reverted on his erring days—
Beholding fickle Fortune lift him high
T' increase the depth, and terror of his fall.
When men resistless seem they feeble prove;
Their efforts vain high Heaven with laughter views,
And lets them work their ruin. Oh, I fear,
My son's great sire may rove in sorrows gloom—
His aims so high, so doubtful Fortune's smiles,
And so mysterious all the springs of Fate!
  Louisa spoke—the Emperor thus rejoin'd:
Ill boding partner, what disturbs thy breast
And clouds thy reason? wouldst thou have me stay
Inglorious? nothing ventur'd nothing will be gain'd.
Can Russia cause my ruin? nought but arm
Of treason can disturb my lofty reign;
That arm I heed not leading my brave powers.
Sure Fortune plays strange game with man; but me?

I earn her smiles; the means are mine to bend
All hostile Europe. But if I am doom'd
To mourn lost glory, soon the day will come;
Why then anticipate the hated time?
I shun the darksome coast where sorrow reigns;
My genius shall conduct to happier end,
Safe steering midst the veering winds of life.
  Thus he, and kind embrac'd the blooming Queen;
His infant son, yet stranger to the world,
With heavenly mildness gamboling on her knee
With sweet reluctance meets his parent's arms,
Who thus begins: "O lovely boy, if e'er
Thou liv'st to know a hero's fire, or father's care,
And shine the wonder of the future age,
My hopes fulfil'd, my soul will quaff repose,
Though in that land whence travellers ne'er return.
O Thou who know'st the secret thoughts of men,
Grant him whate'er a parent's fondness craves."
  Thus the great chief, by sacred love inspir'd,
And from his arms releas'd th' imperial flower.
Then bids adieu—and hemm'd by guards around
With martial pomp moves to the field of war
O'er Vistula's blue waves, where throng'd his powers.

BOOK II.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon advancing towards the Niemen, is advised by Policy to seek peace by negotiation, secure the aid of Lithuania and Poland, and conciliate Sweden. Narbonne is deputed to demand redress of Alexander; who denies that any right is withheld. Napoleon addresses his soldiers. His army having crossed the Niemen, he directs a proclamation to the Polanders, inviting their co-operation. A Diet held at Warsaw expresses the feelings, hopes, and views of the Poles. Mean time in the Temple of Fame, before the tribunal of Providence, Ambition, Wisdom, Pride, Vanity, Rashness, and Folly, debate whether Napoleon shall attempt to terminate the war by one campaign, and pass the winter in Moscow. Deceit, observing that Napoleon was embarrassed by the proceedings of the Polish Diet, assumes the form of one of his favorites, and endeavors to increase the discord between him and the Poles. He dissents to the plan communicated to him by a Deputation from the Diet. Alexander the while summons his subjects to arms.

Th' imperial chief, in peerless might, advanc'd
Towards Niemen's stream, and glorious hopes indulg'd;
Unknowing what high heaven had preordain'd,
Confounding Wisdom, and debasing Pride.
Of that enormous host so fair and proud,
Alas, how few will to their sires return!
Or native land, and pleasing home behold!
Doom'd the sad prey of unrelenting storms
And vengeful enemies, where the tears of love
And friendship's tender cares cannot console
Their dying moments, nor bestow a tomb:
Their limbs, unburied, hungry wolves will rend;
Pale winter's moaning blast, or cannon's roar,
Shall be their knell; their winding sheet, the snow.
Shrewd Policy involv'd in light appears,
And thus bespeaks the head of matchless hosts:
In my bright path, which girds the ponderous globe,

I just have shot the western continents o'er:
The giant Andes see on every side
Rebellion winning Patriotism's name.
The land of Franklin brandishes the sword
At ocean's queen, for freedom of the seas.
Her lion, bearded on his own domain,
Distrustful views the Stars and Stripes, and owns
Unwonted thunders roll beneath their shade—
And thinks of Jones, the Serapis, and fate,
With mingled pride and grief; for in the shock
He sees his own unfaltering spirit shine.
  The men of thrift, in *strategy* unskill'd,
Their general in a false position plac'd;
Who with his host surrendered to the foe.
Be not concern'd; the ministers are safe:
The servant suffers for the master's deed!
Their next campaign, proportioned to its base,
The flanks and rear secured, may better end:
They soon will launch a fleet on Erie's waves,
And then, for palms, their naval prowess claims!
  But these are distant aids, more near 'tis seen
Great Wellington defeats thy arms in Spain.
The Prussian, and perhaps the Austrian troops
Would straight withdraw, if thou shouldst greatly need.
At Dresden, when thy sun put out the stars,
Heardst thou no whispers, couldst thou see no frowns,
No chaf'd and troubled royal wanderers, lost
In thy surpassing splendor, and scarce held
Above thy Marshals? Couldst thou doubt their thoughts?
Thy long neglect of my advice, in not
Engaging Turkey to pursue her war
On Russia; and th' injurious restraint
Thy recent pact with Austria has impos'd
On Poland's restoration, will impede
Thy progress, and deprive thee of the aid
Of millions, and the satisfaction sweet
Of raising fallen nations:—and besides,
Unless thou canst preserve o'erwhelming strength,

I see grim danger float from Sweden's shores!
Disdain not to conciliate her prince:
Mere force can never safely slight my voice.
  Strong as thou art 'tis possible for thee
To rashly enter Russia. Heed my lore:
Employ not force save when persuasion fails—
Though that be surer, this is more humane.
Kind means, before severe, should be employ'd
The wounds of suffering Russia may be thine.
The sequel view, to that thy deeds conform;
For few and evil are that mortal's days,
Who of his actions no result conceives.
'Tis true kind heaven conceals th' events to come,
That hope may have an ample range to bless;
But reason by the lamp of history sees
The future in the mirror of the past.
  Far o'er the rolling clouds I met Intrigue,
With mien dejected moving towards her Hall,
Her varied train proceeding mute and slow:
Said she, "My arts have fail'd, the Russian race
With noble rage despise Napoleon's lures:
They say, "we better dwell in humble state
Chill'd by drear poverty, and scorn'd by fools,
Than guilty wealth enjoy." Now arms alone
Must yield thee triumph; these with skill dispose;
Take unawares the foe. Some one depute
To ask of Russia's King redress of wrongs;
That he withdraw his arrogant demands.
Him offer to renew th' alliance past;
Which, if accepted, may compose the feud;
Or spurn'd, may fill thy mighty host with ire,
Urge them to war, and thy pretensions great
In all the majesty of justice show.
  When thy vast host Lithuania's plains o'erspread,
Expedients then, to rouse her sons to arms,
'T were well to use; past independence tempts
To claim exemption from the Russian sway;
And leads the Poles to reassume the rank

Their State of old enjoyed. First demonstrate
Thy power to give protection, then propose
That they assist t' effect their own success:
So may'st thou gain immense resource to swell
The tide of conquest o'er the Russian realm.
Thus Policy; the monarch answer'd soon:
Impatient to assail, Intrigue I ply'd,
By thee advis'd; but nought her arts avail'd.
Surrounded by my powers, I treat no more,
Save with the voice of arms: Force shall dispute,
And Heaven decide our claims. Think ye I doubt
In matchless panoply what way to chide
Th' insulting enemy? Expedience erst
Caus'd my employment of seductive wiles;
But thus resistless arm'd brief time I wait
Before some realm-astounding blows shall give
Plain lessons to his arrogance. Why need
Napoleon parley with half-conquered foes?
Know, ere again fair Summer spreads her green,
Proud Alexander shall my ruth implore,
(As once he did on Austerlitz' fam'd field,)
France, high exalted o'er the states of earth,
Shall give him and his vanquish'd nation law.
The Queen rejoins:—Be not by passion driv'n
And proud impatience to begin great deeds:
The weak and prudent frightful perils brave,
While rush the daring strong on hapless doom.
Look ere ye move; know victory dear obtain'd
Gives painful triumph. Though success be sure,
The mode which gets it cheap the best will prove.
Endeavor then to gain, or time or peace,
That unresisted thou the object win.
She spoke, and disappear'd—The King commands:
Go thou, Narbonne, the Russian monarch tell,
France still wants peace. Advise him to withdraw
His singular and arrogant demands.
Bid him learn timely to respect our will;
For peace and justice we alike adore.

If yet he frown, request him to reflect
On other days, Friedland and Austerlitz,
And in his former, learn his future doom.
  Thus he; forthwith Narbonne to Wilna speeds,
And courteous asks the Russian king for peace;
His prudence, hopes, and fears alternate moves—
Nor seems to intend to touch the chord he strikes;
With such adroitness casts the galling bolt,
That while the head approves the heart grows sore.
If what diplomacy could heal, had been
The source of strife, th' ambassador had shut
The gates of war; but in each sovereign's breast
The fire of rivalry burn'd: The leader one
Might prove of realms opposed to Gallic sway;
The other saw his safety in the fall
Of Russia from the sphere of Europe's states:
'Twas plain the fatal struggle must ensue,
Or soon, or late—and thus the Russian Head:
  Engag'd in war, your emperor talks of peace;
Peace he may have, but not so near my realm.
Th' alleg'd injustice, need we disavow?
His plans are known: Ambition tells him false.
We dare his vengeance! Go, him thus bespeak:
The Russian king will not negotiate more,
'Till thou withdraw thy troops from Prussia's bounds.
  He ceas'd—Napoleon heard, and anger rous'd:
He cries, what effront'ry! The conquer'd claim
The place of conquerors sure! Fate leads them on;
Accomplish'd be their destiny. I pass
O'er Niemen's stream—brief argument, and loud,
In carnage predicated, and reveal'd
With voice of thunder, shall our rights defend.
  Soldiers!—the second Polish war begins,
Which shall conclude as glorious as the past.
The first at Tilsit and Friedland did end:
There Russia swore with France eternal league,
With England, ceaseless war; she breaks her oaths;
Nor will explain, till we repass the Rhine,

And leave at her disposal our allies!
Fate so conducts—her doom must be fulfill'd.
Are we degenerate deem'd, nor longer those
Who fought at Austerlitz? She gives us choice
Of war, or shame: We well know which to choose.
We march; the Niemen pass; and war shall rage.
The peace concluded shall itself uphold:
'Twill ruin that high influence, Russia long
Has exercis'd beyond her proper sphere.
  Thus he, and when dark Evening spread her veil
Spangled with light of distant worlds unknown,
Bent to fulfill the purpose of his soul,
Commands Junot, Poniatowski, and Regnier,
Rul'd by Jerome, at Grodno to o'erpass
The Niemen; Beauharnois, at Ollitta—
Davoust at Yourbourg—Oudinot, Murat,
And Ney, at Kowno—at his hest all mov'd
Like mighty oceans, o'er devoted land,
Deep deluging its groves, and flow'ry plains.
First Kowno witness'd the loud din of arms,
War's gory visage, dolorous groans, and death;
There Gaul's Dragoons the Cossac host surpris'd,
And drove them thence, and stain'd the ground with blood.
  Just then a giant form on Niemen's stream
Like ancient warrior stood, in gloomy state.
His hand sustain'd a spear of quivering fire,
His shield a promontory seem'd, or ocean isle
Snatch'd from its rocky base, and high upborne;
His plume a grove, pluck'd from a mountain's brow,
Majestic nodded o'er his sullen head,
And riv'd the shaggy deeps of gloomy clouds,
That round him roll'd assuming monstrous forms.
His eyes from o'er his ample shield, beheld
The angry conflict with malicious smiles.
Then wrapt in night, a formless mass he seems,
And bursts, a storm, upon the affrighted world:
From Hæmus' top to Scandinavia's cliffs
He dreadful roars, and flings his lightning arms,

And pours thick pattering showers and wakes the winds;
Rous'd Auster blusters o'er th' Icarian waves;
Strong Eurus rolls the Baltic into foam,
And sweeps o'er Europe to th' Atlantic main:
Far Albion hears, and startled views her seas,
And sympathises with her roving sons.
High Caucasus returns Carpathia's groans,
And sounds of rustling wilds, and rushing floods,
And uproar of the labor'd world between.
While sudden flashes strike, and o'er all sounds
The thunder rises, and the smoking earth,
Lash'd by the floods of heaven, lies drench'd and torn,
And cries aloud from all her vales, and rills
That rush impetuous to th' involving main.
And now prevailing over Eurus lull'd
Cold Boreas blusters round in fitful gusts,
Disperses clouds and rends heaven's misty veil,
Dishevelling summer's tresses; the tall oaks
Toss from his breath their leafy heads, and mourn
That autumn's spirit haunts the days of June.
The tented fields are delug'd, the cold winds
The mighty myriads chill, and long intrude
On summer's gentle reign; forerunner sad
Of evil days, to Gaul yet unreveal'd;
When wrapt in forests groaning under load
Of lucid ice, her sons shall fall a prey
To storms, and foes, and meagre Famine's rage.
  To Wilia's waves Ambition adds a tear:
As in obedience to the order, strove
A Polish troop to swim his rushing stream,
She saw the flood engulfing steeds, and arms,
And valiant men, and stifling loyal breath,
That bade the Emperor live, while he who spoke
Was gone forever, ere the air had ceas'd
To feel the impulse of th' extinguish'd voice.
  The Gallic armies unresisted march'd
(Save by obstructions nature interposed)
O'er sad Lithuania, while the Russian powers

Obedient to their monarch, concentrate
At Drissa; but that aim Napoleon strives
To frustrate; brave Davoust with furious speed
Pursues Bagration; at Mohilow soon
Their angry legions, breathing death, contend;
Loud iron showers with ruinous fury fall,
And earth groans, gasps, and weeps, with mortals slain.
  Ostrowno, next experienc'd battle's storm;
Murat with fierce dragoons spread terror there,
And vanquish'd Russia, crimsoning all the field.
And when ten days had spent their golden light,
On Dwina's bank th' invading armies swarm'd,
Like clouds along the ridge of Andes vast,
When eastern tempests from hoarse ocean blow.
Then Witepsk witness'd fierce contention's flames,
Rousell and Liedot weltering in their gore.
Dinabourg yields to thunders of Ricard;
Klengel submits to Marckoff's greater power;
Inkovo views Sebastiani's flight—
Strong Riga trembles at McDonald's arms;
Regnier and Swartzenburg Tormasoff foils
And Jakoubovo Koulniew's doom deplores,
Where Oudinot successful battle rules.
  Now mindful of what Policy advis'd,
Lithuania circled with his arms, and giv'n
Provisional government, Napoleon thus
Her sons address'd:—"Lithuanians, Poles, dear names
To those who proudly view Hedwiga's days,
Sigismund's power, or Kosciusko mourn;
Behold! your enemies fly our face; their eyes
Reverted on your smoking, ruin'd land;
Their prey destroying, since they cannot save,
And pouring on your heads the bitter dregs
Of their unhallow'd might; but hence their hate
You shall not feel; deserving happier doom,
Protecting France shall heal where Russia wounds;
Though great the cost and toil, your gratitude
Will aid our arms, recruit the ranks of war:

And you whose sacred office 'tis to seek
Heaven's favor, will not fail to move the gods
In our behalf. Sure Deity's pure mind
Your land's emancipation approbates;
For he is thron'd on Justice, and perhaps,
Ev'n now his hand is stretch'd t' avenge her wrongs.
Within his Sanctuary let each exhort
His hearers to contend; his country's claims
Assert; her grievances expose, and reap
The praise of godliness and patriotism.
And you, brave Polanders in Russia's train,—
Ill suits your service with your country's good;
Though once it might, when not so blest to boast
A country yours; but, Poland is redeem'd!
Her safety needs your aid—Russia compel
To render, what her usurpation gain'd.
Confederate Poland and Lithuania calls
Her generals, soldiers, from th' oppressor's flag—
Will they neglect their country's voice? Haste then
To bear the Eagle of the Jaggellons—
The Casimirs and Sobieskies; 'tis required
By patriotism, honor, and your God."
  Meantime the Seniors of the Polish State,
At Warsaw Diet held, as he advis'd.
Czart'risky, Marshal grand, th' assembly rul'd.
Joy'd they to see their country's worthies met
To hear, whom erst they gave in charge, to build
Their state from its disjointed fragments old,
Report of its construction. One arose
On that committee's part t' express the plan
Devis'd and means t' effect the end propos'd:
  Nestor of Polish patriots! as thou sitt'st
In this assembly high, methinks the gods
Of Poland, that escap'd her overthrow,
With thee departed, and with thee return'd,
And now await the worship of her sons:
O let her utmost bounds their temple be!
In which the Poles, taught vigilance by wiles

Of enemies sly, and Wisdom by distress
Shall long adore, with peace and glory crown'd.
  Once was our country great in arts and arms;
What time fair Vanda crush'd th' enamor'd king,
And Boleslaus nations six subdued,
She gave to Prussia and Bohemia law;
So wide her conquering Eagles stretch'd their wings!
  Plac'd as a barrier 'gainst the barbarous tribes,
Our valor luckily circumscribed their power;
Withstood th' uncivil war, and Europe gave
Exemption from the intrusion of fierce hordes:
It check'd Mahomet's votaries; headlong zeal
Dared not advance, while Poland frown'd behind:
Let Leopold attest, and Austria land
The arm, that snatch'd them from th' impending grasp
Of Turkish power!—To fill our throne was deem'd
An envied honor; mightiest monarchs strove
To win our confidence, and gain the crown;
See Russia's sovereign disappointed, wage
Exterminating war to sooth his pride,
While brave Batori whelms him in defeat
So bright the prize! Its loss he so deplor'd!
  Although disunion oft disturb'd our state,
We bore the evil, not the neighboring realms,
Who should have suffer'd; for their rulers oft
Fomented our disorder; yet, when three
Imperial robbers sought excuse to spoil
Our territory, they alleg'd—alas!
Shall I rehearse what insults reason? So
Replete with stupid wickedness and shame!
Who wak'd the *veto* into mischief? 'Twas
Those royal plunderers of our injur'd land,
Who bear the curse of many an orphan child—
The shame of many a patriot's massacre,
And guilt of Poland's wrongs. Kind memory
(To us, alas! unkind) recall not Praga's groans
O'erwhelm'd with slaughter, and combustion dire,
For infants, sisters, wives, and husbands slain;

Let Lethe o'er her roll, and hide the shame
Of civiliz'd mankind, and Europe's thrones!
Can her destroyers view her doom, nor quake
That heaven is just? Sure angel never wrote
The tragic story without tears, nor sees
Stern Justice the red page, but empires reel
Beneath her frown; ev'n now I see her point
Her vast artillery at the Russian power—
Combine the troops of mighty realms with him
Whom victory fondly follows, and with whom
'Twere well to be united. Europe long
Has roll'd upon contention's angry sea,
And needs repose; but cannot while the north
May vomit barbarous hordes—no longer those
Who quit their savage clime in search of food;
But learn'd in arts of polish'd states, they prowl
More formidable. Heads refin'd, conduct
T' enjoyment savage hearts; religious slaves
Obedient act what vicious lords command.
Twice ten times have their banners rov'd the south;
Constantinople totters for their war:
Firm league with France then, only, will secure
Against their might, as now emancipate
From their detested chains. Our valor too,
I doubt not, will command respect—our land
So fruitful once in heroes, shall produce
Sigismunds and Sobieskies, glory-crown'd!
Our children shall be proud to bear the name
Of Piast, Jagellon, at which our foes,
Whom fraud hath made our masters, oft grew pale!
  Our scheme of union every part combines
Of ancient Poland in one realm; the crown
We will to tender to the Saxon king,
Who heaven approving, may our state revive
With all its wonted splendor, and the sound,
"Long live our country," through Podolia's plains,
And rich Wolhynia vibrate endless time.
We deem it suits th' occasion, to depute

Some of our noble body, to make known
Unto Napoleon this result, and seek
That he give sure protection to the child
Of Polish Liberty, so heavenly fair!
  Thus he; the Diet approbate the scheme,
And Deputation to the emperor send.
  Meantime in Fame's refulgent Temple, meet
Fate's workers, summon'd by the Sire of heaven.
His Agent, Providence, enthron'd on gold,
High o'er the rest, the great assembly rul'd.
  The wide-spread roof, on diamond columns plac'd,
Of height immense shone like the heavenly bow,
Unnumber'd ways reflecting soften'd light.
The crystal floor, to west, was edg'd with groves
Of am'ranth, myrtle, laurel, happy scenes!
Amidst them sculptur'd shapes of other days
Stood musing, frowning, great for arts, or arms.
With beryl seats the ample Hall was grac'd;
Not oft encumber'd by the ærial guests:
Ambition pac'd the air, and fiery bright,
His eyes look'd heaven-ward, fill'd with high designs.
Rashness beside him stood with silent mien,
Folly's unmeaning countenance close behind.
Pleas'd *Vanity*, with self-complacent air
Seem'd to invite applause. Imperious *Pride*
Indifferent stood, or look'd to claim regard.
Mild *Valor* sat serene near *Wisdom* grave
And keen-eyed *Prudence;* fair *Deceit*, *Intrigue*,
Wrinkled *Necessity*, with eye intent
Upon relief; pale trembling *Fear*, and all
Th' invisible directors of mankind,
Mov'd to and fro around the brilliant throne.
  Loud peal'd the thunder o'er the dazzling Dome:
Silence ensued, and Providence thus speaks:
  Europe with Europe wars—Napoleon fronts
The fiery south against the hoary north.
Shall Russia subjugated own his law?
But first, shall one campaign decide the strife?

The means of fate propound—As suits the end
Let each the course declare before our throne.
  Thus he, and murmurs rose from all the powers,
Loud, as when breezes bend the rustling grove—
Subsiding soon, Ambition rob'd in fire,
Impatient of delay, with zeal declaim'd:
  Fame blazes, and her ample field invites!
Unfading signs of deathless deeds inspire
The soul with gladness, and to emulate
Their dignity; but who beholds Gaul's chief
Thron'd above thrones, and doubts he will surpass
All monarchs old in magnitude of power?
Shall not the Russian autocrat low bend
Before his conquering banners, and behold
Departed days with sorrow-streaming eyes?
Ev'n you, proud Isle, and stubborn Spain shall cower
Beneath his sceptre—Germany rejoice
In his resplendent beams; and Poland shine
Resuscitated by his might, and live
In his protection; but who builds her state
Shall wear her crown, maugre the Saxon King!
  Sure armies vast should not, inactive, waste
Winter's long gloom on Nieper's stream, and give
To Russia to prepare resistance strong,
That spring would bloom with bloody fields, and death
Triumphant ride on victory's flaming car!
Gaul's host may now resistless penetrate
Moscow or Petersburg: When spring returns
Can they do more than make resistless march
To the high summit of their Emperor's hopes?
Let not procrastination dull the edge
Of lofty war.—I would that he advance
'Till snowy winter wears his mantle cold,
Or till the enemy quite concede the field.
  He ceased, turn'd from the throne his beaming face,
Flush'd with celestial light, and restless rov'd
Round the bright forum.—Wisdom soon replies:
  What exaltation may Napoleon wait

Why should we boast, unknowing heaven's designs?
His future weal and woe, the Sire of worlds
Alone has measur'd. Let us not for truth
Assert what hope has whisper'd on frail ground.
How oft fair morning ushers stormy noon!
Ev'n this campaign if stretch'd to Moscow's walls
O'er the sing'd country may contract his power:
Ere there arrived he wades through fields of blood—
Hears famine's wail, and views exhausted ranks—
Stern winter finds him destitute of food;
Perhaps expos'd to insults of his foes,
Unable to retreat. The dire defense
By Russia made, presents no easy task
To those who would subdue: at any time
We shall not see them unprepar'd t' oppose
Th' intrusion; sword and flames e'en now they wield;
Too well prepar'd! Protracted war might quench
Their daring ardor, not increase its rage:
The troops of France, at other times, will have
The same inducements to contend as now.
Each party may gain strength; but France 'tis sure
Possesses greatest means to swell her host:
Delay then injures Russia more than her—
By which Napoleon safely may contend.
Encamp'd, while winter chills, on Nieper's banks,
The spring would view Lithuania organized,
And launching armies to assist his arm,
If he politic act, or sanction give
To rules that Poland for herself provides;
Who has the right, and well deserves to stand
Restor'd, with all her provinces, as erst,
When barbarous nations broke against her shield.
No treaty made with Austria can impose
An obligation to do wrong; for heaven
Holds none to infringe his laws, that man may keep
Rash promises to man; the less offense
Would be to disregard the treaty's terms—
As faults are less detestable than crimes.

Alas, when will the golden era come,
When kings deserve the plaudits of the just;
Perverse ambition fires their breast no more,
And guilty pomp is scorn'd; while generous zeal
To bless their subject children points their ways!
Then shall they justly bear the name of sires,
And guardians of the happiness of realms;
The people aid their king in peace and war,
Convinc'd for them, and not for him, is call'd
The man-destroying monster into life.
Ah! were the nations just, nay, merely wise,
War's death-drawn chariot never more would roll;
But held as barbarous folly, sink despis'd,
Companion of exploded errors past.
Who warr'd to gratify ambition, pride,
Or base revenge, no myrtle honors wear
The good would envy: what therefore is just,
If justice be in war, ye powers, advise
Your favorite king; for there may come a time,
When bloody chaplets pain the wearer's head.
He has not means to force his foes to yield
By one campaign; those will abortive prove
Employ'd beyond their strength; one arm may lift
Huge promontories from their bases deep;
But not by one exertion, lest o'erwhelm'd
Its force expire: Let not th' attempt exceed
The means possess'd.—Stern winter's freezing blasts
Midst lands made desolate, and Russia's arms
Must be resisted: Moscow may depart
On wings of fire: Ev'n doubtful Shelter holds
Her hand far distant, beyond seas of blood.
  Thus mild, great Wisdom held the happier course.
Ambition then rejoins: Forget me Fame
If Wisdom speaks sincere. My favorite, sure!
And only mine, or theirs, is this great chief!
On me is lavish'd undeserved applause!
Could I have lifted mortal to his height
In deeds, or power, this voice, importunate,

Had not so oft ask'd Wisdom's useful aid.
But say, fair pleader, hast thou long believ'd
I fir'd the hero for inglorious ends?
Late didst thou boast that he thy lessons prov'd,
Solv'd doubtful theories by practice brave,
Scann'd civil policy, and darkness drove
Before, as he advanc'd in war, and peace.
He, thus expert, may well extend his power.
If o'er the triple flames another crown,
'Tis merit's due reward. Strange Policy
Thou hast commended! Should he guarantee
To new-form'd Poland that which Austria claims,
And Prussia—strong allies, and in his rear?
Could then this embrio, faction-riven state
More aid, or harm, than they? Can Poland claim
Exemption from his sceptre, who upbears
Her state from deepest ruin? But without
Lithuania's legions, and by one campaign,
'Tis his to give defeated Russia law.
Shall he, O Providence, who kings controls,
Whom empires fear, unnumber'd warriors rules,
Meet such repulse from foes, or winter's storms,
As will prove vain his vast array? when, lo!
His enemy trembles for the great result
And feels already lost! Let winter dart
His keenest arrows, and the foe employ
His utmost valor; all can France endure,
But not inglorious rest. Moscow will shield
Her numerous host, till blooming spring return;
Then he march forth, all potent, to subdue
Th' opposing foe, and ratify their doom.
  Thus he—then Wisdom: Reason's ill employ'd
In superstructing dangerous results
On falsities. Let Russia's winter reign
With common force, and France will doubtless want
No greater foe. If safe Napoleon camp
Within rich Moscow's walls while winter storms,
Just heaven must stop the rolling world's career:

Suspend great nature's laws, till one vain man
Accomplish what pure Justice disapproves!
If Jove hath preordain'd that Russia fall,
Of which we know not, need it cost too dear?
Must France then combat elements and men?
Sure wasteful victory should be less preferred
Than that which comes exempt from blood and tears.
  I deem it well, Napoleon justly choose
Between Lithuania's aid and Austria's ire.
The first will swell his power—the last will naught
Increase his danger. 'Tis his power arrays
Th' allies beneath his standard; this improv'd,
Confirms th' alliance: Let the mode offend—
Are Prussia's fortresses not held by France?
The cause enlarg'd will that th' effect decrease?
Will bonds, less strong embrace, for added strength?
It ill befits to obstacles despise:
Or blind remain to what denies desire:
Who walking looks at stars in pits may fall—
Ev'n he may look behind on better days,
Mourning thy counsels, and his hapless doom.
Let generous passion never tempt to trust
Inconstant fortune, without constant watch,
And careful use of every mean to gain
The joyful gaol; for she delights to throw
The golden apples to restrain your speed.
Be self-denying perseverance term'd
The harbinger of greatness and renown.
She ended; Vanity then loud began:
Shall mightiest armies dwindle at the voice
Of slow contriving Wisdom, that defeat
Will be their portion, or ill-timed delay;
Though led by him who dictates law to kings—
Who soar's on victory's pinions, and who oft
Defeated congregated nations, bent
To whelm him in destruction? Now he wields
The force of conjunct states, will he be deem'd
Incapable of combatting one realm,

Inferior than his own, for winter's sway,
Which though severe, the Russians too must feel?
Ambition, parent of my joys! how oft
Has wisdom help'd thee climb the slippery steep
Of doubtful fortune, and how seldom, erst,
Beheld our object with imperfect sight!
But e'en the radiant sun hath isles opaque—
Frailties the strong, and follies have the wise—
The fragrant rose on prickly branches blooms.
'Tis untrue picture that presents no shade—
E'en wisdom hath her darkness, as her light.
The frost of years the lovliest beauty kills—
The vigorous hero totters frail with age;
And ah, it seems that Wisdom, too, may fade!
With me, it is not doubtful, one campaign
Will every object of the war secure.
Europe's great crown ere thrice more rolls the year,
Shall flame above the glory-beaming brows
Of Gaul's imperial chief, the pride of fields!
Thus spoke she, like a thoughtless wanton girl,
Whose inexperience, but in plenty's lap,
On other's toil befits her not to roam
From guardian care, on life's eventful stream.
The powers, with laughter, heard the critic fair
Ascribe to dotage deathless Wisdom's lore.
Rashness succeeded and thus stern declaim'd:
Repose is shame to one so great in arms
As he, the lofty subject of debate,
Whose numerous army like autumnal clouds
Spreads o'er wide climes, and gladly hails the war—
Pregnant with ruin to the Russian throne.
I see, as with prophetic eye, his host,
Rush over Moscow's walls, with victory plum'd,
Before Spring twice resumes her green, grim war
Tame fawning at his feet; nor dares to roar,
But when he bids; and Kings now proudly thron'd,
Enquire his pleasure ere they act, as should
Th' emancipated Poles. What can delay

His veteran legions, but supernal power?
Already fly the foe before his arms
Like falling snow, or wither'd leaves, before
The screaming tempest, sweeping bleak champaigns.
Nought shall withstand—he will triumphing, bold
Rush o'er his enemy's throne, like ponderous rock
Lax'd from some clouded peak, that thundering rolls
Resistless, wild, and furious to the vale
O'er bending saplings, crackling shrubs and herds.
  Thus he, with countenance beaming fiery rays.
Pride next, with sullen vizage, thus begins:
  Why waste we time, resolving problems solv'd!
As whether Gaul's fam'd chief shall winter waste
By cowardly delay on Nieper's banks?
Midst glorious war, I scorn inglorious ease!
Wisdom's remarks ill with th' occasion suit;
She deems war's laurels will prove curses; so they may
If reap'd by her direction, in dull camps,
Concealed by ramparts, lest a flying foe,
His eye reverting, might his conquerors see!
A plight so foul could Folly's self endure?
Say which is best, to linger meanly there,
Or, in a storm of horrors seek renown,
Or, dying nobly, sleep in glory's arms?
Ambition fitly taught; her language fell
Into my ear, as gold in miser's hand;
Not to instruct, but to convince, she form'd
Due estimation of Napoleon's means;
Who moving shakes the nations—Conquest crowds
Before, and Fame, loud thundering, moves behind!
  She finish'd, and from out the golden cloud,
That Providence enshrin'd 'twas heard: "'Tis fix'd;
Napoleon shall attempt by one campaign
To enter Moscow, and the contest end."
Immediately Fame's trumpet rent the air—
At the loud peal, the sculptur'd myriads glow'd
With momentary life; and when the sound
Ceas'd echoing through th' immortal pile, resum'd

The passive monument in stillness cold.
Deceit, the while, in mute attention hung
On Wisdom's eloquence, and quick perceiv'd
The gulf, in which Napoleon might be plung'd.
Swift from the Temple now she wings her flight,
Assumes the form of one the Emperor lov'd
And to his dome repairs, who mus'd intent
On what wild rumor told of Poland's state—
Griev'd that she claim'd what his allies possess'd;
He asks his visitor: Can it be true?
Deceit replied: I know not of its truth;
But sure, it should prove false; the Poles will scarce
Attempt such measures heedless of their prop—
As well might creatures their Creator rule!
Were they a nation, but beneath thy shield?
Whose being thou uphold'st, should first consult
Thy pleasure, ere they act; and O were I
Napoleon, doubtless, they would quickly learn,
The crown was not at their disposal blind;
Russia in vain expect another Charles
Wandering Borysthenes to Pultowa;
But see our banners shade her Moscow's walls,
Ere fading autumn fall in winter's arms.
Thus she. The Deputation of the poles
Now of Napoleon his protection crave
Of Poland's liberty. He thus replies:
I much regret Gallicia cannot form
What of you state I may defend; engag'd
Th' integrity of Austria's realm to guard.
You have my kindest wishes, had I reign'd
When that partition was decreed, my arms
Had foil'd the sentence. Go assist yourselves:
Pour forth your legions; let your people all
Make war on Russia, France and Poland's foe!
You thus will make efficient your resolves.
The Deputation answered: "Sire, our State
Will make all prudent sacrifices to deserve
Your great regard." Then to their peers return'd;

Napoleon to his armies. Russia's king
The while, his realm bespeaks: We long beheld
The Gallic emperor frowning, while we smil'd—
Hoping to pacify. When war shone through
His actions, we rais'd armies to defend;
Yet wish'd our mildness might disarm his rage.
Peace we have sought in vain; Kowno has bled
By Gallic spear; Napoleon launches war
O'er Niemen's waves; we must oppose his arms.
Heaven's Lord attests our innocence; invok'd
He will defend. Our soldiers' duty need we tell?
Does not Sclavonian blood flow in their veins?
Your liberty, religion, and your homes—
Warriors, your all you must defend! With you
I am, and God cannot be with the foe.
From when, France, wild with liberty, o'erthrew
God's altars, and th' Anointed's throne profan'd,
Heaven's vengeance has pursued; and those who went
In her bad ways: The vicious should be shunn'd.
To anarchy, oppression's hideous sway
Succeeded, with unnumber'd woes; e'en peace
Repos'd her not: Jove maddens whom he wrecks.
Long guarded by Heaven's mercy, we beheld
Compassionate, the ills the nations bore.
Dreadful examples! Heed their warning voice,
That bids us shun the gulf in which they roll'd,
And trust in arms, and Heaven, in danger's hour.
Russians, that hour is come: An enemy
Insatiable, who violates his vows,
Would gore your country's bosom; he disdains
Your altars, while affecting to adore;
Speaks friendly while he wields the murderous sword:
Such is the foe we ask you to oppose.
What should we fear, with justice arm'd? Not war,
So long to Russia glorious? Erst the North
Alarm'd the South; but when refinement bends
Our minds to peace, the latter lifts the sword,
By mad ambition driv'n her fertile plains

Neglecting to invade our frozen clime.
T' avoid oppression must we needs oppress?
Must peaceful conduct our misfortune prove?
In vain Napoleon boasts, he wars to check
Our influence and barbarism; an artifice,
Which only can deceive who know us not.
He fears our civilization more: What realm
Exists, so virtuous, as to view unmov'd
With jealousy, our empire's wondrous growth?
One century scarce has roll'd, since it was rank'd
By Peter of illustrious name, with powerful states;
Since then, what conquests have we made! How oft
Our arms have triumph'd! Grander trophies still,
Are towns, and universities we rear'd,
And provinces our kindness civiliz'd.
Our foes reproach for conquests o'er the Turks;
Pretending not to know, our arms alone
Have long exempted Europe from their rage:
To us Hungary owes her peaceful state,
And Italy her safety. Thus our wars
Have even prov'd a constant source of peace.
But when excuse is for injustice sought
Expect absurd, or false. It now behoves
To lift the sword for all to Russians dear.
Arm, children of our church! Our fathers' faith
Defend, and emulate their patriotism—
Make sacrifice of wealth, and life, to save
Your progeny, your homes, your church and state;
Recall the times, your sires, shielded by faith,
Withstood black infidelity in arms.
Ye nobles, first advance in honor's path—
The nation looks to you; may ye go forth,
Like Judea's Judges in her evil days;
But while ye war remember to be just:
From deeds unworthy our great cause refrain
That all-beholding Heaven may bless our arms.

BOOK III.

ANALYSIS.[1]

The Russian army being concentrated at Smolensko, Napoleon directs the order of the attack on the town. Amidst the tumult of the fight the motions of the passions are described. Davoust proceeds to storm the suburbs which are obtained by the exertions of Gudin's and Morand's divisions, and of their brigadiers, Colbert, Huard and Pajol. The battle being favorable to France, De Tolly consults his generals and withdraws his troops from Smolensko. Napoleon, anticipating their movements, directs a bridge to be thrown across the Borysthenes, by which his army pursues the Russians and overtaking them at Voluntina or the sacred field, a bloody battle is fought in which the Russians are defeated.

Conversation of the wounded on the field. Napoleon's view of war under the alternate influence of Ambition and Wisdom, and ultimate intentions.

War in procinct frowns round Smolensko's walls;
The gathering storm of fatal battle lowers;
Hope still on Russia's genius throws her rays.
Bagration's legion from Mohilow fled
De Tolly's myriads near Smolensko joins,
Where Korff, Rajefski, Platoff, and Eugene,
Threat to revert the war from Nieper's shores,
And stop th' invader's march, who far had strode
Impetuous, unresisted, like wild winds
O'er passive groves, or ponderous rolling floods
Fast inundating some devoted land.
In sight both hosts approach, the steel-clad lines
Wide space o'ershadow, and portentous frown,
Like gloomy clouds, that under thunder groan.
Decisive valor fir'd the Russian powers,
Breathing revenge, or patriotic wrath;
Nor less Gaul's host; proud of departed days
And glorying in their chief, were fearless all:
By him controll'd they smil'd at danger's frown;

Joy'd in his front to pluck undying flowers,
And climb the slippery, lofty height of fame.
  Along the sable lines, the martial chiefs
Fly on the trampling horse, with tempest speed,
Correcting and arranging: beam their eyes
With stern delight; war round them grimly smiles,
And rebel nature yields to glory's call.
There in proud majesty Napoleon blaz'd
On a bold steed, that conscious of his load
Seem'd sharing empires; swift careering round
His piercing sight arraigns defects, and marks
The hill or vale, where war shall scatter fate;
While clamorous joy along his course resounds,
Loud, as when autumn views Long Island's bays
Dark-robed with fowls of heaven, while blustering winds
High toss her sand, and rend her waving pines,
And on spread wings the feather'd nations soar
Tumultuous on the blast, with cadence hoarse
Above the dashing waves, and mingled sounds
Confusedly rise along the foamy strand,—
Prepar'd for fight, he thus address'd his chiefs:
  A long sought object yonder! lo the foe!
Oppos'd to our dull course; for dull it seems,
When no hard conflicts rouse the slumbering soul.
Harvest of glory ripening shines before—
Our army yearns to reap the splendid field.
Know, waken'd valor soon shall sweep yon plain
Of Russia's myriads; the absorbing land
Be satiate of their blood; its herbage tell
In future times of this eventful day;
Reminding swains, France fought with glory here,
Or recreant fled before a braver foe.
Four days have seen De Tolly strike the wind;
While round his left our numerous armies mov'd.
We now had held Smolensko, broke his lines
Of intercourse with Moscow, had not fate
And Newerowski otherwise ordain'd.
That town will still be ours, though now we see

De Tolly thither come involv'd in dust.
Bagration too has reach'd th' endanger'd point.
O! ere their coming had its walls been storm'd
Successfully, and Ney got aught but wounds!
But now we have them; if not, hope deceives.
Murat! in yonder glade the horse retain;
There wait my pleasure, when the headlong charge
Of snorting steeds shall swell the battle's roar.
Davoust! in quadrate lead our centre up
Yon eminence, there left-deploying, tempt
The foe from his high towers, which, if he leave,
Receive him with destructive compliments,
Or such civility he knew before,
On Eylau, Austerlitz, or Friedland's fields.
Thou, Poniatowski, on Borysthenes
Conduct our right—on yonder hills place guns,
To send destruction on the foe's arm'd mounts—
His ramparts storm, and roaring tiers dethrone.
Ney, on our left, shall guide the battle's rage.
Here, with our guard we shall o'erlook the storm
And watch the moment to decide the fight.
So speaking, from his presence flew the chiefs
Each to his reign, and summon'd all his band;
Them counsel'd of their course, and needful acts,
When burn'd th' impending combat. Soon Davoust
Outled his legions; seem'd they forest wide
Careering gay to sound of Orphean lyre;
And simultaneous in long splendor move
The brother marshals; loud the trumpets roar—
The road to death the voice of music cheers.
Sudden tremendous thunders shake the land,
With jaculation of destructive globes
Through bleeding myriads, and reclining trees,
Involving all the hosts in murky clouds,
Inspiring terror and confusion wild:
As Ætna when he to the centre groans
With turbulence of entrails, and upheaves
Huge rocks, and burning floods, and kingdoms quake,

Towns reel, and giant terror empire holds.
Then, far as human ken at once extends,
The vast earth-shaking armies aim their tubes,
Surcharg'd with death; immediate bursts aloud
The nitrous fire, swift sending heavy load
Commission'd to destroy; so either host
Begin destructive fray; wide sheets of flame
Corruscant, pierce the darkening cloak of war.
The deafening sounds of cannon, muskets, drums,
And dying groans, convulse the region round.
A scene more awful than the midnight heavens
Torn with contentious storm, when angry Jove
Seems borne on howling winds, rob'd in dark clouds,
Grasping ten thousand thunders and fork'd bolts
To singe the guilty land, and starry cope.
  Huge iron globes thick dart from foes to foes,
Disgorg'd by thundering engines, darkly thron'd
On frowning hills, suffus'd with smoke and fire.
At different points the adverse powers condense,
With bayonets sharp protended, death-fraught arms,
In dreadful expectation and suspense.
While the rude clangor of the fight benumbs
Their senses, the fierce warriors desperate charge:
Thousands on thousands sternly rush, intent
On slaughter; the tremendous din sounds far
Of clashing arms, and lamentable cries
Of victims writhing on the pointed steel.
The sub-commanders of each host, behind,
With brandish'd swords excite to bloody deeds.
Alternately the hostile nations yield.
Fortune with various smiles looks on each realm;
But most on France, whom her great son controll'd.
  The centre still at distant combat stands,
Discharging bullets through the sighing air:
The winged deaths in many a hero's breast
End their fleet course, relax his arm, and shade
His eyes with night that has no morn; supine,
He gasping falls upon the gory ground.

Napoleon lofty seated in war's rear,
With optic tube surveys the stormy field.
Valor, perception keen, august design,
On his bright mien in pleasing triumph sate.
With pleasure vaulting from the dome of Fame,
Its tenants wander over half the world:
Gay Vanity in sun-like splendor drives
Her coursers headlong through the southern skies,
O'er Ottoman, and Russian kingdoms wide,
To Norway's barren hills, and deserts cold,
Thence o'er the Finland gulf, and German states,
To Britain's sea-girt isle; astriferous robes,
Back streaming, streak'd her wake with silver light.
Full in his view flam'd Glory's gorgeous wain,
Rolling o'er iron groves, and thundering storm,
Swift as tower-rocking whirlwinds sweep the skies,
By Admiration drawn, with wings emblaz'd
By living fire of eyes; her voice swell'd wild,
Loud as vex'd ocean greets his leeward shore,
By ponderous arm of tempest smote to foam—
When waves and clouds commix'd, the nether sand,
From the blue deep upborne by eddies strong,
Rolls on the tumbling surges, snowy-crown'd,
And dashes on the whitening roaring shore.
High sat the world-enchanting power; her scourge
Round waving, form'd circumference of fire
Above her stellar crown, whose living light
Inspired immortal thoughts in lofty souls.
Before her, valor rode with unsheath'd sword,
Like lightning flaming; oft he look'd behind
On scenes of following radiance, Glory's pomp!
Ambition's steed fast gallops round the gloom—
Now treads the land, now leaps from cloud to cloud
Dark floating o'er the war. Wisdom drew near
Th' imperial hero, in dun clouds involv'd,
Thus speaking: Miserable race! again
Earth drinks her children' blood, untimely shed;
Ungrateful to God's eye; good spirits weep,

That useful steel to murderous bayonets turns—
That Wisdom aids in Heaven-offending schemes.
Then end the strife with least expense of blood;
Necessity alone be Havoc's plea.
Canst thou look through futurity, or tell
How long thy sway may last, or fortune bless?
A time may be when thou wilt move in gloom
Of drear misfortune, and lament the day,
Ambition urg'd thee to this doubtful war;
For know, when mortals pass the sacred bounds,
Prescrib'd by common will, the voice of Heaven,
They wander dangerous ground. He soon replied:
  Fortune 'tis true, oft tricks the human race;
What Heaven imposes, man must bear; I ne'er
Shall try to seize yon sun, or alter fate.
If man were as he ought, I would control
With correspondent virtue; as he is
My measures fit; or good or ill befall,
I'll win renown by acting well my part;
But nought of human power shall bring me low;
Ev'n Jove's dread arm must wield the adverse sword.
  He ceas'd; his herald then address'd: Go thou,
Davoust command yon suburbs quick to storm.
  The herald flew, his emperor's will reveal'd,
And straight his post resum'd. Davoust the while directs
Gudin, Morand, with their divisions swift
Against the suburb ramparts to advance,
Assail their roaring tiers with bayonet red,
And turn their deadly fury on the foe.
  Quick either chief disposes to begin
The close encounter; fast they prance along
Brigades, firm standing under iron showers,
When this Morand to Huard gives in charge:
  See'st thou yon ruin-dealing mount? Defer
Not to reverse his thunderers loud, by force
Of bayonet. Every moment this way prone,
They toss the heads of Frenchmen o'er the field.
In three divisions will my host advance,

And yours the fiery battery will scale
By sudden *coup de main*, or merit shame;
While Colbert, and Pajol, on each side rout
The infantry, there clamoring to secure
The pillars of the war. He spoke, and turn'd
To guide the growing conflict—moving high,
He rode in sullen majesty along.
When Huard through his train arranging speeds,
Revealing lessons to subordinate grades,
Exhorting to be bold. Soon forward move
Through death-pervaded space the storming powers,
Closing and opening as befits the way
Amidst destructive volleys of swift globes
Gregarious whistling grape, and bursting bombs.
Huard, with every martial virtue fir'd,
Feigns to ascend the bastions with his steed,
Then, veering, swift as lightning darts to rear,
High brandishing his sabre midst the storm,
Inspiring bravery in the rushing bands,
And loud thus to his officers declaims:
  Impel who dare to lag, excite the bold;
Our feat shall be the pride of this red day,
Shall give our sovereign joy, by happy change
Of battle's aspect; all our host rejoice,
Butcher'd so long by this far-rending hill!
  Then, fierce as tigers to secure their prey,
Rush from a rural gloom, with tusks unveil'd,
The valiant train with vigorous shouts ascend
The dangerous bulwark, midst the adverse tide
Of fiery arms, swift-waving swords, and spears,
That rag'd tumultuous to oppose, in clouds
Of braying steel; in smoke and streaming flames
Encountering dreadful: first discharged their tubes,
Then rush'd amain; bayonets on bayonets clash'd;
Loud ringing sabres flew; wing'd bullets hiss'd;
Muskets revers'd, high lifted, ponderous fell,
Dispensing death; foes rush'd on foes enrag'd,
Thirsting for slaughter; mutual vengeance burn'd,

Terrific butchery toil'd, hoarse dying groans
Rose midst dread clangor; horrible uproar
Deep consternation, and wild discord reign'd
O'er bloody prospect wide: soon Russia flies
At the foul signal of retreat, drove out
Defac'd with gory wounds from the trench'd hill
By haughty France; nor ended here the fray—
On either wing, tremendous battle sounds:
  Where Colbert rul'd a night of clouds o'erspread,
Scarce pierc'd by flash of arms, disploding dire;
His banners rent, on shatter'd muskets swung—
Firm stood his host, like Ocean's storm-rack'd shore
Projected, or retir'd, as weak, or strong;
But nought decided; Huard reinforc'd,
With half his powers, the much-enduring chief:
Nor wanting rest from late victorious toil,
They rapid join their kindred bands engag'd.
A war-like host! fast blaz'd their levell'd tubes;
Both nations send fell death through narrow space,
Thick scattering slaughter; the long fields are red
With blood of heroes; fierce contention grows
And horrid shrieks of bleeding mortals rise.
Now draw they near, protending charge; then aw'd
By the close terrors slow recoil, and pour
Redoubled volleys through the sighing air.
But Colbert, with impatience to subdue,
Like winged whirlwind hurried through the lines,
Where discord greatest rag'd, and loud exclaim'd:
  Frenchmen, why wait ye on the dreadful field
To die in distant combat, or why fear to charge?
Go then, revenge your mates, that slumber pale,
And put to ceaseless flight by bayonet point
Yon hostile host. Swift at his voice they fly
Amain through deadly iron showers, nor pause
But headlong rushing with sharp bayonets pois'd,
Spread consternation, death and wounds around.
Such fury Russia stands not; fear out-spreads
Her wings of darkness o'er the scene; retreat

Commences, with wild disarray, and ruinous rout;
France follows close behind, like torrent floods
In harsh uproar, staining her arms with blood.
So sharks, the dreaded rovers of the deep,
Dart headlong in pursuit of scaly tribes
Through ocean's spacious field, by hunger urg'd.
  The Russians from their bulwarks driv'n, the chiefs
Recall their bands to occupy, and turn
Their wide destroying force against the powers
Whom late they shielded; sudden deaf'ning peals
Of thundering guns imbowel'd the dun air,
And volleyed balls far wasting orbits tore
Through ranks, that on Pajol successful warr'd;
These fly confused before the deadly blast,
And mourn their valor vain. Brave Ney, the while,
Floods Russia's right with ruin—Gudin drives
The foe before—Bruyere's fleet squadrons wheel
Victorious through the war; the heights secure,
Where Poniatowski sixty thunderers thrones,
And shades Borysthenes with iron showers,
Rending the bridge that links the Russian host.
Touchkoff with equal rage returns the storm:
From fort to fort balls dart; the space between
Sighs at their speed; they in mid heaven oppose
With dreadful shock, and bound along the clouds.
Incessant thunders shake the region round.
Each mount, involv'd in smoke and flame, appears
Like Sinai, as described in story old,
When God alighted from His Heaven, inwrapp'd
In thunder-burthen'd clouds, to give his law—
The mountain trembled at his touch, inspir'd
With dread intelligence of Nature's King;
Fork'd light'nings angry quivered on its brow,
And deepening roar of thunder shook the globe.
  De Tolly far descrying the sad rout
Of what his right consisted, and his host
In evil plight, thus with his chiefs: Misfortune comes,
O valiant kindred! with depressive mien

On this day's toils, and dismal sacrifice
Of many a Russian, bold and brave in vain!
The fate, O heavens! which quite too oft attends
Th' opposers of Napoleon, who careers
In bloody triumph over humbled realms.
But thou, fair virtue's friend, the foe of vice,
Well know'st his merit, and if he deserve
T' enjoy dominion o'er all earthly states.
O grant to wretched Russia happier days!
Though undeserving thy benign regard,
She erst thy gracious providence enjoyed.
Our barriers all are forc'd without yon town;
Shall we then seek sad shelter in retreat,
Or desperate conflict longer try, and plunge
Our state in deeper misery, for faint hope
Of victory? Flight may lead to conquest soon,
While unavailing valor leads to death:
We hence can safe withdraw; Smolensko's towers
Will long obstruct the foe—until our bands
Shall have advanc'd beyond this ruinous storm.
Advise what measures most our welfare needs.
So spoke the chief; and Tornoff thus replied:
'Tis wise of evils to select the least
And turn ill fortune to some good result;
Still glorying in our fate, or foul, or fair.
What you insinuate has my full assent:
To make retreat, till on more hopeful ground,
We may the losses of this day retrieve.
Good angels wipe the tears by Virtue shed;
Fortune not always frowns upon the just:
This mighty hero misery's cup may drain,
Supplied by Russian arm; his France may hear
Sad story of her sons, and mournful weep
O'er robes prepar'd to greet their glad return;
Because they slumber cold in distant lands,
And feel no guilty triumph in our woe.
So speaking, all the chiefs assent declare,
To flee the fatal foe. De Tolly straight

Bids Korff o'er-cross blood-stain'd Borysthenes,
And quickly with redoubled might rebuff
The combat from Smolensko's antique towers;
There check the enemy, till the army main
Is safe removed beyond the battle's rage;
Then following, guard its rear; first give to flames
The war-worn town, that for destructive toil
The foe may win destruction; harvest meet
From deedly seed! He ceas'd, Korff swiftly rides
Through whizzing tempest; his division leads
In fourfold file, o'er Heaven-invading bridge,
Midst goring hail of balls. Now battle shakes
Smolensko's base; her shatter'd bulwarks blaze;
Darkness and thunder awful round her roll—
France under the dread storm, astounded reels;
But all her thunderers points against the walls
Disploding ponderous rock-destroying showers
Of iron globes, while thick vast ruins fall
As leaves, when cold winds scream through faded groves,
While autumn lingers near pale winter's reign.
Sol from the bloody prospect turn'd his eye,
And left the bleeding field in double night.
  Toward Bradichino Touchkoff soon proceeds—
Dochroff for Postilo advances—Korff
The rear war slackens, wraps the town in fire,
Each bridge destroys to obstruct pursuing France,
And follows with brave remnant. Night had run
Full half her race, and now the French prepare
To mount the breach by iron tempests torn;
When lo! the fearful passage none disputes;
No guardian warrior breasts th' invading tide.
Disconsolate, forlorn, Smolensko groans
From all her domes, distain'd with patriot gore,
And plunges in the flames; nor will survive
The agony of defeat. Her funeral blaze
High streaming through the vault of night, appear'd
Like huge Vesuvius, when he quaking throws
A flaming ocean heavenward, and illumes

Far countries round; France forces and entreats
To save her mansions; but fast decompos'd
By fierce combustion, quickly is transform'd—
Ah, how unlike her shape in better days!
  Ere Sol forsook the fight, proud victory bore
The Gallic standards high; Napoleon saw,
And prudent thus commands: Haxo! swift bridge
Borysthenes beyond yon hill; for soon
The foe will fly the field, and interpose
That stream divested of o'er-arching ways,
To interrupt our progress—his defeat.
Straight from his presence Haxo fled—the air
Sigh'd on his bending plume, as prancing high
He sought his bands, and led them to fulfill
His Emperor's mandate. Soon the river foams
Beneath the lofty road of war; and now,
Like dark clouds hurried by autumnal winds,
The squadron'd legions o'er his bosom glide,
Forsaking the red field in swift pursuit
Of Russia's army; where lie thousands pale,
Of shame and glory heedless; no bright sun
Cheers their dark hours; no sorrow clouds their time;
They feel not Fortune's frown, nor court her smiles.
In mingled prospect lie the small and great:
Grabouski there forgets his Poland's wrongs,
On gory couch prostrated, wan and cold;
Injustice cannot sting, nor Envy harm;
He minds not Ruin's spear; the fame he sought
In Peril's jaws, and studious midnight hours
No more concerns—the toys of life ne'er haunt
The silent grave; for him the poor will mourn
Whom awful Virtue thron'd o'er Fortune's power—
Who meekly, greatly liv'd, and nobly died
Guiding the storm of combat—heaven recall'd
From the same charity that mov'd his breast.
  There, ghastly, prone on crimson earth, and stiff
In death's eternal slumber, Minot ends—
His eyes and arms inflame the war no more—

In days of peace he strove with lofty zeal
For civil glory and the good of man.
In time of war no toils nor dangers turn'd
His course from victory or deserv'd renown.
So Liedot graces the red plain, deform'd—
His youthful bloom, and rosy beauty chill'd
Has ceas'd to please—his bosom heaves no more
At battle's clangor panting to excel;
Nor feeds his mind on science' sacred charms,
That once delighted all his peaceful hours,
And rais'd his soul above all vulgar themes—
That mighty mind is lost to human race,
Untimely sped from life's uncertain stage—
Let Virtue mourn her votary's early fall,
With choicest flowerets grace his humble tomb,
And from oblivion his example save.
And prostrate there Laroul in blood abides;
A champion bold, who knew of nought he fear'd,
But want of strength to wield the conquering sword.
Through many troubles had he pass'd, and long
O'er perils triumph'd, in the dreadful fields
Of Jena, Acre, Lodi, Austerlitz
And red Marengo—death o'ertakes him now,
Clay cold, unconscious mingles with the dust;
His country's hope and foeman's dread no more.
  Thus myriads perish'd in the hideous fray,
And heap'd the field with mountains spouting gore,
And uttering cries that bard can never sing.
  On Voluntina now harsh Discord roars—
Ney 's close on Korff's embattled ranks, as waves
On some dismasted fleet, that haply floats
Floundering before earth-racking wind, and sheath
In man their bayonets; horrid Conflict shakes
His gorgon head, that shakes the ample field.
Each gonfalon, high-streaming, seems a sail,
In whirlwinds bounding over waves of steel.
Korff plunges through the bristling tide, surpris'd
By sudden onset; undejected still,

He bids Rajefski breast the furious war,
While on a neighboring hill, his forces main
Deploy, and with his left conjoin'd, attain
Position meet to turn the deadly blast.
  To shield the movement brave Rajefski rides
Behind his staggering troops, and thus declaims:
  Soldiers! stand firm. To you the honor 's giv'n
To prove our army's bulwark. Soon the foe
Will mourn his rashness, when from yonder mount
Our park shall sweep his legions hellward. Stand,
Or falls your country! Lives there one so mean
As would survive her ruin? Warriors, hear!
Let him prove recreant and be Russia's foe!
  Thus he; and seem'd the genius of the storm;
Nor less than Russia's shield, or rock of war
That stopp'd the hostile ocean dashing dire.
He saw foul Havoc crush full half his train;
Still none retreated; the torn remnant gor'd
Ney's thickest cloud, till in position strong
Their comrades thunder'd on the dark'ning field;
Then, order'd, they retired. De Tolly hears
The growing conflict—bids Touchkoff, Eugene,
With their divisions aid the struggling rear.
They swift retrace their road of flight; and now
Davoust o'erspreads the field with num'rous bands,
And loudly answers Russia's roaring tiers.
Murat's vast cavalry fill the ample plain—
Part mix in war, part wait momentous hour
To make the charge victorious. Karpoff hurls
A deadly tempest on the squadrons thick,
That bound like troubled waves. Careering proud,
Murat along the steed-borne army flies,
(Far recogniz'd by snowy plume he wears)
And Grouchy thus bespeaks: Lead thy fleet train
On yonder infantry—dart through—obstruct
That thundering park. He ceas'd, brave Grouchy speeds
Around his troops; till rang'd in order due,
His thousands guides in gallop on the foe

Through murky space, and iron whistling shower—
He headlong rushes into bristling squares
O'er broken men and arms; long ranks give way,
Confus'd and frighten'd, to the hideous charge;
As flexile reeds, or slender corn, assail'd
By unrelenting tempests, fury-wing'd,
Break, bend, and sigh, beneath their boundless rage.
  Touchkoff this saw, advancing fast to aid
Beleaguer'd Karpoff; sudden comes his host
With brandish'd arms. And now, as flaming stars,
Deep in the void, from gravity enstrang'd,
Toward each other rush with angry air,
To ruin dashing their conflicting orbs,
Meet the contending powers—plunging midst death—
Thick gleaming sabres ring in horrid clash;
Sparks from the attrition fly—tremendous shouts
Rend the dark heavens, and groans the passive ground,
With streaming crimson stain'd; Discord unveils
Her frightful visage; fury, terror, wounds,
Confusion wild, and stern encounter grows—
Horses, wild staggering, tumble round, aghast
Their riders, lopt of limbs, recline; fast whelm'd
By waves of fight, thick crowding o'er, they sink,
Where crush'd by hoofs of steeds, they gasp in death,
And endless darkness veils their fearful eyes.
  The while Davoust directs Gudin to sweep
Korff from his haughty post. The brave man leads
His bold division on, to lead no more!
The dark air groan'd, as burthen'd with his doom,
While high the warrior moved, proclaiming loud:
Companions in renown! to us 'tis given
Before thrice thirty thousand French, to prove
Our valor, and new face the field: Behold!
What myrtle harvest for your victor arms!
Rush then resistless, seize the glorious prize—
Be what ye were, when, in more direful storm,
You swept the foe from fall'n Smolensko's shield!
  He spoke, advancing fast through iron shower—

A thirsty ball impatient rends the air
And Gudin's heart. He reeling lifeless falls
Before his rushing train, that instant paus'd,
While filial sighs from warrior bosoms burst:
Through the stern ranks dejecting Rumor ran,
And told, the son of victory was no more.
Fame's trumpet sudden dolorous sounded far
Through legions gather'd on the verge of fight,
Revealing Gallic wo, and Gudin's fall.
Collected vengeance now lowers dark to burst
In stormy combat on the Russian host.
Murat with lion rage, careers above
The iron forest on a lofty steed,
With sword high brandish'd midst the waxing gloom,
And loud exhorts inferior chiefs around:
  Why stand ye idle this eventful hour,
When Jove in doubtful balance holds the fate
Of this important day? Or vainly hie
Behind the fight upon your flying steeds,
And deedless view the tide of horror rise?
The swelling mountains of your Frenchmen dead!
When timely ardor by your force inspir'd,
Might rout the foe, and shortly stop the strife,
Who stand sublimely brave, nor seem to fear,
Though our artillery sweep whole bands away;
And cavalry bold with whirlwind fury charge,
Breaking long lines, whose bruis'd remains renew
The deathful toil, and sternly wait their doom.
Quick then excite the troops, nor slothful yield
Th' event of this great combat to the slow
Impulse of duty: Admiration tread
In all your steps! fly swift where honor calls—
Disdain to reap the praise without the toil!
So speaking, all the chiefs the same enjoin
On sub-commanders; swift the spirit flies
Of courage stern, from grade to grade, as lightning sprung
From glooomy bellowing clouds, illumes the void;
And thus they speak: What glories wait this day,

Or black disgrace! for now no giant towers,
No pre-establish'd rampart shrouds the foe—
Be not our cowardice, or sloth, his shield!
Who then shall shrink, regardless of our fame,
And not be levell'd with the gasping slain?
Or, if immediate justice not o'ertake,
Be high expos'd, where scorn shall point her wand
To curse his load of life, and conduct past.
Forget not, Frenchmen, your renown'd exploits.
Know, yonder foes you conquer'd oft before,
When they excell'd in numbers, and fierce plung'd,
Of battle satiate, on their bleeding rear.
  Now shudders Earth beneath the laboring war;
Thrice sixty thousand meet, conflicting dire—
The volleyed thunder heaven's high concave rends;
Dark rolling clouds exclude the day; by fits,
A strong wind sweeps the field of clouds, and shows
Th' Earth-shaking battle flaming, thundering far.
Davoust fast rends the field with hundred guns
Of huge dimensions, hurling grape and ball
Thick as descending hail or flakes of snow,
When icy winter tumbles from the skies:
The glimmering bands before their rage decay;
Disdain they to recede, nor dare advance—
But bleeding stand amidst the hideous storm
Disgorging deadly shower. Murat in front
Conducts his fleet array on bristling groves,
Which reek with gore; impetuous, sanguine, bold,
He plunges through the storm; fierce combat burns
Thrice dreadful where he moves; example great!
A valorous king! His lofty plume, half shorn
By whizzing globes thick ranging princes o'er,
Still mark'd him bounding through the raging war.
Beauharnois near, impels the tide of fight,
Which round him swells tumultuous, dark'ning deep.
Russia recoils, faint reeling, midst the flood
Of ponderous rushing cavalry; great Eugene
Darts through the storm to rouse the drooping host:

Korff, Skallon, Balla, on like errand ride
Close on the raging ranks with tempest speed,
And words like these from either chief are heard:
  This is the field deem'd sacred by our sires;
Whence, erst, back roll'd the tide of war; repell'd
By Russian valor: Be it not renown'd,
That we first let pollution pass this ground—
'Twere odious precedence, and damning fame.
Russians, stand firm—this great occasion calls
Your utmost might; Religion, Vengeance, Love
Forbid defeat—the loss of things adored—
Our altars, fire-sides, monarchy and name!
To us our country looks with anxious eyes;
In us her safety is repos'd; then prove
Worthy of confidence; her losses past
Retrieve, avenge her injuries on the foe—
Th' audacious spoiler of our peace, and cause
Of countless miseries to extensive realms.
What aggravated shame on those attends,
Who suffer overthrow in native land;
Where all things sacred to the patriot soul
Should kindle ardor to repel, which burns
In Peril's jaws, nor cools this side the grave.
Have we not more incentives to contend
Than those intruders, who have nought to lose,
But the drear glory of their haughty lord?
Then teach the enemy soon, though loth to learn,
That Russians dare to die, though fortune frown
On their endeavors, and exalt their foe.
  Korff headlong midst thick cloud of combat plung'd
O'er yielding ranks, with shriek and uproar wild—
"Rush on brave troop," he cries, "your general leads:"
Infuriate they pursue with flaming arms;
Like whirlwind, midst the adverse nation wheel—
But soon rebound, by deadly torrent driven—
Korff, pale, lies victim of all-conquering death,
The songs of hope scarce sounding in his ears;
Great kings and empires swim before his eyes,

And round him spreads the spectre-peopled world.
His troops dishearten'd fly the war, and swift
Through all the field commences wild retreat
Of Russia's legions; France hangs on their rear
With weapons lifted to rebathe in blood.
So tigers from the fiercer lion run—
So chaff, or smoke, before the tempest flies.
.Now day retires—the chiefs bid cease pursuit.
Swift as night flies the sun the order spread
Through all the host; but Fury rul'd the fray—
Insatiate of wide slaughter fierce she strode,
While wounds, and death, and terror swell'd before
Each leader, bent to quell the soldiers' rage,
Darting like whirlwind midst th' opposing hosts,
Stalk'd high, with brandish'd sword forbidding strife;
While here, and there, the bands forget their wrath
Till all surcease in crooked line, far stretch'd,
And scatter'd wide, like ocean weed, or foam
Stranded on some long coast by high-swoln tides.
Selected bands surviving wounded bear
From gory beds, where midst the storm of fight
Machaon's sons had stanch'd their gushing blood.
Some wail their destiny and torturing wounds,
Griev'd for the past, and of the future 'fraid.
Some writh'd by pain, immediate death implore,
Of all things heedless but the quiet grave.
Some oft repeat the well-remember'd names
Of parents, sisters, lovers, wives and friends
Their fall might bring to wretchedness and want:
As poor Lerault lamented near his tomb,
In dismal converse with a suffering peer.
Ah mournful date! he cries, for this I left
My peaceful home close bordering on the Rhine.
Contented, there I liv'd, of swains approv'd—
A fond domestic train inspir'd my breast
With soft affection, ocean great of joy!
They sooth'd my woes, if any woes were mine.
A lovely spouse, the fairest of the fair,

With every charm that waits a virtuous mind—
A blooming daughter, and an infant son,
Dependent on my aid—ah! much I fear
Their happiness must perish with their sire:
Frail orphans ill can brave th' ungrateful world.
I see misfortune chill their early bloom;
Some careless guardian give their tender years
To base employ, in shade of cold neglect,
While their lorn mother unavailing weeps.
Too late I blame my fondness for renown
Of dangerous toil. O cruel fate! must death
Thus terminate my hopes; this frame resolve
With the cold earth, its vital spirit flown,
That once beat high to glory, and no more
Delight or grieve, or feel reproach, or praise,
Or walk with festive friends my native land,
To hear the narrative of hoary age,
And teach my gentle offspring virtue's ways;
Which, Hope has said, would be my bliss, when freed
From toils of war, reposing on high fame?
So human prospects vanish: Hope's full wave
Breaks on death's shore, in cold oblivious gloom;
Man's generations in succession roll
To that dark limit, and are known no more!
  Disconsolate he speaks; and thus Labeur:
The grave is opening; all the doleful way
Unveil'd before me lies—distressful thoughts
Might pain my latest life; but e'er resign'd
To steadfast fate, they harmless pass me o'er.
I have dear relatives that need my aid:
A pious mother, venerable and poor,
My kind controller in my youthful years;
For whom with filial zeal I long have toil'd—
And a fond spouse, whose sweet attention charms
The soul to grateful transport, and unloads
The mind of half its woes: Oft have I said
Labeur has greater woes than most of men,
Forever struggling with misfortune's flood.

Alas! they soon will end: fell Ruin points
At my sad being her inveterate darts;
E'en now strange scenes, and other worlds appear;
Their forms decay that bind me on time's shore.
Fear not, frail twain, the years to come; for though
The proud neglect, God ne'er forsakes the poor.
  As thus they convers'd, on the ground reclin'd,
Lemair, though dying, thus jocosely speaks:
  And fear ye then to die? Such dismal strain
Two aged maids might utter fraught with spleen,
Not warriors resting on the gory field—
Who should not fail of courage to lie down.
Perhaps ye came not here to seek a bed;
Yet many a year in undisturb'd repose
Ye will this land encumber, and perhaps
Have pleasant dreams of fame this day acquir'd.
  In various mood the wounded thus employ
Life's remnant, sinking into death's cold arms,
Midst hills of slain. Strewn o'er the bloody scene
Two of distinguish'd name the muse descries:
Skallon, the pride of camps, the soldier's sire,
The dauntless patriot, who erst vow'd no foe
Should pass the sacred field, but o'er his corpse;
And Balla, dreadful midst the files of fight,
Of equal zeal and firmness; like some oak,
That shielded forests with its giant arms,
Thrown down by tempest on the crackling grove,
Leaving wide blank on high, the hero fell
Amidst his falling ranks, while Russia sigh'd,
And droop'd her battle, of its crest bereav'd.
  The combat past, Napoleon o'er the field
Rides with attendant suite: Rapp, Caulincourt,
Lauriston and Duroc; who round him shine
With port majestic, and attentive mien.
Before, on steed of light, Minerva mov'd,
By none beheld. "Great feats of arms impress
This ground," remarked the monarch: "Folly's toil!"
Exclaim'd the goddess, flaming on his view

With mournful dignity, and mild disdain,
" Which fools approve, which vice incites: O when
Will mortals learn, that innocence is praise,
Forever young, while fame of warlike deeds
Decays with vice, contention's deadly spring!
When her dark reign expires, let men of blood
No more expect acclaim. When virtuous peace
Toward them shall look with pity, or with scorn,
From universal throne, will they not be
Pre-eminent in shame, and wish to plunge
Beneath oblivion's waves to hide their state—
As heroes once, but now as evils view'd?
Ere twice five hundred years from Faustus' birth
How chang'd will be the world! When those whose blood
And toil feed murderous war, shall all be taught
Their rights and duties, will they then permit
Arch rulers to destroy them as in sport,
And bleed, that chiefs may get Athenian praise,
And find no rational means to end disputes?
Know, worthy fame has an immortal base,
Immutable and firm 'midst wreck of realms,
The change of customs and the fall of power;
In times most evil it commands regard;
'Tis virtue's throne, where Justice guardian stands;
It gleams on vicious ages, as the sun
Shines on the earth, when clouds obscure the sky;
And like him, cloudless, beams on days of truth.
As vice it's own correctives bears 'twill come,
When the heal'd moral frame will marvel much
That splendid wickedness was e'er revered,
Or deeds of blood deem'd worthy of applause.
Vice to herself applies the scourge: Thy power,
Which shakes the guilty nations, ill employed,
Itself destroys: While borne on error's tide
The nations sail, if thou must with them run,
O do not urge their speed in courses wrong!
Shall those to whom 'tis given to bless mankind,
Abuse their trust for wild Ambition's lore,

Whose ill-directed efforts bring reproach,
Nor dread the justice of insulted Heaven?"
As thus she speaks, griev'd at the gory scene,
The Emperor signs assent; but to the sound
Of martial music, and the flattering smile
Of present victory, swell his passions high
For conquest, false renown, and fiery clouds
Swift interrupt his view of Wisdom's charms:
Ambition, in her stead, beside him rode
On blazing steed, proud champing scepter'd curb:
And other thrones, she cries, shall to thee bow,
Or own thy guidance—other countries feel
Thy man-exalting influence; but why mourn,
In victory's arms, the fate of human kind?
War shakes the moral, storms the natural world,
Alike devoted to the good and ill.
Grant vice the cause—can we the cause remove?
If war must burn, why we not guide its rage?
The surgeon bleeds a man, the king a realm,
To forward healthy action, and to save.
The cause remov'd, th' effect will shock no more.
The sound require not the physician's aid.
It is conceded Vice herself annoys;
Her offspring, war, is her main punishment,
Conducting which, serve we not Virtue's cause?
How oft have warriors had celestial aid
By Hebrew story? E'en thyself; high Jove
To thee imparts the rule of many thrones;
Inspires with genius, arms with power, and gives
To move victorious o'er the guilty world;
Would he aught sanction that promoted ill?
What evil may Timidity forbode
In garb of Prudence! If Heaven on thee war
Thy part may still be glorious; bearing woe
With passive valor, and unyielding mind,
Has equal honor to successful war.
My counsel then cannot have evil end
Provoking sad misfortune, as that fair

So lately fled thy presence durst assert,
Who blames presumption, while she most presumes.
Sure, gold or thrones shall not move honor's scale—
She e'en attempts to scan the will of Jove,
Futurity's dark wild explore, to prove
(What faith discredits) Virtue insincere
When exercis'd in punishment of Vice!
  Thus she; The Chief replies: I sought renown
No more in war than peace; her tranquil shade
Had baneful influence on my envied throne;
Yet all my battles have been fought for her,
And to her use I give the spoils of war.
When England, humbled, shall provoke no more,
Blithe Industry shall lead the dance of joy
In gay prosperity; the laurel'd head
Of venerable Science living light
Diffuse; the Muses clustering splendors weave;
The pencil rival nature; sacred laws
Guard justice, and the fabric of man's bliss
Be co-extensive with my great domain—
A grand memorial that Napoleon was!
  Thus he, careering o'er the doleful field
Midst groans of wounded, shouts of shatter'd lines
That hail his coming with presented arms.
To every band, and each distinguished chief,
He grants the meed deserv'd, while myriads joy'd,
And wish'd in other fights to please their lord.
  Now Sol had sunk far o'er th' Atlantic waves,
And streak'd the horizon of the west with fire
Of farewell beams—the dusky car of night
Ascended orient climes, approaching fast
In sable pomp—war's hideous face was veil'd;
The host embrac'd the balmy power of sleep,
Except the wakeful sentinel, walking slow,
All the long night to guard the slumbering camp.

BOOK IV.

ANALYSIS.

In the night following the battle, the anxiety of Napoleon disturbing his slumbers, he rises, makes a soliloquy, and again retires to rest; while Fear summons her train and directs them to pervade the Russian camp. Which done, De Tolly, after a consultation with his officers, continues to retreat during the night; while Chimera is addressed by Disquietude, respecting a dream for Napoleon. Chimera decrees what shall be presented to him, which a Vigil is charged to convey to his mind. He performs the mission. The Emperor awaking remarks its influence—has an interview with his marshals, and learning the direction of the retreat of the Russians, pursues them with his army.

SLUMBERING the mighty chief of nations lay
In his distinguish'd tent; his warriors round
Enjoying soft repose forgot the hours;
But he was mov'd by soul-corroding care,
And doubts, prevailing in his troubled breast.
'Twas midnight's peaceful hour; th' unwearied world
In darkness roll'd beneath far twinkling stars,
Which gild night's throne; bright oracles of God!
That lead the mind in contemplation deep
Till reason in immensity expires.
The drowsy camp muttered somnific sounds:
Th' unharness'd steeds neigh'd to the echoing hills,
Disturbing oft calm Silence' pensive reign
Who in lone cells and night-invested fields
Conducts the mind to nature and to truth.
The lamps were dim with age, and feebly shed
Unwelcome radiance on reflecting robes
That grac'd the royal tent, when wak'd by cares,
Rose from his downy couch th' aspiring king:
His mien bespoke the hero and the seer;

And musing of his state, thus talks alone:
In night's dark silence sober thoughts invade
The breasts of kings, depressive of their pride.
The gloomy scowl of yonder heaven, the stars,
Which distant shed a doubtful, glimmering light
In the dark vault, and chilling winds, that breathe
On hills austere, moving the rustling leaves,
In solemn hour invite to nature's court
My burdened soul; no flatterers there it finds:
"Thy race will soon be run," some voice exclaims,
"Thou with thy pompous myriads must descend
And be no more, while nature glorious shines,
Heedless of mortal deeds; or great or small;
Whose fame shall please not the cold mouldering corse,
Its spirit quench'd in death's eternal night."
Alas! how irksome this pursuit of fame;
This sublunary power, and transient throne,
Or held by lineage high, or bravely won:
Though mine the partial voice of millions gave,
I hold it of less worth than most of men;
For miserable is all this gorgeous pomp,
Compared with the poor peasant's unconcern;
But small (oh, fate of pride!) is all the peasant's bliss
To glory's deathless light, immortal fame!
Which providence has doom'd me to pursue
On wings of war, o'er floods of human gore.
Sad mean, and hurtful to my peace of soul!
Too frequent wounded, oft I thus exclaim:
"Admired philosophers and bards of old,
Who with increasing splendor walk with time,
Diffusing virtue's seeds through every age,
In human breasts awaking heavenly fires;
Much would I joy to tread your honor'd road,
So bright with charms divine, and guiltless fame;
There blest with peace, with competence and health,
Far from fool-dazzling pomp and troubling cares,
In mild, yet lofty state, my days should pass."
But now, my course ordain'd, when deeds of kings

And heroes of old time before me rise,
Conscious that man, through ages long, admires
Them as supreme of mortals, burns my breast
In emulation bold; all sober thoughts
Philosophy inspires forthwith depart
Their native seat: the fragrant blooming grove,
And shady bower, at Fame's loud summons fly
My ravish'd sight; Hope, Valor, Glory stir
The impatient soul; my hand spontaneous grasps
Th' assuring sword; armies I hail and crowns,
And spectres of the mighty dead appear.
Thus mov'd, I conquer'd kingdoms, and attain'd
This high pre-eminence; saw potentates,
Princedoms, dominions, realms, and mighty thrones,
Before my banners cower; vast armies rise
Obsequious to my will, of matchless force,
And distant nations court my kind regard.
Ah! had this fortune sweet contentment given,
My toil had been repaid: but thou, Renown,
Shalt tell in future times of all my deeds,
And to my name unceasing tribute pay;
Which as through long revolving years it glides,
Shall, like huge rivers deep'ning as they flow,
Increase in praise, till Earth shall be no more!
  But what uncertainty clouds Fortune's march!
How feeble the support of human trust!
Misfortunes great may lie before, conceal'd
From human prescience. Prone on Niemen's bank
My courser fell—I saw the giant storm,
In shape of ancient hero arm'd, that burst
As Alexander's or a Cæsar's rage,
Or Homer's mighty spirit were its soul,
Me paralyzing: When Intrigue, ere while,
Presum'd to caution of my dubious state,
I ill receiv'd her lore; but sure her tongue
Re-echoed history's voice—and might instruct
To shun the perils frowning on my course.
  Unpleasant seem my prospects: What to urge

Decisive combat, and victorious move
To the proud acme of this great campaign,
And shield my myriads from the wintery storms;
Pondering, I lose calm sleep's refection kind,
A victim to anxiety and care.
So speaks Napoleon; then the maps unfolds,
Which all the Russian clime display; the roads,
Champaigns, extensive forests, rivers, groves,
Cities and guarded seats; examines these,
His course determines and his couch resumes.
Meantime wan Fear in her chill residence
Felt sudden agitation; wild concern
Was in her visage, though her speech was bold.
She cast unquiet looks, and round her hall
Saw monstrous things, gorgonian forms and death.
Upon the darker shore of life's bleak stream
Her palace stands, just opposite, where Hope's,
In gorgeous splendor, throws undying light
To cheer the storm-tost wanderer; strong the tide
Runs to the sullen strand, and thither bears
Th' infirm midst rocks and shoals. In that huge pile
Shapeless and gloomy, Superstition toils;
She forges fetters for the crouching world—
For reason's votaries scaffolds builds, and shows
Midst other trophies, great Galileo's chains;
While druids, augurs, priests of various name,
And kings of earth at human weakness smile.
There Sirens sing and demons snarl by turns;
Imagination trembles at her brood;
Blank Indecision, faction-tost, is seen,
The happy moment losing of success—
And all the unquiet spirits: Near her throne
Chimera sits, her counsel aids, and states
The crude inventions of her numerous train,
Whom she on various embassies deputes,
Inspiring dreams of happiness or wo.
She quickly summon'd her tumultuous powers;
They came with startled faces, hurrying wild—

While roar'd her trump, as fill'd by stormy winds;
Hope echo'd its harsh sound in music sweet.
The wild assembly on each other glar'd,
And shriek'd at times, as quiver'd, crack'd and groan'd
The tempest shaken mansion. Soon the queen
Thus loud began: Defeat waits Russia's powers,
Who me have have worshipp'd since th' approach of night;
This understood, and in due time implor'd,
'Tis fit we interpose to keep from harm
A host so vast. Our Flight, her wings dispread,
Shall guide them from th' impending danger soon,
Convincing man, the strongest needs our aid:
Ah me, what miseries might vain mortals shun
In Pride and Valor's lore! How oft they fall
And own my sway too late to change their doom!
  Though all these Russians ridicul'd my power,
Deeming me peccant, and a ruthless pest
Among their ranks the last man-butchering day,
Full weighty cause they knew, ere Sol roll'd down
The western heaven, to seek our humble aid,
Now, timorous agents of the trembling dome,
Endeavor our wild spirit to diffuse
Through all the Russian myriads; them convince
Of the necessity of rapid flight
Under thick darkness' all-concealing wings;
Lest fast-approaching day should ghastly stare
On their corse-cumber'd camp, and Ruin drag
Their throneless monarch at his blasting wheels.
Well had they done in former times to own
My safe dominion, when that mighty Chief
To battle's verge came towering in fierce war,
And they, in strength too confident, essay'd,
His overthrow, and dar'd, imprudent, front
The armies train'd by his victorious hand,
Which cost them deep remorse, and floods of gore.
  Instructed thus, they mount the wilds of air,
So swift the winds lull panting far behind,
Unequal to the race: In Russia's camp

Soon ply their mission—through the army move,
The cold infection spreading; while above,
The timorous queen sat gathering sevenfold night
About the dangerous scene, and stretch'd her hand
Towards th' inclement north, that show'd relief
And promis'd safety from Destruction's jaws.
De Tolly felt the spirit which prevail'd;
A general's cares incumbent on his mind—
(He fear'd not for himself; but for his King,
And the vast host he ruled;) to council call'd
His nation's leaders, and thus spoke the chief:
The toils of yesterday, crown'd with defeat,
And loss of thousands, warn us to depart
This evil post, and undetected speed
To Borodino, or to Moscow's walls:
There, with collected strength, we may resume
The arduous conflict, and successful prove;
For soon Kutusoff, freed from Turkish war,
May with his skill, and numbers, swell our force.
Driven from intrenchments, and selected ground,
Where late we deem'd ourselves secure in vain,
What shall we here, but fall an easy prey
To our insidious foe by morrow's dawn?
Who now believes our forces fit to cope
With those of France from past experience? Say—
With myriads fallen, captur'd, or dispers'd,
On inauspicious ground—can we contend
Victorious? When, before defeat sustain'd,
Of hope possess'd, which some possess no more,
We cower'd before their Eagles, and retir'd
Reluctant, nor attain'd this worthless spot,
Till much respected Darkness lent her aid;
Else had the foe, insatiate, still pursu'd
Our hapless legions; his tempestuous horse,
Plunging amain, deep bath'd in crimson floods
On the far scatter'd rear of our large host,
Of which full half had now imprison'd groan'd,
Or in death's pale embrace their fathers join'd.

The general ended. Touchkoff thus replied:
Impending danger loud forbids delay
Of speedy flight; solicitude immense
Disturbs this breast, as if some evil spirit
Had enter'd there, and whisper'd ills to come,
Causing chill thoughts, and darkness of my soul.
'Twould better end to give in brief our will,
In this consult, and swift departure haste;
Each moment lost, plucks honors from our name;
'Twill haunt our future years, and cloud our joys;
For now, methinks, a dreadful storm is near,
Of woful end, to burst in boundless rage
Ere morning glides us by in saffron robes,
Displaying the grim face of ruthless war.
Thus he—and sprightly Platoff thus rejoins:
Heavens! could Napoleon hear our brave resolves,
His seine of arms might trap our timorous shoals;
But Voluntina's warriors, who, so late,
Trod thunder-beaten paths, and near rebuff'd
Smolensko's victors, he will not suspect
Of such dark transit, save to gain his rear;
By good opinion of our valor, dup'd!
Sure some with open eyes are fraught with dreams—
Far worse, than when a slumbering maid believes
Her wherry founders, and she stifled drowns;
Though morn belies the faith, she still conceives
Herself in evil plight; her neighbors plague
With frequent lamentation, and long tales
Of coming trouble in the dream portray'd.
Nor stops her clamor, till new visions come,
Which promise husbands, or more golden days.
Though all appearances seem not so ill
As to destroy my hopes of victory here,
And fill me with thy terrors; yet our state
Is quite precarious and some prudence needs,
Join'd with true valor, to conduct us hence
Secure from peril, to the destin'd site
Of the last combat, in defence of that

Long reverenc'd city, with good parsons bless'd,
In thee, De Tolly, those bright virtues live,
And recommend thee to control our course;
Which from this place, ere blushes rosy morn,
I hope shall have been sped: assent declare,
Who will to flee, and quick suspense conclude.
  Advising thus, the whole consent to march,
And wish no moment lost. Their chief directs
What way, and how, the several leaders move
Their portions thence, and where conjunction form.
  Then to his train each went, assembled straight
His sub-commanders, and this lesson gave:
  We haste away from this unhopeful ground,
If possible, unseen, while darkness holds
Her friendly reign, and hides our humble march.
Lead cautious each his charge, forbid the sound
Of voice and instrument sonorous, lest
Our watchful enemy take heed, and strive
Against our purpose; all will strict maintain
Due order, rapid walk, and silence deep.
  Then to their posts they hie, and at the sign
Of march, all secret move, in swift retreat:
Columns succeeding columns, long and dark,
Move sullen, like nigrescent clouds of even
In torrid summer, covering half the sky,
Which near the gloomy world, low muttering, glide,
While stars shoot fast behind, and sudden winds
Stir the black rustling forest cloth'd in night,
  Meanwhile round Fear's abode a tempest rag'd:
Disquietude before the Queen uprose,
And thus bespoke her and Chimera wild:
  A potent Emperor much perplexes now—
In Russia's wide domain he venturous sleeps;
But what concerns him most, 'tis hard to say;
His realm's rebellion, or the doubtful end
Of this gigantic contest, which must soon
Exalt him to unprecedented height,
Or cloud his history with surprising gloom

Of evil fortune; e'en the last he dreads,
While Sleep unwilling casts her balmy veil
O'er his day's toils, and sadly sooths his soul.
Full well he knows of Fortune's treacherous ways;
His hope gleams faint, beyond herculean toils,
Like stars of evening, when autumnal clouds
Sail thick and dark along the windy heaven,
Twinkling at intervals on human eyes:—
Or beacons, that far off to windward lie,
By mariners seen from billowy mounts by night,
Which show the port past threatening rocks and shoals,
And surges adverse rolling raging wild.
  Impatient to attain unequal'd power,
Renown unfading, and terrestrial pomp,
By swift dispersion of his neighboring foe;
Yet doubtful of success, and pain'd with care,
What vision shall we offer to his mind,
To cause him joy or wo, while held in sleep,
Unable to command the valorous fire,
Which sense of peril in its blaze consumes?
Recount thy practice, of what nature say,
Shall be the prospect to employ his mind,
Compounded of his plight; or good, or ill?
  This having said, Chimera thus replied:
When night o'erspreads the busy walks of men,
And animal creation seek repose,
I give to all such mental scenes, as suit
Th' oblations various offered at my shrine:
From monarchs and the great I most receive
Incentives to construct unpleasant dreams,
That harm their quiet, and engender wo;
Which, though derided, oft diffuses gloom
Amidst their revels with unnotic'd hand.
But where stern Wisdom constant sway preserves,
Industriously seeks facts whereon to think,
Not building, till materials are procured,
And to conclusion brings perplexing doubt
'Tis seldom I obtain; for frowns severe

The rigid goddess, and forbids approach,
When rapid I retire, like smoke before the wind.
  I to the theorist vain schemes unfold
Surcharg'd with sweet delusion and surmise.
Philosophers, well pleas'd, I bear away
Beyond the Pleiades, in the northern sky,
Or to some favorite planet, where they view
Its satellites, refulgent glowing round,
And comets, flaming through the field of stars;
And oh, with Newton how I lov'd to rove!
The motions of his soul resembled heaven—
So easy, and so high! so placid and sublime!
The brazen quack I compliment with ghosts
In winding sheet, just fled the dreary tomb,
Untimely thither by his errors hurl'd;
Or please him midst deluded multitudes,
Prescribing, as blind Chance his Chaos rules.
The sage physician I perplex with news
Of deviations from prescriptions just—
And oft console him with the grateful voice
Of patients heal'd, and rescued from the grave.
The lawyer frequently inspir'd by me,
Harangues a listening jury, and inflames
Their breasts with ardor to assert the laws—
The parson oft I lift to bright abodes
Of angels and blest saints, where he beholds
Immortal features, beaming light divine;
Hears song delectable, and converse holds
With happy spirits, then awaking smiles
At death's short sting, and the poor conquests of the grave.
Or strong temptations set before his view—
A beauteous maid, possess'd of matchless charms,
Her Christian travail telling in sweet strain;
Think ye his thoughts quit Heaven and earth to rove?
Old bachelors I haunt with marriage state—
The dismal penance of loquacious wife,
And vex with children and parental cares.
Poets I toss among the stars, where pleas'd,

They see the spheres along their orbits dance
To nature's harmony—they joyful rove
Amidst the clustering constellations bright,
And hear vast worlds melodious concert join,
Hymning the praise of Deity supreme.
Sometimes I place them midst tenebrious clouds,
Roaring and flashing horrid day, compell'd
By furious tempests through the stormy skies;
When in high transport they enjoy the scene,
Regardless of the dust which girds them round,
At times show Envy and lame Ignorance,
Rolling dull eyes askance upon their muse;
When they, forgetful, from the prospect turn,
Or hope their pearls not wholly thrown to swine.
The glutton I provide with odious scenes,
And launch from precipices dread, while he,
In fearful expectation waits the blow.
I let the miser see the sneaking thief
His closet penetrate, and treasure grasp;
Let some behold their emulation's blaze
Portray'd in those whose fame they would surpass:
And often to the laboring patriot show
The base injustice of ungrateful man.
And now methinks from all oblations giv'n
By this great chief, this dream to him belongs,
Which thou, strict Vigil, wilt to him convey,
Fulfill our purpose, and his rest annoy:
  Before him bring the shapes of heroes old,
Beseeching Heaven, by various arguments,
To check his progress to superior fame.
Him show the victims of ingratitude—
Then grasp in cloudy hand, and lift on high
Between th' infolding skies and rolling world,
That in his sight great Europe may appear,
With all her realms reflecting sorrow's look;
When sudden, France sinks, leaving chasm dark,
While roll th' Atlantic, German, Midland floods,
Impetuous closing o'er her towers in foam

A rocky isle next where she was, is seen,
Round which tall navies glide, and ponderous whales,
That 'gainst the clouds expire their watery breath.
Then, in transition swift, midst barren wilds
Let winter's freezing stores profusely fall,
And cold winds round him drift the hoary snow;
While on a steed, forlorn he refuge seeks
In deep distress, but seeks in vain, and lo!
Forsaken armaments, disabled guns
Half whelm'd in hail, heaps of chill'd steeds,
And ghastly groves of frozen men reclin'd
On muskets, or in mountains pil'd around,
Ope on his sight, and fruitless he explores
The fetter'd lands in search of that great host,
So late his pride, and terror of his foes.
Then spread narcotic vapors o'er his mind,
Producing slumber soft, and transient truce
Of ominous toil; then soon midst squadrons arm'd,
Transport him at Misfortune's desperate call,
Contending for his liberty and life;
While heaven wears mournful aspect, bleak and dark
With clouds, swift wafted by tempestuous winds.
Next place him in the hall of Russian kings,
Deep musing of old time, and trophies won
By valiant Russia, in fair order rang'd;
There conjure up a dragon, hideous, huge,
Affecting to conceal his latent ire,
Till near him, when he grasps the triple crown,
Which breaking, and profaning in his view,
He hurls upon the winds; and straight 'tis gone—
Perceptible no more; then mute remains
The evil monster, and with scornful eye,
Beholds of crown bereft, th' astonish'd Chief;
But soon the uncertainty of earthly things
And levelling Death's all-conquering power proclaims.
So spoke the queen, then sudden quak'd the Dome,
As open flew the doors with grating sound;
Out rush'd the Vigil—soaring on the winds

Infuriate whistling through the clouded skies.
Behind he leaves the voice of troubled waves,
Of groaning trees, of misery and of joy,
And enters clouds scarce pierc'd by Hope's fair beams:
He penetrates the sphere where Somnus reigns—
And now fast traverses the dusky land
On the still confines of the realm of Death,
Which has no interchange of night and day,
Nor sees a star, or sun, or silver moon—
'Tis cheerless all; no breezes wander there;
No sound e'er breaks upon that dreary wild:
Wan pensive spectres in deep silence glide
Athwart the gloom, into the darksome world;
On whose frontier gigantic phantoms frown
In all their monarch's terrors—here he paus'd,
And try'd to sigh, but fate refus'd the voice;
Then sped, while volitive of motion, lest
In immobility eternal held,
A night-clad monument he should abide
Unnumber'd tedious cycles—and attain'd
Th' imperial ear: And quick before him strides
Achilles, fiery-crown'd, whose nervous arm
Upbears the sculptur'd shield; its surface shows
His deeds and Ilion's fall: With earnest gaze,
As on some form which mortals could not view,
He thus address'd the power that sports with kings:
  O fate dispensing being, nature's God!
If e'er I awkward toil'd to please, with smoke
Of victims slain, repress this rival Chief.
Short was my time on earth, but fill'd with deeds,
Midst fierce contending squadrons, bath'd in blood,
And angry tempests on th' earth-shaking seas.
With longer life I had acquir'd more fame;
But while in youthful bloom; while yet I shone
In proud defiance of my foes, and hurl'd
Them to the dust; while soothing hope portray'd
Bright scenes to come; ere half th' accustom'd race
Of life was run Death seiz'd: I could no more,

By destiny inexorable bound.
Shall he, permitted, flourish o'er my tomb?
My fame eclipse, while I in death repose?
While ways unnumber'd moves my mortal frame
In tempest, stream, or tree; the voice long mute
That frighten'd Troy: The Hector-conquering arm,
In ruin cold, can scatter fate no more!
  Thus he, and mingled with the air. Then rose,
With head inclin'd, and stern, decisive mien,
Th' Emathian Alexander—round his feet
Lay crowns, and pale Darius; jealous still,
His eyes on Philip linger'd. Earnest, loud,
Napoleon heard him thus the god implore:
  Let me co-equal shine with Gaul's great King,
In whom thou hast implanted lust of fame
Less strong than mine; so less be his renown—
Or in the apportionment of human lot
Is fitness unregarded? Is desire
Created to repine? Fix'd still and cold
Beneath increasing years, I can no more!
O silent footed time, how hast thou fled,
And left great Babylon—lost in thy long path!
Out-run my Greece, and proud world-conquering Rome!
E'en my great tutor rules the mind no more,
Can nought but Homer's song keep peace with thee?
O could'st thou resurvey my reign on Earth,
Thou should'st not see this Chief's excel my deeds;
Thou should'st not see my life so meanly end—
Nor stain'd, alas! by friendly Clitus' gore.
Th' inglorious revelry still blasts my peace;
No rest is mine, which humbler souls enjoy.
True, I was cruel; fatal need of kings!
Too much the usage of my ancient age—
But is Napoleon free from similar stain?
Are not great faults depending to his charge,
Which, if compar'd with mine, of other date,
Would prove him far more blamable than I?
For what can he deserve superior grace?

Because more valiant, generous, or humane?
Of this thou know'st, it useless were retold:
No just pretensions can that chief advance
For thee to smile on all his acts, and lift
Him to such height, as agitates the shades
To loud protest against the partial doom.
He ceas'd, victorious Cæsar in his stead
With grave aspect appear'd—about him shone
Barbaric spoils, half the great globe, his Rome
With muffled towers, and Pompey's sad remains—
He thus appeal'd: Immensity's dread Lord,
If fame of men thy notice merit, hear!
But what has Cæsar to demand of Heaven—
Less faithful to his country than himself!
Yet all may mercy crave, and thine is vast.
My fault was punish'd with life-killing stab
Of cold Ingratitude. O had that thrust
Restor'd the ancient virtues, then my wounds
Had prov'd less eloquent—my friends less vile!—
Dear Rome had suffer'd less from my decline!
Mean King of Nile, by you was Pompey slain;
The Stoic's pride laid worthy Cato low;
Triumvirs base, 'twas you that shackl'd Rome;
Th' executors of Luxury's decree
In her degenerate days! What her befel,
When I was ended, was no consequence
Of Cæsar's deeds. Had Cæsar ne'er been born
Rome still from thistles had not gather'd grapes,
Nor liberty from ought but virtue's seed.
I sought to save her from herself in vain.
Ingratitude, Deceit, and Folly foil'd
My generous aims: Ah! fate to me denied
To be my much lov'd country's sceptred sire;
Yet, nought was left undone, that height to gain:
What merits then Napoleon more than I?
He, luckily, longer holds the reins of power,
As yet, exempt from Treachery's mortal sting:
He this to fortune more than merit owes.

Night-shrouded Fraud eludes the hero's sword.
'Tis luckless, not reproachful, to be wrong'd.
In what have I offended, unaton'd
To fail of equal greatness? Were my sins
At blushing altars insincerely mourn'd?
Was not my valor great in German climes,
On Britain's shores, on Gaul's and Asia's plains?
Does not Pharsalia boast my deed humane,
And generous use of victory? Sure this chief
Is not more worthy, that success should crown
His war on Russia, menacing the Earth
With his dominion and my ancient fame
With derogation: Not with greater dread
I saw ungrateful Brutus' murderous steel,
Than this distinguish'd fortune and renown;
Excelling luck of either Grecian chief
Of great desert; even his whose blest remains
Lie in Thermopylæ's death-glutted vale;
Or his, the Spartan foe's, Messenia's son's,
Whose race from god-like Hercules devolv'd;
Whom fate denied repose, and snatch'd from death,
By Reynard's aid, to help the Ellian race,
Endure the woes of war in noblest cause,
And save the relics of a falling State;
Or his, who did relent at Crœsus' groans,
For recollection of his converse wise
With Solon, and extinguish'd the red pyre.
Let not his fame engross the world's applause,
While noble deeds of others unobserv'd,
And unremember'd sink in time's deep stream.
Restore my life and power, I ask no more,
Then, who excels, our future deeds shall prove.
  Thus he, and floated, viewless, on the air:
Then sudden Charlemagne, and Sweden's Charles,
With visage, beaming thought, and jealous mien,
Before him pass'd: Then reverend men appear'd,
Whose righteous claims ungrateful man denied;
These on him cast a pitying look and kind.

The Grecian orator among them stood,
In act to write, but suck'd the poison'd pen;
Great Aristides held th' injurious shell;
Themistocles from Persia look'd on Greece;
The ingrate's darts bristled on Scipio's shield;
Lank Famine at Pausanias bent her bow:
Great Socrates the cup of hemlock held;
The Gracchi view'd deluded Rome with grief—
And Manlius, and Tarpeia's rock he saw;
And Miltiades, and Phocion, and the man
Whom his own dogs devour'd: Then straight himself he deems
Among the clouds, Realms, Princedoms, States in view,
Which he directed, or might hope to rule.
They seem'd to shine of evil, and presage
In silent eloquence, approaching wo.
Then soon around he hears increasing winds
Blow up dark storm, black'ning the welkin bleak,
And the far prospect snatching from his sight;
When midst inhospitable wilds he strays
Forlorn through frigid winds and drifted snow,
Seeking some place of rest on weary steed,
And mournful scenes he views: the wreck of arms
Once deem'd invincible, that aw'd the world;
Whereon esperance much he plac'd to hurl
The Russian monarch from his lofty seat.
Confounded, he surveys the myriads fallen
With sorrowing soul, till grief, benumb'd, expires
In Somnus' balmy dews. Next in cold field
On prancing steed, midst raging fight, he flies—
Directs the storm of war with stern regard,
And hears, exulting, battle's loudest din;
Though the drear prospect of the wintry sky
Augurs misfortune. Soon comes sad Defeat
With shiver'd arms, marr'd front, and tearful eyes—
"Henceforth (she said) we face to face will meet,
And interchange kind looks through bloody tears,
Ah, know'st me not? erst only seen in flight!

Then view my back familiar from Toulon
To Voluntina's field!" and pass'd away.
Then he the Kremlin walks in Moscow's bounds,
In melancholy muse of signals there,
The glories of his foe; when lo! uplifts
His grim, terrific form a Dragon huge,
With looks of confidence and friendly air,
Till bold he grasps the triple crown, and high
Discharges the bright glory on the winds,
In shatter'd state, which, quick with air resolves;
Then bides the king in dumb amaze, and eyes
The Dragon, that with scornful look, and mute,
Returns the gaze, till thus abrupt he speaks:
  So perish human things—vain is man's boast,
That future times in happy pomp will roll
And peerless grandeur—in the shades of death,
In transient time, may rove th' aspiring mind,
A meek companion of inglorious souls.
While saying this he vanish'd, and deep sleep
Pour'd in the Emperor's breast unmix'd repose.
The Vigil's task perform'd, he sought his queen
Through air in stillness dripping pearly dew:
He found her coasting on the twilight field;
They darted westward into darkness then;
While in bright pomp, the blushing morn advanc'd,
The league of night dissolving (all the stars
Before her disappearing), o'er the sphere
Diffusing day, and calling man to toil.
  The hero wakes, with burden'd soul assumes
His wonted garb; reflecting on the night
He thus begins: Her dreams and terrors fled,
Why broods dejection on my soul, like clouds
Which darken Heaven's broad face? Depart, sad thoughts,
Obtrusive phantoms caus'd; the mind now rules,
Divested of dull slumber; Reason points
My course with wand of light; more useful themes
Concern me now, and lofty hope inspire
Of my success, in this extensive war;

While the fantastic furies, that disturb
My nightly quietude, seek their dark caves,
Nor sally forth to blast a monarch's peace
While day dominion holds; but weak, alas,
Is human nature! quite too frail to ward
The approach of superstitious fear. How oft
Is reason baffled to erase the stain
Deluded fancy leaves! Ill grounded dread
May frequently perturb the wise and brave.
How wild a dream! How much it wandered from
My waking thoughts, when spoke the glorious dead
The envious language of ignoble souls!
Would I be great because all else is small?
No: local greatness ne'er was ask'd of Heaven.
'Tis my desire that man, himself, excel;
I fain would raise him to angelic powers.
For it's own sake for excellence I toil;
Nor have the wretched weakness to believe
Myself am high, because mankind are low;
Nor good, because another vicious proves.
The great, alone, appreciate well the great,
Incomprehensible to vulgar minds;
Hence rival merit owns my fostering care—
Ah, what were glory in unpeopled worlds!
By these convincing legions I ere long
Far happier meditation will enjoy.
What boots it, that the Russian monarch wastes
By woeful conflagration half the wealth,
And blasts the fortune of his people poor;
But me to arm with weapons to diffuse
Thro' his harm'd subjects fell rebellion's flames,
Would I such means employ. But Valor's arm,
Cloth'd with its thunder, and intent on fame,
Shall vindicate my rights, without the scenes
Of nobles, slaughter'd by rebellious hands;
Of impious feats against the tender fair;
With universal havoc and dismay:
Dire consequence of slavery's fetters loos'd

From vicious multitudes—who like rude winds
Freed from Æolian rule, tumultuous rush
What way they find, and spread destruction round.
  Thus meditates the monarch, when appears,
Majestic as the morn, his martial chiefs.
What tidings of the night, the king inquires;
Have ye from scouts or other means obtained?
When Ney, with courteous modesty, replied:
Imperial sire, the foe hath fled our view;
But whither is unknown; we soon will learn
From scouts returned. Meanwhile, the chief rejoins,
Arrange, brave marshals, your respective powers
For speedy march, whene'er occasion calls.
Fate, unpropitious, dooms us to pursue,
Or hunt the foe; nor lets him tarry near,
Where, at a small expense, we might subdue.
This day, methought, had seen the sudden fall
Of Russia's mightiest host, and sad Defeat,
By us commission'd, walk'd o'er all her realm
With downcast look, inspiring faint despair.
  Then from the regal tent each to his charge
Forth sallied; loud the rattling drum begins
Summoning to arms; the mounted steeds prance round
Trampling the passive earth; in long array,
And iron groves, the shining host appears,
Arming to war. The busy hum of men,
Awak'd from slumber, and incessant voice
Of sub-commanders, forming each his band,
Made ceaseless clamor and confused uproar.
Napoleon on high steed in grandeur mov'd
Majestically formidable on,
Fleet as the winds, Heaven's radiance playing round,
Reflected brightly from refulgent arms.
Each way he sped through far-extended lines,
His host reviewing with imperial eye:
Glory, the while, smil'd round his nodding plume,
His head encircling with enchanting light;
While admiration through the numerous powers

Breath'd praise, and talk'd of worlds he might subdue.
  Soon the discoveries of returning scouts
Convince him, that the enemy's sudden flight
Is wing'd for Moscow; straight he thus begins:
Our foes stop not till near their Moscow's walls;
Where they will trench their land, make ramparts huge
(If our too slow pursuit should give them time);
Whence, they may throw some heavy balls, to vex,
But not repel our soldiers. Let us then,
By hasty march, decrease their bulwarks' height.
Nor win with blood what industry may gain.
Death's shades, ere long, proud Russia's power shall know;
Ruin, already, shakes her blasting brand
Over her crest, and waits but our approach
To strike the fatal blow. Let each wing hold
Due intercourse with me, and rapid tend
Whither the thunder of the centre roars.
  The monarch ended. To their posts all hied;
And soon, as ample forests dancing, driven
By arm omnipotent from their old seats,
Their lofty branches nodding as they course,
To martial music all the army moves
In swift pursuit, intent on Victory's spoils.

BOOK V.

ANALYSIS.

The song of Glory and her Nymphs. Ambition complains, and is soothed by Vanity. They address Mars. His advent, and departure from the temple of Fame. Wisdom consults Necessity, and goes with her to Kutusoff, De Tolly and Bagration, with whom they confer; afterwards advise Severity, who presently alights on Russia. Battle of Borodino: Napoleon orders an attack on the Russian *left* by Davoust and Poniatowski, on the *centre* by Ney, on the *right* by Beauharnois. Kutusoff from the vigor of the attack on his *right*, inferring that the French intended to exert their greatest strength against his *left*, detaches Bagawout, with his division, to its assistance. The Russian *left* is driven back, and its redoubts are occupied by the French; to regain which a fierce struggle ensues. Supposing Napoleon's *left* weakened, by his efforts to strengthen his *right*, Platoff charges it with his cavalry, but is repelled by a reserve under Claparede. At length the whole *right* of the French wheeled to the left, discloses the rear of the Russian *centre*. Night terminates the conflict, and finds the French victorious,

Far from his France he leads gigantic powers
To splendid conquest, or appalling woes;
Though victory cheers his march, his foes elude
Decisive combat, while with wasteful speed
He fierce pursues, and his resources leaves;
Thus fickle Fortune sports with human kind!
Cried Glory, seated on her radiant throne,
Within the pillar'd temple of Renown,
As griev'd she saw her son on tedious march
To hostile frigid lands. Her shining nymphs,
In harmony with their queen, responsive sung:
What toils, what perils, feeble man incurs!
By Heav'n ordain'd to reap his joys with pain,
In proud prosperity, or humble state.
Wild passions tempt him from the happy way—
How seldom Reason's chart the wanderer guides!

Erroneous Habit seizes Wisdom's throne,
Ere thought illumes the wilderness of mind.
Great nature's countless treasures to him given,
To bless, or curse, as used, or as abus'd,
And free of will he feeds our sacred flames.
Were shame or honor not of human choice,
But by stern fate impos'd, our sway were vain.
Glory of difficulty, good of evil springs:
Were man possess'd of Heaven's refulgent seats,
Where, fame reports, no grief nor misery comes,
He yet would sigh, unhappy, to attain
Something unknown in Heaven; some woe of earth
Would then afford delight. Evil attends
The sons of men, constituent of their bliss,
And only rule for estimating good.
With greater honors we prepare to grace
Napoleon, noblest of the hero train!
Rejoice, oh Fame, that baffling fate disturbs
Our conqueror's course, and gives him arduous toil!
A crown of richest texture late we form'd,
Which blended nations three to him confirm'd;
But now a nobler task remains; to gem
With added states, and deck with glory's light
The splendid signal of imperial sway:
Then he, in this grand Temple, heavenly fair,
Shall long superior shine, like lordly Sol,
By greater brilliance hiding lesser orbs.
Thus they, and now she hears the voice of storm
Resounding through the Temple, hoarse, and loud,
And looking, lo! in blazing arms, and fierce,
Ambition stood, or danc'd on burning throne,
Restless as Ocean's waves, declaiming thus:
When, oh! when, celestial and infernal powers,
Will that pre-eminence be mine! so much deserv'd!
How long shall fleeting time evolve events,
Which chill my joys, in Hope's wide range that bloom?
What ill occurrence shall obstruct my march
Up that great height, where fame eternal blows?

Ye stars, desert your orbits, sink, ye lands,
And thou, O sovereign Jove, quench Phœbus' orb,
Involve his worlds in tenfold night, and blast
With influence cold their vegetative powers,
Ere my lov'd hero be Misfortune's prey,
Or victim to the spleen of Europe's Kings;
For, sure the highest of Earth's sceptred sons,
In whom, triumphant, through eventful years
I live, and riot on successful war,
Needs not the Sultan's aid; nor aught may dread
Kutusoff's skill, or Borodino's lines,
Or Famine's threats, or e'en McDonald's stay
On Dwina's bloody shore: still, where he moves,
Will Victory light his road, and nations bow!
  Thus, with loud voice, by glorious hopes sublim'd,
She speaks, and speaking, shakes the region round.
Nor ceas'd, but thrice, wild Chaos, and Time's end,
With wreck of man, and countless worlds, she hail'd,
Before inglorious doom. Then Vanity
With confidence th' impetuous power address'd:
  Could thy desires have bounds they might be sought
Within the limits of Napoleon's reign.
Worlds gazing stand, admiring his great feats
Performed of yore, and perspicacious mind.
Already millions tune the harp of praise,
And Fame's loud trumpet thunders through the earth
His potent name: what then, if Fortune grasp
Her bitterest tempest, and infuriate hurl
The wondrous monarch on her darkest shore
To brook the insults of the kings he spared;
Will that decrease the splendor of his deeds?
Or stop the voluntary voice of Fame?
Far different I surmise: all human race
Would view, with wonder, his throne-melting blaze
Of power and glory, clouded by the storm
Of ruthless destiny; but marvel more
At his great fortitude; he yet would seem
No less than Italy's conqueror, glory's boast,

To whom Berlin, and stiff Vienna bow'd,
And law's sagacious genius homage paid;
Or like day's orb, far in the west retir'd,
Faint beaming through deep atmosphere and mist
On human sight; his influence hot decreas'd,
But not his rays. Yet fortunate the result
Of this campaign shall be; late victory seems
Exordium to the conquest of yon realm,
However dark be Providence' decree
And Jove's high will. Bravery and skill belong
To his arm'd legions, and their power excels:
We hence, deduce success, if merit gain,
And calmly wait time's sentence in our pride.
  Thus the self-loving being, while dissolv'd
In transport high, Ambition drank the sound.
And now they hear loud thunder distant roar;
Oceans of angry fire with cloudy van,
Edg'd with grim shapes fast onward thick'ning roll
From the bleak north; a sudden terrow throws
A gloomy shade on every prospect round—
The passive world, Fame's field, and mortal men:
Ambition reddens with celestial fire—
In mild effulgence, Valor joyful smiles;
But Vanity no longer boasts, fled to her bower,
While reverend horror reigns—above is seen
Relentless Mars, on flaming car, convey'd
By gorgon monsters, propp'd by cloudy wings;
Their hoofs career'd upon the fiery sea
In dreadful pace; while o'er them flam'd his shield,
And glittering arms, that cast a dazzling light.
His numerous retinue flam'd in circles broad,
With whirlwind speed, diffusing wondrous glare;
As twice ten thousand meteors, pent, were spread
By one strong blast o'er all the nightly skies.
Soon, near the precincts of Renown's bright walls,
The horrid power alighted from his car;
But stopp'd not the loud signal of his march;
Hoarse thunder shook the fabric of the world,

And lightnings fierce play'd round his gloomy head,
That mov'd so high the antœci of each pole
Might see his crest along th' equator wave;
Then stern he went towards Fame's refulgent gate,
That, darting fiercer rays, spontaneous op'd
With outcry terrible, which pass'd, he hails
His shining aid, Ambition, who forth speeds,
And mutual salutation quick begins;
The latter, then, thus the grim power address'd:
Wide spread is thy dominion by Gaul's king;
O were his empire spread o'er earth as wide,
Within its bounds would all her oceans roll!
But o'er his destiny Darkness' raven wing
Rests, hatching thoughts that cloud the days of joy.
With terror crown'd, yet glorious, thro' long time,
Thy sceptre smote the nations; millions mourn'd—
While Peace asylum in Columbia sought;
Great name from him who ocean's barrier scal'd,
And gave to Europe's view another world;
Where heaven-born virtue toil'd with Washington,
And many worthies, that among the good,
Where shine Fame's purest rays, sit snowy robed
The ornaments and friends of human kind.
Who well avoiding Europe's broils, till late,
Preserv'd their country's children from thy field.
Heaven's King saw Science's march, foreknew the storm
Engender'd by her rays, as by the songs
Of occidental Nymphs, that yearly crown
Columbia's youthful brows with festive wreaths;
And angry at the royal league, foreseen,
Pronounc'd Napoleon Head of victor France,
(A hero fired with every noble theme,
My brightest gem,) to scourge the guilty realms,
And march o'er mighty thrones: well has he rul'd,
The curse of those who durst their hands imbrue
In Freedom's blood; with glory deck'd his state,
And working Heaven's high will wrought wonders here;
Out-wing'd the chiefs of old, and those excell'd

Who ages had repos'd supreme of men.
Now to whose aid will mighty Mars incline?
To his whom Jove uprais'd to punish vice?
Or theirs whose crimes involv'd the world in war?
  Mars silent heard; then walk'd with sullen frown
Around the spacious temple; in his eyes
Play'd natal lightnings, that incessant flam'd
Insufferable day what way he turn'd;
High on his head a bright tiara shone,
On which artillery frown'd, as on a tower,
And angry forms, and serpents dreadful curl'd,
Whose torrid breath oft fired the thundering tiers,
His brows surmounting with dark clouds, and flames.
Blood stain'd his feet, rich crowns his waist adorn'd,
His hand sinister Death's resemblance held,
The dexter grasp'd a weapon red with gore;
Around him flow'd a veil the sisters wove,
With quivering fringe, distilling sanguine shower;
Its thread, before his birth, the furies twined
Of matter deadly to the sons of men.
Distress and horror where he rages spread;
Day joyless shines, the night wears deeper gloom;
The homeward traveller sees his native land
In loneliest solitude, dejected, drear,
Amaz'd at miseries man inflicts on man;
While memory brings glad scenes of former days,
The hopeful virgin, and her brethren fair,
Who erst, in health, tranquillity, and joy,
Their merry-making notes delighted sung;
But now, unhappy, breathe a lover's dirge,
Or, deadly pale, weep o'er a parent's grave.
He lingers on the long departed hours
That give a mournful pleasure to his soul;
So much unlike the hateful scenes of war!
The plains, neglected, yield no golden grain—
War-steeds repass their masters' gates unrode—
Dogs moan, wolves howl by day, and ravens croak
O'er corse-clad fields; the owls, with hideous screams,

Sit on the blasted trees, where cities stood,
Resounding desolation's tidings drear;
Unshelter'd widows, matrons, orphans, roam
The ravag'd clime, and weary Heaven with pray'r.
Dark floods of terror rush on human minds;
Shock'd reason reels; mysterions omens prey
On superstition; secret whispers, breath'd
By forms unseen, warn of impending dole.
  Frail Vanity, now peering from her bower,
Presumptuous thus th' armipotent bespoke:
  Great power of old, who snuff'd the scent of fields,
Semiramis, Sesostris, Xerxes heap'd,
And triumph'd in Alaric's grisly wake,
Thou stalk'st o'er earth sublime; proud empires groan
Beneath thy tread; thy heroes lofty sail
Time's boundless stream, upborne by fair Renown,
And grace this Temple like great Science's sons,
Who rose without the aid of legions arm'd:
In yonder clime a greater hero lives
Than all of yore, whose feats in peace and war
Unequall'd flourish in the soil of fame;
Him of thy nide, the noblest, elevate
With long success, till Europe own his reign.
What myriads from their native land he leads!
They menace now the centre of the realm
On which they war; like a wide cloudy sea
Of coming storm, with lightning edg'd, impell'd
By blustering tempest, threat'ning earth's broad face
With sudden change; when gathering darkness frowns
Along the gloomy van, and spreading gusts
Roar in the distant forests; with rude force
Dismantling lofty trees; and mortals fear
Th' impending deluge, and the rushing wind
May sweep their sublunary works away.
And soon concluding Fate shall glad his soul
With Russia's overthrow: What object then
Would next attract him, but the Sultan's reign;
Which, quick determin'd, and sad slavery driv'n

From its long residence, the purer air
Of liberty would fan Earth's fairest clime;
And groaning Greece, emancipated, lift
Her much dejected head, and hail the muse,
In emulation of her ancient race.
  Thus she; the furious god complacent smil'd,
As day's bright king emits a transient gleam
Through intermittent darkness of a storm—
Nor more—but turning, strode majestic forth
Like Chimborazo, bounding from his base
With all his clouds—his car remounted, straight,
Impatient stamp'd, and smote his flaming steeds;
They start, high vaulting in the sky sublime,
Striking heaven's misty cliffs with brazen wings.
His gloomy chariot, deck'd with lightning, roll'd,
Shaking the sphere; its sound reach'd distant thrones,
And voices strange were heard in regal halls.
The sullen power lights on Himmaleh's brow,
And looks for battle over Asian plains.
He turns with scorn from China's servile realm
To holy Syria and the land of Nile;
There feasts his spirit on the fields of old:
Thence, o'er Pamphylia, drives to lofty Ide,
Beholds with joy the ground where Ilion was,
And thinks of Persian, Greek, and Roman wars:
Thence shoots, high bounding o'er the Alps, but eyes
In passing swift, his rich Italian shrine,
And Belgium, France, and Spain, with all their graves,
And the sea-circled realms, whose offerings rise
Where ever navies plough the watery world.
By Teneriffe, far o'er the western main
He speeds below th' horizon in the west:
He paused on ocean's trembling flood to see
Proud Albion's banner lower'd to conquering Hull;
But ere the vanquish'd Warrior ceas'd to burn,
And cast her giant fragments o'er the main,
Had stream'd o'er Allegheny, and back turn'd
T' enjoy the sounds of Borodino's field.

Meanwhile great Wisdom on the scragged mount,
Pass'd into Need's rough Temple; there is seen
In plight obscure, primeval instruments,
Employ'd in what their first invention caus'd.
There, cramp'd by Circumstance, Inventors work
Their own relief, and many an useful thing
Thus form to far posterity a boon—
Society's chief good. Now scarce by Fame
Are these beheld, in Time's dark folds involv'd.
When first their works were by mankind approv'd,
While yet they liv'd, the foes of genius hiss'd,
Envy, and Ignorance, two serpents huge:
This crawls triumphantly in licensed shame,
And if new trees life's varied road adorn,
It climbs them straight; but dubious of their fruit,
Decrees them noxious, and deters their growth.
That roars unhappy, midst prolific groves,
Nor rests contented in the dreary wild;
Oft with its scaly mate it winds along,
Attacking what is beautiful and grand;
Oft on one tree of generous fruit both prey,
Devour its foliage, while their summer smiles,
Like worms unsightly, when they strip the grove;
Ephemeral insects, that will long have died,
When the sack'd tree its wonted green resumes,
And blooms with triumph of immortal praise.
Before Necessity resplendent stood
The storm-allaying queen, with countenance mark'd
With resolution stern, and high command,
Thus speaking: Doom'd to this, imperious Need
What now remains, but energy, sore strife,
And mournful sacrifices, if we save
The Russian realm and armies, close beset
By proud Ambition's raging myrmidons,
Doubly equipp'd by confidence and skill;
But what alas! can mortals gainst such tide
All conquering, and impell'd by fiery soul?
If they, presumptuous, wait the shock of fight,

I see them ruin'd, or Jove such rebuff
Their enemy give, as shall relax his power;
But heaven's high king not thus the world controls:
Just as a warrior views the sword he wears,
Its handle and its point at once beholds;
So Jove all comprehends, life's deeds, its term,
The birth and death of Time; yet lets man work
As reason prompts, and when he fails to use
Due means for ends, he treads the road to wo.
As may the Gallic host, if Policy
Defeat Humanity; and much I loth
The victory harsh; but States, themselves to save,
Let misery wide dominion hold, and blast
The peace of myriads. O, distressful race!
And prone to folly, that one feeble man
Can rouse to tumult, and enlist in war:
I long have strove to lead the world to peace;
But ah! my votaries merely liv'd to mourn
The frailty of their kind; like fragrant flowers,
In deserts, chill'd by dreary shade, they pin'd
Among their race, unvalued, as unknown.
  To show the want of conflagration's aid,
Th' efficiency of battle should appear;
Then luck of combat let the Russians try
In Moscow's front, which in dernier resort,
May up heaven's vault in fierce combustion roll.
If Russia prove victorious in the fight,
Her city lives with deathless glory won;
The French on Nieper's banks must camp till spring;
When, with increas'd preponderance, they will course
O'er yielding cities, and vain bleeding fields,
And Russia's lofty throne; but if defeat
Attend her efforts, and her Moscow burn,
The winter's rage will tame the furious Frank—
His legions strong to feeble vagrants turn—
Pale, starv'd, and shivering in the arms of death.
Perhaps Jove so decrees, in later hour
To hurl a storm of long collecting wrath

On Gaul's throne-shaking Monarch, and compel
His retrocession from the Russian realm,
And vex Ambition with prolix suspense.
  Thus Wisdom spoke, then, wrapp'd in clouds, descends,
Accompanied by Invention's parent, where
The Russians meditated bloody fray;
And to Kutusoff, and his brave compeers,
Who stood consulting, thus her will reveal'd:
  Since much disaster hath not quench'd the fire
By love of glory bred, 'tis well to join
With France in mortal conflict on this field,
In which your Moscow's destiny is involv'd:
If here repuls'd, you bear the yoke of Gaul,
Or give to flames and devastation dread,
Her towering spires, aud shock Humanity
With Misery's wail. Do which you will, but know,
That Heaven's high ruler will enrag'd behold,
And heap destruction on the odious head,
That without need involves the world in wo.
E'en savage Mars indignant views the wretch,
Who plays the butcher's, not the warrior's part.
  So she: Then thus Necessity proceeds:
Your needful actions great indulgence claim;
So circumstanc'd what can you, if o'ercome,
But forfeit loyalty, or Moscow burn?
E'en Moscow's ruin were a trivial price
For the well-being of the Russian state.
  The solemn oath you took to guard the throne
Demands th' exertion of your utmost means,
By me suggested, or my sage compeer.
If circumstances in dilemma place,
Where fair Humanity, or loyal oath
Must be offended, should not that be done,
Which highest duty dictates? and for this,
Can the just powers above be wroth? for loud
Her voice commands what is propounded here:
Yet should your Sovereign sentence to destroy
The threaten'd town, and his high will the law

Irrevocable, what but treason rude
Such ruin could avert? for laws must rule,
And be enforc'd, though earth be wreck'd the while.
But if the light of truth your minds illumes
'Tis clear, that Russia's King's is your success;
For Gaul's great Monarch hungry trains attend,
On whom he lavishes the spoils of war
As suits their merits—other names may rise,
And other dignitaries where you reign,
If he, victorious, dictate terms of peace.
So Wisdom counsel'd, and the warrior sage
Responded soon: Just is thy lore, and quick
Should ruin seize yon city's stately domes,
Were adverse counsels not preferr'd; but youth,
Untri'd in ills, who roves Hope's laurel'd field,
Inflam'd with love of glory, will oppose
The slow and sure, and rush on Danger's jaws
In doubtful fight; nor am I less attach'd
To the grand charmer, who from early days
Has been my theme, and urg'd me far from home,
And lov'd relations, to the tented fields
Of distant climes; but grey in her pursuit,
Instructed in life's harsh, but useful school,
I shun the dubious, and the safe prefer,
Which, in the sequel, will the happier prove;
For, what ends well, though by inglorious means,
The fortune-favoring world will most applaud:
Dazzled by pomp, they seek not whence it comes,
But fondly lick the feet of guilty men—
Treat with neglect and scorn the virtuous poor,
While the vile miser spurns their humble suit.
So far from merit worldlings justice place:
So far astray from justice avarice leads!
Thus he; De Tolly then: I glad perceive
One, whose attachment to the Russian State
Will not be doubted, all my views approves.
The chief, who sees beyond the vulgar sight,
Uncomprehended, blamed by those he saves,

And deaf to censure, seeks a nation's good,
In purpose firm, though popular error crown
His head with thorns, those thorns will turn to flowers,
Sure as time's light dispels delusion's gloom.
  Though much opposed to risk the chance of fight,
Yet since the public voice the battle claims,
With joy I see the chief command resign'd
To one in whom all Russian hearts confide;
Whose name fires every breast, nerves every arm;
Beneath whose sway 'twill be my pride to toil
In thickest conflict, and to win the praise
Of well performing a subordinate part.
  Thus he; the brave Bagration soon begins:
'Tis, doubtless, safest to inglorious run
Before the foe, and intermediate flames;
But most injurious to the general weal,
And what may cause dissatisfaction's roar,
More odious than war's din; If not, I straight
Would sign assent, and light the valued pile.
But thus to act, before resort to arms,
In Moscow's view, impolitic may prove;
Will it not bring reproach and public wrath?
Ourselves may doubt the justness of the course,
When we behold our nation's seat of pride
Buried in fire, and o'er God's temples rave
Destruction's demon, flinging on high heaven
His angry gleams; as if the Titans bold,
Freed from their burning rocks, and brazen chains,
With us allied, resum'd the war on Jove.
  Two weighty objects we attempt by fight:
Our country's approbation of our deeds,
And the protection of our church and realm;
That would be gain'd, were this achieved with arms,
And not by Desolation's horrid reign;
Which may these eyes ne'er view, but swim in death
Midst direst slaughter, and Earth-shaking fray,
In its prevention. Ah, much have they seen
Of Ruin's scathful march—too much, alas!

Hark! what proclaims! (it is no enemy's voice;)
Russians, be firm! no more ignobly walk
With eyes reverted on convolving flames,
And wasting wealth; accoutre all your sons—
Let no more cities like Smolensko burn,
That the dread enemy may advance o'er blood,
And wreck of life, bravely resign'd, which soon
Will give him lamentation and regret.
No wonder he comes on such speedy pace,
While we, destroying fly, confessing fear:
Though many wounds we gave him and red fields,
Inferior numbers were unfit to cope
With his, superior, and with science train'd;
But now, with conjunct forces, we may turn
War's blasting current in less harmful course;
Perhaps compel the dreadful chief to flee
In ruinous defeat, close urg'd by steel,
To Poland's bounds, or o'er Elb's distant stream.
Already Witgenstein has check'd the tide
Towards Petersburgh careering with grim frown;
Where Oudinot, McDonald, and St. Cyr
Employ'd their federate arts, and armies vast.
Dwina's rough shores, grown odious to them now,
Since Kliastitzi, Yacobouva, saw
Their overthrow, and Polotzk drank their gore,
Shall henceforth bound their march, or be their grave.
Is Russia's bravery all concentred there?
Shall Moscow say that cowards guard her towers?
Our efforts too, may with success be crown'd,
Or show we merit, though we not obtain:
Without the trial, none th' effect will know;
Without th' attempt man scales not Fortune's steep;
Who fickle, blind, the fate of empires throws:
Let Folly not deprive us of the chance,
To win the glory to our valor due,
Or take the favors which she might confer.
So he, his brother chiefs assent declare,
While resolution brighten'd in their eyes,

And glorious hope impell'd their souls to war.
Wisdom and her associate, with high bound,
Forsook the land, and swift as thought's career,
Shot o'er the rolling clouds; far stream'd their robes
In quivering circles on the flowing air.
From her bright waist a radiant scroll depends,
Whereon is writ, the sum of days unborn;
What time Sol from his orb extruded earth,
And Luna rose from broad Pacific's deep,
Thrown by dilation of th' imprison'd air,
Rocks, floods, and mountains crumbling from her disk
Loud sounding down the chasm, whence she tower'd,
Where rival oceans, meeting, furious rav'd;
What time, giants trod earth, and waded gulfs,
Which loftiest navies sail; dread beasts, more huge
Than mammoths tall, and strange organic forms,
Monsters, unfit for being, early nipp'd:
(The forms more capable to life sustain,
Still flourish'd on; th' imperfect famish'd soon;
Th' unwieldy, struggling for the means of life,
Sunk gradually in death; oblivion seal'd,
And mortals learn no more their natures, or their names.)
How oft poor human kind had been extinct,
Flourish'd and died, in earthquakes, floods, and fire,
Ere Jove in Adam, last, the race restor'd.
And what the cycle, at whose close the Earth
Her green equator to the poles removes—
The frigid and the torrid zones exchang'd—
While tempests and bewildered oceans rage,
Grim wandering from their old abodes o'er realms,
And continents, sweeping cloud-capt hills before,
With all the feeble works of human pride.
Soon light the twain on the rough mount, and find
Severity, equipp'd to make descent—
And thus Necessity the power advis'd:
  Since by the voice of Wisdom thou art call'd,
And part, by loyal duty, do not more
Than what I dictate, and e'en then restrain

Thy hurtful fury: better not perform
My whole command, than that command exceed;
For fear thy conduct rouse the heavenly powers,
And fiery angels, ministers of wrath,
Rush on our mount, and me, thy mother, whelm
In dark oblivion, or some hellward gulf,
'Midst roaring demons, and our native seat
Be rid of this unsullied fabric, long
The shield of duty, and the mint of arts—
And thenceforth nam'd, oh, odious to repeat!
Th' excuse of cruelty, and barbarous crime.
She spoke, and he departed on swift wings.
Keen lightning seem'd his eyes; his head a cloud;
His voice harsh thunder, and his arm a storm,
That wielded death; a whirlwind flew before—
Air sigh'd, Heaven lower'd, and darkness round him clos'd.
The marvelling world beheld; astounded kings,
Long suffering, doubted the result of strife
So burden'd with destruction; yet the beams
Of joyous hope illumin'd oft their breasts.
Stern Mars, astonish'd, heard the general groan,
And grew tenfold deformed, haggard and wild.
Humanity loud mourn'd—round the vast globe
Her voice resounded, and her sufferings told:
The nations heard—tears roll'd down Pity's mien:
Celestial Pity! as on earth she roves,
She gilds the thorny maze of life with flowers;
Her kindness lights the countenance of Despair,
And her sweet language gladdens Pain's dull ear.
He near the Russian chiefs alighted, half
Divested of his terrors; yet with grief
They saw the power they had invok'd, and felt
Their loyalty oppress; but short they paus'd;
For now in view a host, far spread, and bright,
On distant mountains threat'ning front display'd,
That rage inspired: magnificent, the gleams
Of bristling bayonets cast a dazzling flood
Before them, as they mov'd to martial sounds.

Thick rising either way, as far as one
Could view the splendid scene. Glory the while
In open sight, between both hosts appear'd;
Her crown of rays divine effulgence shed—
Her veil celestial stream'd upon the wind,
Sparkling with star-like gems; her eyes sublime
Seem'd Heaven's semblance, and bespoke a soul
Fir'd with the love of honorable deeds.
Upon her arm she bore unnumber'd wreaths,
Form'd by her sportive train, that frequent rove
With pensive spectres of the mighty dead,
And o'er the youthful breast enchantment hold.
Upon a neighboring mount she takes her post.
Fame from her hall impetuous downward wheels,
And by her side illustrious station fills;
Unwinds the snowy scroll, and sits serene,
Waiting the impulse of distinguish'd deeds.
Valor at distance stood in tower-like calm;
Ambition, restless as the foaming waves,
With antic gestures strange amus'd the powers.
Wisdom was near, e'en all the inspiring train;
For now no trivial game the nations play'd:
The prize, the mighty empire of the world;
No disrespected warriors trod the field;
And heroes of tried worth must guide the storm.
  Napoleon, meteor-like, in lofty state
Sped through his lines with all-observing eye;
As quick as light from Sol to Saturn darts,
He comprehends the posture of his powers:
By rapid glance of eye a map is spread
Full in his soul, displaying hill and vale.
Enthusiastic clamor waits his course,
Or silent reverence, and refulgent blaze,
Reflected by presentment of bright arms.
His charger, snorting, with superior grace
Careers along, partaker of the fire
And dignity he bears: fleet as the winds,
On either side of the embattled host,

Majestically, gracefully, he moves;
Then takes his station, and forthwith gives sign,
Inviting to his presence all his chiefs,
Who swift around him meet. He thus begins:
  We need not tell th' importance of this day
To our campaign; full twice ten days are gone,
Since near Smolensko we the victory won;
Yet Dwina's shores McDonald's progress bounds.
'Tis time to renovate successful strife;
With one decisive blow end Russia's reign;
Such chance we long have sought; we find it here;
Then let exerted skill your genius prove.
The task is hard, with numbers less, to hurl
The foe from his trench'd hill and chosen post;
But dexterous bravery may effect it soon.
Fly to Death's arms in preference to Defeat's:
If one be near me faithless of this creed,
Let him go theorise on war—not practice—wheel
In tranquil studious moments the fierce steeds,
And shape the lines of bloody battle. Know,
'Tis easier to conceive than to perform:
Not always rules with circumstances suit;
How oft unskilful valor ruins states!
O, could my body with my thoughts career!
The mind grasps the wide range of earth and heaven;
But yon poor hill dares me with hateful frown.
  You, Poniatowski and Davoust, will lead
Our right against Bagration's thundering lines,
And half form'd batteries, labored work of night,
Which vanquish'd, let the cavalry rush amain
Through their sore ranks, and on their centre's rear
Make deadly charge: while Ney, with timely speed,
Will lead our centre, and Beauharnois' skill
Control our *left* and make the foe believe
'Tis there we mean to employ our utmost might.
Each act as circumstances shall require.
Here from Schwardino's rampart we will hold
The reins of Battle, and to victory guide.

First let each captain of our host make known
What we proclaim: Soldiers! the era comes
You much desired. You stand in Glory's field.
If not successful now, the fault is yours.
We victory need, and all the joys she brings;
A quick return to our lov'd native land,
And plenteous fare, while winter reigns, 'twill give.
Do as on Austerlitz', Smolensko's fields,
And late posterity will boast your deeds:
Our countrymen will say, when you pass by:
"He fought in that great fight by Moscow's walls."
Thus speaks the sovereign warrior. Tendance mute
The chiefs around observe; then reverence sign,
And to their posts depart. The sun had risen
In cloudless pomp; but soon in misty veil
He wrapt his blazing face, and dusky shades
Spread o'er the world, favoring Napoleon's views.
When done preluding Poniatowski mov'd
With his great host against the Russian powers.
Davoust close follow'd, like a gloomy flood
By winds disturb'd, rolling in vengeance forth;
Their coming, thunder told, and missive globes
From neighboring heights, swift darting with dread force,
Tormenting the dark air, and bearing death.
Wide through the Russian ranks they ruthless sweep,
While red streams flow, and dying groans arise.
Loud rending through the ground, they toss up clouds
Of dust and gravel; thousands lose the light,
And stand distracted midst th' increasing storm.
Russia returns the dreadful messengers;
Loud *houras* rise; her heroes angry smile
With fearless ardor; laboring far and wide
Begins tremendous fray. Ney pours along
With all his myriads; next Beauharnois comes
With torrent speed; opes wide the gates of death;
Attacks a main redoubt, with boundless rage,
That Russia thither may her forces bring,
Weakening her left; but well Kutusoff knew

His enemy's aim, and Bagawout thus commands:
  Lead your division to Bagration's aid,
Lest soon the French in thunder o'er him drive.
'Tis not on his opponent's strongest point
Napoleon spends his choicest strength. Ere long,
A fiercer storm upon our left will fall;
Which back upon his lines I trust will roll;
Then swift our cavalry to our right transferr'd,
Shall teach the foe a feint has still its snares,
And give his own left what he meant for ours!
  Thus he; meanwhile all Borodino roars—
Herself in flames shoots up a hideous glare—
Full twice twelve hundred thunderers huge spread death
From flank to flank of fierce contending powers.
The heavens and earth are snatch'd from human sight.
A darkness horrible envelops all,
In which tremendous tragedy careers.
More plenteous fly the whizzing balls than flakes,
When Boreas drives, tumultuous, clouds on clouds,
Scattering o'er half the nations seas of hail.
Big gulfs of fire gleam frightful, and dark truce
Rapid succeeds, while round the thundering din,
And screams of ghastly mortals, trampled low,
Heaven's concave rend. Fast on the Russian left
Davoust impels his legions, fury-arm'd,
And thus addresses Marion: Yon redoubts
That flame, defensive of the desperate foe,
With your brigade ascend. Let Fucher rush
With all his cavalry sudden on their guns
In tempest fury, that they swift recede
From their far butchering ramparts, big with death!
  Thus order'd, rapid as Niagara's floods
Pour down their lofty cataract, the grim powers
On Russia headlong rush spreading dismay,
In close embattled ranks, and squadrons deep,
Through which huge globes assert their fatal course.
High o'er the parapets the French advance;
The thunderers of the battle cease, and o'er them fall

Their bold defenders, fighting e'en in death.
While Russia's shatter'd phalanx backward moves,
Still scattering ruin on the following foe.
Bagration sees, and thus to Karpoff speaks:
  Lo! Hope's main prospect darkening—forthwith speed
To renovate resistance; urge our bands
To their lost ground: those hundred guns regain
Half yielded to the foe. Karpoff departs
Precipitate through the long flashing lines,
High brandishing bright sword, where thickest fight
Roar'd hideous, wild! and audience thus essays:
  Soldiers! where fly ye? cease, oh! shameful rout;
For though Sol veils his head in clouds; though night
Seems lurking here; yet know, your country soon
Will see this sad reverse in deep regret,
And damn her recreant sons, as she deplores
Her holy saints profan'd, her altars raz'd,
And writhes in conflagration. Turn! then, turn!
The sword of vengeance wield! Let every nerve
With our great cause accord; nor let hell's arm,
Though cloth'd with thunder, 'gainst our God prevail.
  The toil-worn heroes hear; their weary souls
Swell doubly wrathful, and like bullets hurl'd
From their deep dark recesses, rush they, fierce
Against their blood-stain'd foe; nor storming Gaul
They deem shall check their dreadful speed till, plum'd
With victory, they dispatch the vengeful balls
From their redoubt regain'd. France meets the shock
As some great admiral's ship meets ocean's waves,
When winds have swept the masts of all their sails,
And laboring hard, she drifts before the storm.
Now here, now there, her warriors bold recede,
And strike with guns revers'd, and bayonet's thrust.
Though many Russians die, their comrades brave
Pour on revengeful, wielding deadly arms.
Uncertain victory reels from side to side,
At length remains with France; her foe recoils
In wounded plight midst thundering iron showers,

And Semenoskow and her bulwarks leaves.
'Twas then, brave Karpoff, thou didst yield thy breath,
And groan away distinguish'd life, pertus'd
By ruthless bullet, when success was near.
And you, bold Marion, fearless in war's van,
Heard Death's dread summons, and rejoined the dust.
Thy melancholy shade, above the world,
Then pensive view'd contention's bitter storm,
The tumult, darkness, flames and terrors there,
Incurious of its great result, and flew
Directly to thy France, and gaz'd unseen,
On all that bound thee to the walks of men;
As yet joy fill'd thy halls (thy fate unknown);
No widow there her matchless lord deplor'd—
No children startling at her grief, inquir'd,
If they should never see their father more.
Thou wouldst have spoke, but ah, no voice was thine
To breathe thy fondness to the dear ones there:
Still didst thou wander round thy grateful home
Awhile; then pass'd away on moaning wind,
And rov'd, perhaps, where Fancy never rov'd.
Kutusoff, now, bids Platoff quickly charge
The Gallic left, with all his squadrons' fleet.
  The Hetman speeds, with all his warrior train,
Far spreading on their nimble steeds they move
Like foaming billows swift, with furious pace,
Their thirsty spears protending as they go:
As waves roll thundering at the feet of winds
Through some late inundated forest, half
Projecting from the deep, with all its limbs,
They rush impetuous on the Gallic powers.
As the drench'd forest meets the boisterous waves,
Bending and breaking, Gaul the charge sustains:
Loud *houras* rise, appalling shrieks, and jar
Of headlong rushing steeds, and iron sounds.
  Brave Caulaincourt beheld the coming charge—
And valiant, hurried 'gainst the great redoubt
To turn its thunders from the menac'd wing:

In thickest battle wav'd his ruling sword,
Sublim'd by scenes that frustrate cowards minds.
Leading the storm upon the bulwark's brow,
A winged ball destroy'd his lofty port,
His dignities, exalted hopes; and death,
With shades eternal, veil'd his ardent eyes.
The Emperor sees, and quickly thus commands:
Haste! Cleparede! Our wavering *left* relieve—
Lead all thy legion. Like a tempest rush
On yonder Cossack clouds! The General swift
Leads on the legion of the Vistula;
Darts past the bleeding squares, that need his aid,
And plunges in the storm of charging hosts,
Like lightning bursting from the frowning heaven.
Before him, quick, the scatter'd squadrons fly;
Behind, the Viceroys's broken bands reform,
Preparing to renew the toils of fight.
So swift his cavalry rush'd, the browsing steeds
That roam'd at large, whose riders were no more,
Rous'd by the prospect, join'd the rapid race;
Each took his wonted station, as he run,
And added weight and fury to the charge.
A wave of wounded men, and streaming blood,
And bounding steeds, subsiding fast in death,
Roll'd on behind, midst broken arms and groans.
The Russians fled beneath the sheltering wing
Of that dread battery's thunder, which, thrice storm'd,
Had thrice roll'd back the tide of death, and stood
Projected midst the war, the appui firm
Of either wing, and red with heroes' gore.
  Three dreadful hours had now departed—high
With horrid stride Destruction walk'd, and men
Unnumber'd slept in palid stillness cold;
Still undecided bled the dreadful field.
Though, twice repuls'd, again Bagration's powers
Were moving fast th' offensive to resume:
Napoleon, straight, directs Murat, Davoust,
And Ney, to move, with all their thousands, on

The Russian left; assisted by Friand,
With his division, all the park reserv'd,
Junot's Westphalians, and Dessaix' command;
Nor stop, nor pause, until Bagration's ground
Become their own, should give them to survey
The rear of Russia's centre, thus unveil'd.
  His myriads swift proceed beneath dark clouds;
Their loud artillery, with realm-shaking roar,
Rends the deep rooted hills with deadly blows,
O'erwhelming thousands, like the hand of Jove,
When quakes the world and tumble towns and towers.
A miry Syrtis seemed the trembling field,
O'erspread with fading youths, rolling in gore,
Myriads clay-cold and dead, and shiver'd arms—
Vast wreck of manly dignity and life,
Subject no more to Folly's giddy reign.
In front of bold Bagration's line arose
A rampire of the dying and the dead.
As the voracious crocodile, with jaws
Extended, baiting insect tribes, shuts mouth
Upon the swarming nations, and devours,
So the dark grave on half the army clos'd.
Fierce as a whirlwind rushes on a grove,
Rending its verdure, flew the French reserve
Against their foes, athwart their gasping peers;
Steeds, men, artillery, o'er the corpses drive—
Blood streams anew; gush'd entrails smoke around,
And doubly hideous frowns the face of war.
The regal warrior rul'd the onset dread;
Friand, Dessaix, on battle's stormy brow
Impetuous rode, and breath'd heroic rage.
  As heaven's high king abrupt might quit his throne,
Involv'd in seas of clouds, while thunders roar,
And lightnings quivering dart, midst darkness dire,
Grasping a world in each resistless hand
Midst their vehement speed, and swift as thoughts
In startled fancy play, from their old seats,
And ancient orbits in collision hurl,

Their ponderous orbs confounding, with their towers,
Mountains, vast continents, and ocean isles,
So meet the hostile squadrons; all the field
Quakes with new terrors; sudden tumult spreads,
Groans, thunders, shouts, and bray of clashing arms;
The living ocean in wild madness raves;
France plunges furious into clouds of foes;
Nor ought permits to turn her headlong course
O'er mountains of the dead, and crimson floods.
Russia opposes many a dreadful grove
Of bristling bayonets; many a squadron bold
And Cossack spear, and fearless breast, that meets
The deadly torrent, acts its part, and dies.
But far along begins increasing rout,
Pale consternation and bad disarray:
Bragation sees—pain stings his ardent soul—
For Russia's state he sorrows, and forth speeds
Where thickest battle rages; and thus loud
Hails his retiring legions: Soldiers! cease
To blast our laurels. Shun abhorred disgrace.
Think ye to longer hold inglorious life
By foul abandonment of this red ground,
Where Jove in kindness gives you chance to hurl
The bolts of vengeance on the unrighteous foe?
Who Europe's length has travers'd to destroy
Our happiness, and altars of God.
  His voice revives their fury; where he rides,
War's horrors thicken, and the battle grows:
Muskets revers'd, with ponderous force descend,
Dislodging brains, and sweeping life away.
Sabres clash loud—bayonets are toss'd on high—
Death's groans and Victory's shouts resound with bray
Of steely storm; foes grapple foes, depriv'd
Of iron weapons, wrestling in hot mood—
Striving for future days—their heels upturn
The bloody soil, and crush the fallen brave,
Till their companions pierce the struggling foe
In vital part, and rid them of their toil.

France, half repuls'd by such rebuff, renews
The fire of combat with increas'd uproar:
Redoubled clash, disploding arms resound;
Flames, smoke and carnage, deck the shuddering field.
Fast, where they stand, long dying mountains rise;
Earth groans beneath, with reeking torrents dyed,
And deadly Havoc triumphs far around.
Bagration falls, a thunderbolt of war,
A flying death pierc'd his brave breast, while bold
He urg'd his countrymen to Victory's throne.
His beauteous princess shall no more behold
The living hero and the tender friend
Return from war, with verdant laurels crown'd.
With hers shall flow a grateful nation's tears.
In mournful brightness, in her memory's day,
Unfading, fresh, untouch'd by withering time,
And flush'd with glory's light, she long will see
Her bosom's lord, as when she last beheld,
And heard his long adieu, and thought she saw
A torrent flood of valor deathward bound.
Garghikoff, too, by ruthless bayonet stabb'd,
In the dire tumult fell on bloody heaps,
And, whelm'd in darkness, dream'd of wars no more.
Napoleon, wroth at Fortune's sluggish pace,
Impatient drew his sword and had sped forth,
Midst hottest combat, with his faithful guard;
Or took the station of inferior chief
To urge, precipitate, the bleeding host,
Where death or victory soon would end suspense;
But Prudence saw, as by her parent's side
In plenitude of light she sate, and swift
Flew to his presence, and thus calm'd his rage:
Sovereign, bellipotent, know, man thou art;
Nor more, nor less; and that in yon red field,
Midst its wild uproar, flames and stunning sounds,
Thou couldst not wield a superhuman sword,
And thousands terminate: Fortune may deign
To give superior sway; but she deceives

Her favorites; oft from proud pre-eminence
Precipitates them midst the powerless poor,
To mourn past height, and weep, and grovel there:
Prudence, alone, can keep what she bestows.
The whizzing iron deaths thick swarming round,
Might pierce thy mortal veil—thy spirit pass
The ghastly gate, which opes on worlds unknown,
And Europe feel thy great control no more.
Then rest secure. Mild Wisdom will direct
What apt manœuvre may new face the field.
Employ not thy reserves in needless fight,
The guard, the army's nucleus, and thy shield.
Perform what man can do, nor more attempt;
Nor let tumultuous anger rend thy breast;
For what can change the past? Submit to Fate,
And still Napoleon be, or high, or low.
She spoke, and vanish'd; but her words remain'd
Deep-laboring in his soul—her voice still seem'd
Inspiring lofty mood, and sober thought,
When thus he brief address'd th' all-ruling God:
"Jove, grant what I desire!" Heaven's Monarch hears—
And pleas'd admits the supplication pure,
Which question'd not th' omniscience of his mind.
The while from wing to wing of either host
War casts his direst flames—Ney in the midst
Like Andes stood, when storms around him roar,
The centre ruling. Friant and Plazome,
Morand, Montbrun, sub-rulers of his host,
Impelling fierce brigades, infuriate drove
Against the foe, while balls, cross-darting, tore
Sad passage, and a bleeding mountain rose
Between both armies, howling with keen pangs,
The fam'd Kutusoff, and De Tolly, there,
Urg'd desperate opposition: many a charge
Both hosts endur'd; unnumber'd heroes died:
Death, with cold grasp, embrac'd the brave Montbrun,
Touçzkoff, and Konovitzen; on red ground,
Midst clashing steel and prancing steeds they fell—
Their bloody laurels flourish o'er their graves.

Each army, like a single warrior, fights,
Wielding his giant limbs, in mutual aid,
As if one soul the several parts inform'd,
Th' artillery now the' advancing masses rends;
Facilitates the rushing cavalry's charge;
Now smites a bristling hill, that infantry
May storm it with success; and now the foot
Reciprocates th' assistance; in dense squares,
Resists th' attempt to spike the thundering arms;
While the fleet cavalry flies to rescue all,
Assails the enemy's flanks, and sudden throws
The needed aid upon th' endanger'd point.
Beauharnois on the left, all the dire day,
The deadly combat rul'd. Compere, Friant,
And many a hero there, distinguish'd, fought.
To them Kutusoff equal skill oppos'd—
The hostile powers decisive valor fir'd.
There none gave way; a bleeding breastwork rose
Before their lines, and Havoc ghastly smil'd.
There thou, Compere, forgot the scenes of life;
Expiring under heaps of mortals dead—
The sanguine torrent was thy winding sheet—
Thy Dirge the voice of Horror and Dismay,
Mingled with warrior's shouts and thundering sounds.
Lepel, Compans, Planzonne and Huard fell,
Like the fair columns of some temple grand,
The work of Grecian genius, when assail'd
By Vandal storm. In floods of gore they lay—
Their features chaste, and manly beauty soil'd—
Low trampled by the hoofs of fiery steeds.
Napoleon urges fast his lengthen'd *right*
To leftward wheel against the masses dense,
That bleeding stand amidst the iron hail,
Loth to recede, unable to advance;
Bids Naples' king, with all his cavalry, sweep
Through their rent lines, and signal victory win.
Onward, laboring in blood, the myriads move
O'er their fall'n comrades, and fresh bleeding foes.
Murat, preceded by destructive showers

Of iron globes, in thunder hurl'd, advanc'd
Like gloomy clouds by raging whirlwinds driven:
His ponderous forces rush on bristling arms;
Death spreads, earth trembles, Victory shouts for Gaul;
Her manly accents rise above the storm.
On Gallic eyes she bursts, a blaze of joy,
Bright streaming midst the dreadful rage of fight;
Outshining Mars and all the pomp of arms.
With matchless grace, she takes from Glory's hand
The wreath of triumph and Napoleon crowns.
But Valor proudly looks on either host;
And claims for suffering Russia equal palms.
  Platoff, unhappy, saw defeat betide
The ardent valor which his troops display'd;
He will'd again t' array his shatter'd force,
To plunge infuriate in the lines of France,
And end his grief in victory or the grave;
But day's bright orb below th' horizon fled,
A starless night came o'er the direful field,
And grateful truce to warring nations gave.
  A clamor now, from wounded mortals, rose
O'er all the slippery field, that told its bounds
Invisible; for night inviolate reign'd.
There twice twelve thousand slept, to wake no more,
And thirsty myriads groan'd, and pray'd for death.
  The French contiguous to the field remain
Through the damp, dolorous night. Dull Somnus sheds
His balm reluctant o'er their weary limbs;
For horrid sounds invade their ears, and arms
Of phantom soldiers menace to destroy,
While they, to parry blows, feel battle's toil.
  Not so with their great ruler—he repos'd
Like the vast ocean in its waveless calm,
When sleeps the giant power that shakes the globe;
Nor in his breast the fate of empires roll'd,
Till the nocturnal shades had disappear'd,
And Phœbus orient fill'd the throne of morn.

BOOK VI.

ANALYSIS.

The conflagration of Moscow and complaint of Philanthropy. Alexander's prayer. Jove, observing the preponderance of Russia's fate, bids Uriel command Wisdom not to influence the Passions, until she heard his thunder. Moved by Providence, Ambition, Pride, Rashness and Vanity debate. Ambition offends Rashness; both fight in the temple. The crowd rush out, urging the combatants. A general battle ensues. Glory meeting Ambition, the latter is overcome. Rashness, at length, aided by Folly, collects her followers, and assails her opponents, who are led by Vanity. Jove now bids Gabriel wield his thunder. Wisdom, at the signal, with Prudence, rushes to victory. Then by her advice Napoleon retreats. Battles of Mala-Yarowslavetz, Vercia and Wiazma. The French are attacked by Winter. Their distress. Battle of Krasnoi, of the Berezina, and return of Napoleon to Paris.

What dismal scenes appear, surpassing song—
With ruin big, and full of human wo!
Ah, who can paint the horror of that day,
Which saw black Ruin shake great Moscow's towers;
Her natives banish'd, or devour'd by flames;
When gorgon Havoc thunder'd at her doors,
And on the gather'd wealth of ages preyed.
Escap'd from Borodino's dreadful field,
The Russian armies melancholy pass'd
Through the sad town—before mov'd gory wains,
Burden'd with wo, and thrice ten thousand fell'd
In battle. Rumor stirr'd the credulous crowd
With horrid tales of Gaul; Despair and Fear
Their gloomy pinions o'er the city wav'd.
She now outpour'd her bustling swarms, now blaz'd
Before Rastopkin's torch, the glittering spires
Suffus'd with bickering flame and smoky cloud.

Humanity, with unavailing voice,
Forbid the ruin, Policy advis'd.
Unnumber'd Russians saw their *all* destroy'd
In tearful mood, to Providence resign'd,
Or desperate plung'd into the wrathful fire.
With lamentations, miserable moans,
Loud howls, from all the burning ocean rise.
Through lofty temples Ruin fiercely drives
In raging flames, and shoots in whirlwinds, round
The blazing domes. Nine times the rolling World
Fac'd Sol with rival fires—while leeward roll'd
A smoky ocean, darkening distant realms,
Thick spangl'd, many a league, with sparkling streams;
Ere France encamp'd among the smouldering piles
Of crumbling palaces and princely seats,
Midst desolation drear, and scenes of wo.
It seem'd no more that Moscow, which of late,
Glittering with golden spires, and domes superb,
Held happy thousands following various toil;
Where commerce, with industrious hand, diffus'd
The sweets of life, and gave exuberant wealth;
Where bells, thick sounding, waken'd pious care,
And busy myriads walk'd confusedly gay;
The fair, unconscious of impending ills;
And children loud with joy of life's bright morn.
Philanthropy, in tears, survey'd the scene,
And thus complain'd: Forgotten by my race,
Where shall I, hapless vagrant, find repose?
Nor seas, nor lands delight me more: fell war
Commands my absence, tho' by stealth, I tread
Where he has march'd to heal the wounds he leaves.
Earth's sons have seen Sol pass through all the signs
Since e'en from Franklin's country peace was driven:
Contention's woful empire girds the globe—
Ah, when will Howard's spirit rule the world!
In him the virtues liv'd, and mourn'd for man.
When mighty kings shall be forgot, his name
Shall honor'd sound along the wild of years;

He by example taught my lore, and sooth'd
The miseries of his kind. Oh, how unlike
Who plunge great nations into murderous war!
Glad years, by Hope to Virtue promis'd, haste,
Pass the wide gulf of vice-infected time!
Of glory full of the redeeming God;
O come with all your joys, with dove-like peace,
And wipe away our tears! Fly, lingering gloom!
Insult not Wisdom more; let earth rejoice
In light, in innocence, and sacred love,
Approv'd before th' omniscient judge of worlds.
So speaking, Heaven she scal'd on murky cloud;
A pensive sadness fell on nature's face—
Resemblance of the melancholy mind.
The while, Kutusoff to his monarch sends
The dismal message, of his Moscow fled
On burning wings away; its site attain'd
By his great enemy; but presumes the realm
From hostile rule secure; on hope relies,
And bids him patient hear the voice of fate.
But Alexander, griev'd at ruin's march,
Humbly thus prays: O king of kings attend
To misery's voice, and heal the raging wounds
Wide gaping in my soul! Grant, that my powers
May prove victorious, and Napoleon know
The darkness of defeat; his wrath subside
In floods of evil fortune; his high hand,
Which menaces the world, be rendered null,
To threaten earth's legitimate kings no more,
With arms, or doctrine of plebeian source.
Oh, condescend to notice princes' tears—
May we deserve thy mercy in our need!
Long, long, our realm's integrity maintain:
For such great kindness, all that man can give
I yield—a grateful, pure, and upright heart.
Heaven's monarch heard, as high above the sun
And stellar orbs, he fill'd his dazzling throne,
Scanning infinity with mild regard:

The Russian and the Gallic merit weigh'd:
The scale of France ascended; Russia's fell—
He straight pronounc'd their doom, and gave the nod:
As bow'd his head, immensity was mov'd.
Then to Uriel forthwith gave command
To order Wisdom, not to mix in strife
With Passions, till th' almighty signal given:
Loud bellowing thunder, and wide sea of storm.
Swift Jove's bright herald spreads his blazing wings,
For Wisdom's calm abode. He found her soon
In beauty unadorn'd; her shield and arms
Neglected lay contiguous; her bright eyes
Were roving thro' the gloom of ages past,
In sober converse, with th' historic muse;
She blush'd, though calm, to see Sol's regent bright
Of giant stature: As on earth he strode
O'er empires at each step, his locks of gold
In th' empyrean blaz'd; his arm before
Remov'd th' obstructing clouds, that darkly roll'd
Upon his left, and fell in fitful showers.
Celestial lightnings round his garment play'd,
That flowing far th' horizon streak'd with fire:
His jasper seeming wings shed dazzling light;
And god-like countenance reverend awe inspir'd.
She courteous asks: From what superior world,
And on what errand, he to earth descends?
Adding; canst thou be him, I recent deem'd
Would come, auspicious, from the throne of Jove
Intent with me to urge the fate of men!
The angel answers: Messenger I come
From Heaven's eternal king; who bids thee stay
Thy potent arm, nor join th' impassion'd war,
Till he give signal in the neighboring skies:
Loud sounding thunder, and wide sea of storm.
Hence I presage that victory and thyself
Will jointly walk, and hush the noisy jar;
But in late hour, and on an evil day.
He spoke, and distant clouds return'd his voice.

Wisdom replied: I see the coming strife—
'Twill not accord then with decided fate
T' exert my power, till Jove display the sign!
She ended. The bright angel turning, soar'd
On lightning pinions, clouds flew downward urg'd
By wings celestial; swift beyond her view
And planetary orbits he obtain'd,
And mingled with the joyful sons of Heaven.
Meantime, at Jove's command, grave Providence
The Passions summon'd to the dome of Fame.
In shining circles through the ample hall,
They stream'd with faces bright; yet secret vex'd,
They often darken'd with tempestuous frowns.
The judge involv'd in lambent clouds of gold
Uplifts his arm; and sudden thunder shakes
The glowing temple; silence deep succeeds;
While thus he speaks: The Gallic Emperor camps
On Moscow's site; shall he continue there?
Or straight retrace his steps to Niemen's stream?
In your decision lies the fate of realms.
Ambition first, despondent thus began:
Sad is the climax of these mighty deeds,
Progressing long—Fulfiller of the fates!
This conflagration in thy breast conceal'd,
Permitted me to dote on future time
And great Napoleon; but my sightless mind,
And unprophetic nature, now ill seem
Adapted to do more than humbly hope;
The common course of things may sudden change:
Who had believed Russia would Moscow burn,
And on herself such sad destruction bring!
What dire defence! what cruel height of rage,
And boundless woe will tyranny indulge!
My expectations blasted, Hope's fair boon,
The winter shield, great Moscow, now no more,
Is it not meet that Gaul's long trains return
To Dwina's stream, while the mild season reigns,
Whose rapid march will soon arrive midst snows,

Destructive frost, dark skies, and chilling winds?
The staff whereon we lean'd has broke—the base
On which was superstructed the resolve
To enter Moscow's walls by one campaign,
Has fail'd; why then persist in that attempt?
Why tarry where it was unwise to come?
Whence will the sustenance of his troops be drawn?
Sure not from Poland, as Moldavia's host,
(Uncheck'd by Swartzenburg,) will soon evince.
Nor from the Ukraine: Lectascova's camp
Effectual interdiction will oppose.
In truth th' alternate Fate vouchsafes to give
The Chief, is instant flight, or ruin vast.
  Next Pride imperious, thus vehement spoke:
Earth-ruling power, by whom great nations fall,
Preserve my pleasures had in Gaul's fam'd Chief,
When kingdom-shaking Victory glads his soul.
Methinks he should on Moscow's site remain
'Till winter melt beneath the breeze of spring.
Would Russia dare disturb his dread repose?
Front Borodino's victor in his camp?
But some Moldavian army threats his rear!
And Famine menaces what way he turns!
Has then Ambition leap'd a realm too far?
Will comfortless retreat alone secure?
Not circumstances, but the hero rules
Inflexible—he never learn'd to flee.
Though disappointment mov'd his soul that day,
When Moscow roll'd along the skies in smoke,
And danc'd on winds, he stood unaw'd; me call'd
And Valor: in his presence prolix time
We heard his dictates, and with pleasure found
He would not retrogade for cities burn'd,
Or signs of cowardice in his mad foe.
Before he should retreat peace must be made;
Such as the conqueror of a main resort,
Or capital of empire might propound;
That he triumphant on retreating wheels

May drag the wealth and glory of his foe.
To those, nor other terms will I subscribe,
For his abandonment of Russia's realm,
Though frightful Danger ope dire gulf before.
Thus she; then Rashness with like frenzy speaks:
Shall the great monarch with his matchless host,
Like timorous herds, depart the Russian clime?
Why not remain, 'till the great object won,
For which he rouses Europe's states to arms?
What shall obstruct his high designs? What man,
Without supernal aid, can harm him there?
Speak nought of foul retreat, ye wayward throng,
Lest I grasp all my stores, and with one blast
Confound your senses, and wild madness reign.
'Tis unfit time to spread false larums here;
If bold Ambition disappointment feel,
Must relaxation of the glorious toil
Ensue? Far different I conjecture; Pride
And Valor will assist the potent Chief
To hold on Moscow; thence he will not move
In sad recursion to Borysthenes,
Though thrice more inauspicious fortune seem.
Glory and Peace shall his return attend:
Know, then, my firm resolve, which not e'en thou
O Judge of Earth, shalt change, though thy great sire
Come headlong from his flaming throne, and hurl
Dire thunderbolts abroad, and frigid storms,
Is Moscow to retain 'till he make glorious peace.
Although gigantic danger round him grows:
Think ye, he trembles at the force of men,
Or slow benumbing algor? Are the brave
Not always free? Before ignoble flight,
'Tis theirs to storm the frowning gate of death—
Tear tyrants from their thrones—fit earth for life,
Or pass with glory to the world of souls.
He ended. Vanity thus soon began:
Illustrious power, we reverence thy decrees,
Which, for long time, have given me high delight

In the great hero, whom we now dispose;
But dark and varied are the scenes, before
His present tenor, and beyond the veil
That shrouds resistless destiny from man,
Are many angry shapes, and dimly seen.
Perhaps the terror of victorious name,
Accompanied by strong myriads, might command
Safe plight in Moscow; but deep doubt o'erclouds
The counsels of my breast: It might result
Far better, timely to commence retreat;
But what unusual wonder will prevail
Among mankind, if he return unfraught
With spoils of conquest, or without the peace
He warr'd to dictate! Will not Fear then say:
I him inglorious led to safer lands—
He heard my lore, obsequious took my course;
Else had he perish'd in the hostile clime,
And France no more inspir'd the world with awe?
  Thus she; Ambition then more bold, proceeds:
Retreat! unhappy term, to me propos'd,
Sounds like the lion's roar and vulture's scream
To their foreboding victims; but defeat,
And general ruin, far more odious seem.
This, I presume, may happen to our Chief,
Though yet victorious and all-conquering deem'd,
If the sing'd site of Moscow keep him long.
  When first he march'd on this august campaign,
I bid him there abide the winter drear;
But this combustion then was not foreseen.
'Tis best to act accordant with events,
Not rush with Rashness on uncertain doom.
'Tis sure unpleasant to retrace the steps
Of mighty war; but much I wish the king,
With all his myriads, were in Poland's bounds:
And thither to arrive let him essay;
There wait the beck of spring to rise again
In the dread majesty of glorious war.
  So speaking, Rashness, fir'd with vengeance, rose,

Grasp'd her red shield, and wav'd her shining sword;
While the great Congress sudden panic seiz'd
Or bold emotion; swift they lift their arms,
Stand nerv'd for battle, and defiance frown.
Firm Providence sat midst th' increasing fray,
Like Andes, awful, grand, and mild, when storms
Howl on his sides, dark heaven's artillery sounds,
And tempests rend his cliffs with dreadful roar.
  Ambition, first, the rude disturber dar'd
To measure prowess in th' adjoining field.
He gladly heard, and to his comrades call'd:
Rouse all your rage; assume the trusty shields;
Assert your dignity, nor be control'd
By the chill counsels of inglorious friends.
Then, as a whirlwind rushes on tall groves,
In wild confusion scattering limbs and leaves,
He bounds upon his foe; nor waits the field
Propos'd for combat: Midst the radiant Hall
Their weapons clash'd, and fearful tumult rose.
Swift open flew the gates, with thundering sound,
Before the rushing deluge of stern forms,
Of principal, auxiliar powers, all arm'd
With different weapons, burning to contend.
Amidst them Rashness and Ambition rag'd
In boisterous battle; forceful blows were given,
Black ire, keen threat'ning, edg'd their fiery eyes.
Urg'd by the crowding host, they reach the field;
But, neither conquering, separate to array
Their votaries; then each lifts his standard high,
Inviting followers: fruitless prove their pains;
For now promiscuous fight tumultuous rag'd
With stunning sound, fast darkening all the field.
Tremendous uproar thrills the startled sphere;
Fame's temple quakes; Mars, plum'd with horror, low'rs
On flaming clouds, loud thundering o'er the host;
Glory, impetuous, bounded midst the fray,
Divested of her starry robes; but garb'd
With brazen armor; dreadful as a god

She lighten'd round, and wasteful javelin swung.
Valor with lofty port majestic drove
His rattling car, by winged monsters drawn,
Through the dread combat, with resistless might;
What way he turn'd, defeat before him flew,
Till bold Ambition, fiery-helm'd, rebuff'd
With bolt enormous, both his dragon steeds,
And hurl'd them, staggering to the verge of death;
When from his car he springs, and lifting high
Its adamantine wheels, with fatal aim
Then hurls on his opposer, who in vain
Essays to shun their fury with long lance,
And falls, with swimming eyes; but Hope fast heals
The painful wound; her pharmacy renews
The warrior with her wonted power; then quick
In search of her subduer, she speeds forth;
But soon meets Rashness, fronted with Despair,
Whose face terrific frown'd. Short pause ensues
Of deep amaze; a horrid truce! then fierce,
And terrible, in stormy conflict join;
Dire clash'd their arms, emitting gleamy rays;
Pride look'd astounded on the arduous strife.
At length, like tumbling tower, Ambition fell;
Her fall shook all the field; struck by a shaft,
Which Rashness snatch'd from Fame's refulgent gate
In angry haste. Again the warrior rose;
But will'd no more to shine in luckless fray,
And disappear'd, in clouds and darkness veil'd,
Lamenting her dishonor and sore wounds.
While Rashness, blustering, summon'd all her train,
And wav'd her lofty banner o'er the war.
Fast she collects her forces, and presumes
Her concentrated strength shall sweep the field
Of enemies—through her forming lines she darts,
Like flickering meteor, and arrays for fight;
Her cloven helmet, haggard eyes, dark plumes,
In battle sing'd; her broken spear, and club
Of Parian marble, thrice ten cubits long,

Torn from the front of Fame's resplendent dome,
High brandishing, in ample circles, spread
Distraction round. Folly, her next in power,
With ghastly laugh strode on the murky air
On hideous gorgon, that had thousand legs,
Unnumber'd wings, deaf ears, and one dim eye.
Oft o'er her bands she ruinous career'd,
Herself despoiling, when redoubled grin
Sat on her visage, and a putrid tear
Roll'd down and lodg'd upon her snaky tongue.
She rul'd the right, Rashness the centre of their host,
And Pride the left. Against them stood a throng
Confus'd, indifferent and without control.
Now the chief leader, Rashness, thus commands:
Companions in contention, grasp your arms,
Or rocky masses, and from swift ascent
High in the air, rush downward on yon foes,
Thick spreading ruin, terror and dismay;
And sweep them from the field. They heard, and fire
Gleam'd from their eyes; each brandish'd fiery arms,
Defiance hurling to th' opposing powers,
And straight spread out umbrageous wings; now clouds,
Big with dark tempest, muttering wrath they seem,
Soaring tremendous, till fit height attain'd,
When with firm air, and weapons lifted high,
Obliquely down they rush against the foe,
Like lightning darting from the stormy sky:
Fearful discharge ensues; but strikes unsure,
Or wastes on empty wind its angry weight;
For Vanity beheld the torrent's course,
And caution'd thus her train: Lo! yonder storm
Fast coming from mid-heaven, threat'ning to sweep,
With one dread blow, our remnant brave far off
The cheerful precincts of this bright domain!
To shun such evil: while the enemy poise
Their mountain-rending arms, for fatal stroke,
Let all outspread their wings, make swift ascent,
And downward on the foe play scathful game.

They gladly hear, and half extend their wings,
On springy knee, waiting the dread approach
Of flaming furies, whose invidious eyes
Shot forth pernicious rays and horrors dire.
Then at the signal, all with sudden bound,
On gloomy wings, above death's storm aspire.
Each swelling tenfold larger, and inflam'd
With choler, rush'd upon th' astounded host;
That in foul plight, now grovell'd under shower
Of iron, diamond, quivering bolts, and hills;
But soon promiscuous reascended high,
In wild confusion, and huge swelling, join'd
In close contention; darkness wrapt them round;
Friend bandied strokes with friend, as foe with foe;
Rocks on them thunder'd and deep wounds impress'd;
Spears, like the masts of hugest ships, were thrown,
Rending and marring their etherial frames.
Th' intense attrition of conflicting powers
Shot glancing lightning through the stormy scene,
The clash of arms and armor the loud sound
Of shouting thousands, and wild shrieks of pain,
Three times bright Sol's diurnal march prevail'd,
And all the crystal field obscur'd around
Fame's radiant temple, which, 'till then, ne'er saw
Nor heard the tumult of such dreadful fray;
When Heaven's Almighty King thus Gabriel bids:
Go with our gloomy veil and fiery shafts,
On wings of storm, loud thundering to yon field
Such peals as mortals seldom hear; wide earth
Shall tremble, as the lofty music swells.
Let one hand bear the boreal wind, enchain'd,
Which loose, when Wisdom shall have won the field,
And far o'er ocean drive th' involving gloom.
He ceas'd—to Heaven's great armory Gabriel flies
On snowy wings, majestically grand!
His graceful countenance darted rays divine,
A starry crown, with everliving flowers,
High plum'd and bright, his noble front adorn'd:

He grasp'd the dreadful arms, and call'd the winds
And sable clouds. The distant winds attend
The sovereign summons; clouds tumultuous roll
Before the boisterous tenants of the skies,
And all, obedient to the angel's will,
Convolve in dusky ocean, where he rides,
Deep circumfus'd with darkness; at his nod
The wide-spread clouds and tempests change their course,
And every movement to his will conform.
Soon, o'er the warring hosts, the clouds condense,
While sable night walks sullen midst their ranks,
Scattering grim phantoms, and delusions strange—
And sudden fly the blazing bolts below,
Breaking the gloom, with angry, fitful glare—
Loud peals on peals of rending thunder roll,
Impressing heaven and earth with deepest awe;
But most the warring myriads; they amaz'd,
And trembling saw, on every side, the hand
Of War and Ruin: Valor only stood
With undejected brow; though all his plumes
Were sing'd, his splendid arms and armor marr'd,
And grievous wounds imprinted on his breast.
Wisdom the sign perceiv'd, and to her child
Thus speaks: Lo, the great signal for my march,
Clad in decisive arms; for force of fight
Is now sole argument with yon mad powers.
Ah! how unlike what Reason would prescribe!
What thou wouldst dictate, born to happier doom!
Go bring my chariot, and ethereal steeds—
Conduct their course—while I, with powerful light,
Dazzle their eyes, and wielding fatal spear,
Hurl all the combatants from the rude scene,
And end the damning fury of their arms.
Prudence arrays the steeds of heavenly birth,
Their eyes are light; their feet the test of time;
Their manes flow glimmering with a thousand hues;
Their speed is swift as knowledge strikes the mind.
She mounts the starry seat with Wisdom stern,

Waves the bright scourge, and darts along the heaven;
Nor stops; but midst the storm of combat drives;
Where lightning, thunder, darkness, torrent showers
Of hills encountering hills, with ponderous crash,
And warriors' flaming faces spread dismay.
Then snatches from her quiver fiery globes,
And hurls them streaming through the boisterous fight;
When sevenfold hideous, raging Discord frown'd;
An increas'd clamor, and confusion rose;
The field was whelm'd in flames, and heaven o'erspread
With clouds and terrors: Gabriel there displodes
Th' artillery of puissant Jove, while quakes
The region round, and glows the conscious earth
With angry light: Rashness had scanty time
(Her eyes half clos'd), to say: Can this be Jove,
Or Wisdom pouring forth her blazing floods,
But chill as winter? when her spear assail'd,
That fast, with all who trod the field, she fled,
Forgetful of her arms and armor; loud
They roar'd, and hurried ways diverse, like flocks
Of timorous lambs, when wolves invade their fold;
And joy'd in such escape from the dread wheels,
Relentless steeds, fierce suns, and ruthless spear,
Which follow'd after, in tremendous blaze,
Midst screams, distraction and the thunder's sound.
Folly, on her enormous beast, slow mov'd;
Forgot to grin; for panic chain'd her jaws—
Dismounted, halted, and behind it skulk'd,
To save life's lov'd remains; but soon the spear
Fell'd the broad bulwark; still conceal'd she lay
Beneath its ample frame, till ceas'd the strife.
  Now Wisdom stopp'd pursuit, and swift return'd
Sole victor from th' o'erthrow of thousands arm'd.
Gabriel restrain'd his thunders, and unloos'd
The boreal wind, which rush'd tumultuous forth,
Commixing battle's gloom with lofty clouds,
That onward fast in troubled grandeur sail:
All heaven sighs; the trees of earth low bend;

The ocean whitens, and hoarse murmuring rolls,
Till the dun refuse far away is borne;
Then, at th' archangel's hest, the blast subsides,
And he to Jove's effulgent court returns.
Wisdom to Fame's abode departs—there sees
Stern Providence cast threatening eye on Gaul.
By right of victory now she quick descends,
While in the Kremlin he his troops review'd,
And thus Napoleon warns: Fly warrior, fly
(Though much too late I fear,) from Russia's land;
Lest Moscow be the grave of all thy power.
Full thrice ten precious days are buried now,
Since thou shouldst have departed this sad scene;
But mad contention in the field of Fame,
The fire of Rashness, and the force of Pride
Forbade the prudent deed. Now arm'd I come
With full experience from victorious field:
Your wild deluders fled before my arms;
But ah! what can redeem the time they stole!
Lost empires and great thrones may be regain'd
By gold, or conquest, or a people's love;
But all the treasure of the spacious earth,
Its love or arms, can not one day recall.
Ere thrice earth rolls, in Scorpio flames the sun:
Too soon the thickening sky may teem with storm,
And blustering winter chill your mighty powers;
But weeks may yet revolve before he comes
With keen intensity: that time improve;
Be not by Hope's fair promises deceiv'd;
Has not th' attack on Naples' king made known
The Russian policy? Has Dery's fall,
And thrice six hundred of his warrior's brave,
While Bagawout, and bold Beningsen died,
Not prov'd that Russia spurns the proffer'd peace?
The foe who durst infringe a truce—who whelm'd
His fairest city in a sea of fire,
'Tis vain to hope will to your terms subscribe.
She spoke; the Emperor angry thus responds:

Doubtless, the treacherous foe has prov'd 'tis time
Our armies were withdrawn to Nieper's shore;
Ere day again this dreary waste illume,
The melancholy march shall have begun.
He ended, and the sapient power retir'd—
Then thus his chiefs he bids: My brave compeers,
The voice of Wisdom warns me to retreat
From this ill fated ground; or hope for peace;
Then rouse the army and prepare to move
By morrow's dawn: Inform the troops, we go
To winter quarters in a happier clime.
Let Delzon through Teschernigrase advance
With his division to conceal the way
Our main proceeds, which on Mojaisk will march.
Beauharnois, and Murat, Kalouga's road
Will tread; but with our centre re-unite
At Patoutinka; and Mortier, the last
T' abandon Moscow, will by well charg'd mines,
This Kremlin from its deep foundation rend,
That Russia's grandest citadel destroy'd
May not obstruct our march when we return.
Thus he—Vandamme proposes to consume
By conflagration all the buildings round;
"The enemy's rule more full effect to give,
And spread the devastation he begun,
That milder wars he wage in future time."
The Monarch then: Not I will farther harm
Humanity; though guilt might be chastis'd,
Fair innocence would suffer by the deed—
Besides, the act were useless, save to prove
That we, e'en we, may stoop to base revenge!
For national ends, not individual wo,
We draw the sword: We wage no rival war
Of devastation; let the enemy take
Of this the glory; ours are higher aims.
The chiefs to their respective posts depart,
Proclaim that Moscow is unworthy now
Of their resort; they therefore will remove

Where plenty smiles, redundant with delight,
And winter jovial flows in feast and song.
  The listening armies glad forsake the camp,
Where meagre Famine hoarse began to growl,
High toss her furrow'd head and clash her fangs.
Like gloomy clouds they move, o'ershading earth
Many a long league, bending with Moscow's spoils.
Far as the eye may roam from some tall mast
Nodding o'er ocean's waves, the loaded wains
In triple files extended; still behind
Groan'd many a chariot under trophies won
From Turk, and Persian, by the warlike Czars;
And fam'd St. Iwan's cross above them shone.
  Soon half the Kremlin thundering heavenward towers—
The loud explosion shakes the region round.
Thence Iloviaski knew his foes were fled,
And, sudden rushing on the dying pile,
Th' inflaming match extinguish'd, and possess'd
The dismal city. Thousands now return'd
From mournful exile, searching for their homes.
Alas! no vestige mark'd a spot so dear;
O'er ample space blank Desolation frown'd—
And here, and there, a solitary dome,
Shatter'd, and darken'd, hapless mourners seem'd;
Like some poor sire, the last of all his race,
That grieves in silence for his offspring dead.
The wretched wanderers cry: O woful tomb
Of lofty Moscow, wet with myriads' tears!
Far hast thou fallen from thy proud estate—
Nipp'd in thy splendid bloom by blasting war.
What once thou wast in mournful memory lives;
Thy shining spires, gay walks, and busy trade,
Ah now no more! fell furies here have rav'd;
Here Ruin hideous moan'd, that nought remain'd
To slake his raging thirst. O, cruel fate!
Where now will myriads lay their hapless heads,
But in the general grave, which round us yawns,
Devouring with insatiate, boundless maw,

The miserable remains of better days!
O Heaven! have mercy on this hapless land;
Support the feeble, and direct the strong;
The houseless wretch, the child of want defend,
And turn the fury of the storms away.
Such was great Moscow's lamentable fate,
Whose sacrifice sav'd realms, and kings dethron'd.
Thousands unborn shall o'er her history weep,
Mov'd by her miseries, and Napoleon's fall—
Sad theme of future bards, and tragic song!
Beauharnois now, thus valiant Delzon bids:
"The enemy's in pursuit: At Louja's bridge,
Or at Borosk, (should he those stations gain
Before we pass) injurious fight will rage.
The last we hold—the first make haste to seize
With your division: On your speed depends
The lives of myriads." Swift he leads his band,
And takes th' important post; but Russia soon,
Bent on like object, with impetuous rage,
Against him thunder'd, and his warriors drove,
Contending furious, from the valued ground.
Just then, the Viceroy lightens through the field,
Like sudden sunshine through a gloomy storm,
Rekindling hope and valor, where he moves:
What, he loud cries, invincible no more?
Were ye miscall'd heroes! deserve the name—
Be not from your select position driven—
Turn! lest the foe believes he wars with lambs.
Thus he. The rallied train infuriate plung'd
In Russia's staggering lines; which reinforc'd,
Withstood the dread attack, and had repell'd;
But headlong, Delzon rush'd amidst the fight,
Inspiring courage, which triumphant rends
Death's terrors from his brow; leading his host
Tempestuous on he fell in Victory's arms.
Guilleminot then guides the angry blast;
But soon increasing clouds of Russians, flown
From Lectascova's camp, o'erwhelming, drive

Gaul from the bloody heights. Then Forrestier
Careering lofty midst the routed files,
And goring iron showers, thus stops their flight:
  Soldiers! France lies beyond yon hill, where Delzon *sleeps*.
Must we then reach Siberia, ere our homes?
Die, ignominious deaf to glory's voice,
Rather than honor'd live, or fall renown'd?
See! Pino swift advances to our aid—
Let not the Italians reap so great a field;
Nor boast they won the fight, which we declined!
  He spoke, quick ranging through the scatter'd host:
The sub-commanders fast reform the lines—
Forward they march—th' Italians close behind—
All on the Russian columns furious rush
With gory bayonets, and disploding guns;
While momentary pause the thundering tiers.
Soon, in confusion, Russia's dense array
Departs, before the fatal charge of Gaul.
Then roars th' artillery with redoubled sound,
Destruction sending over all the field.
Brave Levie quivers in the arms of Death—
Gifflenga, and courageous Pino fall.
At length deep darkness hush'd the battle's voice,
And France, victorious, held the gory field.
  The while Ghorodnia shudder'd at the charge
Of thrice two thousand Cossacks—Istria's Duke
His cavalry on them guides and soon defeats.
Napoleon witness'd the contention bold.
  Vereia next saw steed-borne armies clash,
By Poniatowski, and the Hetman rul'd,
The glimmering sabres strike and hulans dart—
The younger Platoff fall, as fierce he led
Impetuous squadrons on the Polish lines;
Who fought as fierce, by ancient hatred mov'd.
The warlike father ranging through the storm,
Saw, bounding wild, the white horse of his son,
The rider left among the falling dead:
He seeks his offspring, heedless of the fight,

Lifts the pale youth, who on his parent throws
Affection's last regard, attempts to speak—
In vain—the soul pass'd from his quivering lips,
And left in icy death his manly form.
Then his dear load the mournful sire resign'd,
Turn'd from the killing sight his streaming eyes,
And sought his tent, and secret pour'd his tears.
  Now dark-brow'd evening deck'd with starry crown,
And ebon mantle, with dim shapes adorn'd,
Came shadowy—nature listening as she march'd
Silent, save when the moon-ey'd bird complain'd.
Before her Discord bow'd, the conflict ceased,
And healing sleep the eyes of warriors clos'd;
Save in the Cossack camp—there lifeless lay
Outstretch'd upon the shaggy skins of bears
The hopeful prince, the glory of his tribe,
Their leading star in danger, and the prop
Of wavering combat; thick they round him kneel,
Kiss his cold hand, and bathe it with their tears.
  When purple morning dawn'd, a trumpet's voice
Warns Poniatowski, that a herald comes;
Who, introduc'd, thus urg'd his pious suit:
  Our Hetman mourns his son's untimely fall,
Who late tempestuous in your squadrons plung'd;
The bravest scarce repell'd his iron surge—
He stood the fury of your boldest bands,
And turn'd the tide of battle, where he rode.
Th' heroic father of a son so brave,
Short intermission of contention sues,
That undisturb'd he may the corpse inurn,
With all the honors to his merit due.
  Accept the truce (replied the valiant chief)
Though duty adverse drive, the brave are friends—
Cowards alone the gifts of victory soil—
They darkest seem when Fortune fairest shines.
  The herald to his Hetman swift return'd:
And soon the Cossack host, paraded, wheel
Around their much-lov'd prince, in silent grief,

With fervor praying for his soul's repose.
Then the arm'd thousands, in procession slow,
The honor'd corse, in solemn state, convey'd
Up a high hill, with gloomy cypress crown'd.
Stern visag'd warriors glisten'd bright with tears,
As silent round the grave, in order rang'd,
They heard the falling clods his long adieu declare.
They fired a volley o'er the closing tomb;
Then solemn march'd around the long abode,
Leading their steeds, their lances pointing down.
  The while in echelon France slow retreats
Frowning defiance. Hovering on her flanks,
Flam'd Cossack clouds; still her arriere repell'd,
Controll'd by Eckmuhl's prince, her swarming foes.
But Famine smote her train, and feeble steeds,
Quadrupled to th' artillery, frequent fell
On slippery ice, and rose no more; that oft
Th' unwieldy thunderers were abandon'd—spik'd—
Their wains exploding, shook the region cold.
  The sun had thrice on chill November shone,
When near Wiazma, many a bristling grove
Of Russian bayonets Nagle's band assails.
Eugene forthwith conducts his valiant corps
To battle—long sustains the fierce attack
Of swarming cavalry, with unequal force;
At length Davoust, behind the conflict, form'd
His war-worn train, and timely brac'd the fight.
Now terrible discordant armies rag'd,
With fearful odds against the force of Gaul:
Full on the centre Russia pours amain—
Both hosts discharge their muskets—swiftly close
With deadly fury, and sky-rending shrieks;
Man bayonet sheaths in man; at times recoil
The Russian lines, and fiery tempests send;
The loud artillery flaming, thundering, shook
The frozen ground, and heads of warriors hurl'd
Through murky air, effusing streaming gore:
'Twas then, brave Banco, from thy fearless heart

Thy own, dissever'd, chatter'd o'er the war,
While fell thy bleeding trunk, a lifeless clod,
From thy fleet steed, wild prancing through the storm.
  Soon with redoubled ardor Russia drives
On either wing of Gaul; and chief where Ney,
Big with his nation's fate, his skill display'd,
And prov'd him vers'd in every art of war:
Here hideous Discord rag'd, bold Valor storm'd,
Ambition blaz'd, and every genius toil'd.
He held his station till the camp retir'd
Beyond Wiazma; while, with headlong rage,
Main Russia dash'd on his protecting shield,
Fierce as ten thousand storms, and all the winds
Condens'd on ocean, thundering on rocky shore,
But on herself, amaz'd, recoil'd in blood.
  Now hoary Winter slumbering near the pole
On his bleak Arctic bed was loudly rous'd
By voice of thunder; quick the frigid god
Rose shaking from his tresses silvery hail
And biting blasts, thus speaking: "Hateful sounds!
In vain—ye cannot shake my icy throne—
Nor may the light'ning melt th' eternal pile.
How stray'd the thunder from its sphere so far!
Sure 'twas not borne on Afer's dusky wings.
Dire peals! such flashes might consume the globe!
It seems the world's great period!" When thus spoke
Th' Almighty ruler from th' impending cloud:
Ere many suns, O Winter, thou hadst walk'd
Along the Russian clime, as in past years;
But now a warring host, there stalking bold,
Presume impunity of man and Heaven.
Long in their cause the wayward Passions fought,
Wisdom, at length, decided for their weal,
With my consent; but now they little deem
They go by sufferance of our fatal will.
Their reign shall cease, their chieftain feel distress;
Delay not then to muster all thy powers—
Assume thy cloudy stole, grasp thy keen spears

And quiver, charg'd with tempests, snow, and hail;
With all-subduing rage on Russia fall—
There pour thy gusts; the leafless forest glaze;
Congeal the rolling billows in their flight;
Shroud with a rocky veil the sounds and seas;
Make earth's broad face seem stone; the faded globe
Wear garb of mourning, that proud Gaul decline:
Such is the mandate of the Sire of worlds.
Th' Almighty ended, and the heavens wore scowl;
Th' angelic seats were sad—Sol hid his face
In misty ocean; moan'd the hollow wind;
The hoary monarch of the storms, low bow'd,
In humble reverence of the high command;
Then northward turning, sudden darkness spread
Thick round his course; he grasps his blighting spears
Of wondrous length, and on the icy pole
Them whets, with toilsome haste; twelve leagues his arm
To east and west, with waxing fury, flies:
As on the frozen pile they quivering glide,
A silvery sleet in spreading curls ascends—
The sharpening points, reflecting blaze on blaze,
Flame like red lightning on heaven's stormy brow.
This done, he shakes them midst the rolling clouds,
Stamps on his throne, Boreas and Eurus calls,
And fills his quiver with the arms of storm:
The boisterous brethren in their native halls,
Hear the loud summons and tumultuous pour
From their bleak portals, rending snowy cliffs,
Whistling o'er icy vales, and driving clouds
On clouds in mountain masses, darkening heaven.
On these the Monarch sails towards Russia's clime
In hazy ocean wide of fleecy snow:
High o'er where Moscow stood the boreal blast
Bears him in gloomy state sublime: Now round
He swells the snow-fraught gusts, and darts his spears;
Now from his quiver heaves the chilling hail,
Covering with icy robe the rocky land—
A sudden algor seizes half the world;

Life fades before him; fetter'd streamlets groan;
The dashing wave is hush'd in mid-career;
The dimpled watery surface leaps no more
In quivering light; its stream is still and cold—
And nature's features, squally, blank, and drear,
Evince the presence of the killing power.
Dire on Napoleon's host his fury falls,
Destroying myriads. 'Twas in night's dark shade
He hurl'd the fleecy ocean on the land,
And put forth all the terror of his reign.
When morn dim waded through the cloudy skies,
Rousing the slumbering camp, France saw her doom;
On every side, destructive foes appear,
And woe approaching from the Earth and Heaven:
A miry barren waste around her lay—
The roads were buried in the frosty deep,
With spoils and steeds and men, to rise no more.
Snow-tossing tempests dreadful howl'd, and wav'd
Thick crackling branches of ice-burden'd groves.
Disheartening Famine, and the deluge cold,
By freezing winds in mountain ridges curl'd,
Spread o'er the Gallic hopes funereal gloom.
Fast smother'd by the drifting sleet, whole bands
Fall shivering in despair, repeating names
Of children, parents, wives, they ne'er shall see,
And thus address their mates, yet struggling on:
  Oh! if more blest than we, you should behold
Our native country, parents, children dear,
Give them these papers and this hard-earn'd gold,
Last pledge of our affection—say, till now
The hope of seeing them alone sustain'd
Their wretched relative—at length, refus'd
That pleasing hope, he wished them well, and died.
When in lov'd France you joy for your return,
Oh, think sometimes of our unhappy fate!
  Anon the faltering tongue, and glaring eye,
Stand motionless beneath Death's icy hand,
Their sufferings ended, and their friends forgot.

Their comrades passing view their snowy graves—
While round, voracious dogs, gregarious howl—
Above dark clouds of ravens mournful croak,
And seem to claim the living as their prey.
  Night falls with gloomier frown, and blustering air;
The hoary forest, bending with bright load
Of glassy ice, moan'd rustling in the blast,
Which threw chill torpor from its freezing wings;
The glare of burning villages, and domes,
Illum'd the icy silvery-glistening groves,
With eddying sleet suffus'd. Through the drear wild
Oft roar'd war's thunderers, flashing on the gloom,
Where Ney, incessant fighting, shielded Gaul.
  Half her huge host, disbanded, devious roam'd;
Some in the frosty deluge, famish'd, sunk;
Or, wandering careless, unresisting, bled
By Cossack spear: They tore the lean remains
Of perish'd steeds, that fell by thousands round.
Artillery, steeds, and men, in ruins, fill'd
The road; o'er them the faint survivors climb'd,
Pale, staggering on the slippery brink of death.
  A hebdomad, ere Sol from Scorpio pass'd,
Kutusoff, expeditious, bold confronts
Napoleon near Krasnoi, and vain attempts
His capture: onward fierce the Emperor drives
Through clouds of foes, and whizzing iron showers
Flooding his thunder-shaken road with gore.
The Russian, with regret, beholds o'erthrown
His troops imperial, and the promis'd prize
Sweep like a fiery torrent through his lines,
And take at Krasnoi a position strong.
When next the sun relum'd the frosty clime,
He, with like force, opposes brave Eugene,
And frightful conflict rages: Villeblanch,
Ornano and Delfanti, bite the dust,
Reiterating the destructive charge
On Russia's firm array. At length the prince
Despairing soon to force the sanguine path,

Feigns to attack, with all his bands, the left
Oppos'd; which to support, his enemy brings
His cohorts from his right. Kind darkness now
Chas'd down the day; and countermarching swift
Under her mantle, wheel'd the dexterous chief
Around the Russian right, unseen of foes—
His Emperor join'd, who pleas'd address'd him: Son,
Thy skill has foil'd superior force; sure thou
May'st easy wind through life, like fluent floods,
Circling the base of hills they cannot climb.
Davoust and Ney must pass that baffled host,
That disappointed of its spoil, will give
A hot reception to their weary trains.
T' insure the safety of th' intrepid dukes,
Let us give business to the Russian powers,
And teach them their pursuit excels their fight,
If at Wiazma this they fail'd to learn.
Thus he; the prince replied: Retreat should pause,
Though death pursues. To make th' attack propos'd,
Will save a corps, which erst ourselves redeem'd
Thus they; and soon, tempestuous battle rag'd.
Russia, astounded, saw reverted Gaul
Scattering destruction on the staggering host.
Meantime Eckmuhl's brave duke, amidst the fray
His monarch joins, and with him slow recedes
From the wide flaming field. They recommence
Their long retreat. But Ney remains beyond
The hostile gulf—genius alone can save:
He turns the foe. Wolhynia's army now,
United with Moldavia's, march'd on Minsk,
And seiz'd Borisov's bridge; while Witgenstein
Industrious press'd t' unite his force with theirs,
And on Belluno's duke incessant warr'd.
Brave Ney the while withstands, eludes and drives
The hostile swarms, evolv'd from Krasnoi's field,
His host out-numbering far. Three times pale Sol
Look'd through cold skies from morn to even, on deeds
Of heroism, patience, fortitude,

And saw the gallant bands, manœuvred well,
Glide from the closing jaws of Fate, then form
In junction with Eugene's, whose timely aid
Reliev'd them from the fight. Now Oudinot
Drives Lambert o'er Borisov's lofty bridge;
Who fires it quick, to interrupt pursuit
And France confine. When Sol three days had shone
In Sagittarius, Berezina's bank
Was throng'd with fugitives and troops of France;
The farther shore, with Russia's bands was lin'd,
Its passage to dispute. Her admiral steer'd
His course by Gaul's, mistook for Russia's star.
All day Napoleon, far manœuvring, strove
To seize on Studzianca, which o'erlook'd
Th' opposing bank. At length he gain'd the post,
And in his foe's despite, constructed o'er
Th' ice-incumber'd stream, two lofty roads;
While on the rear of France fierce Russia drove,
Scarce check'd by Oudinot (his left in air):
The thundering conflict thicken'd toward the stream,
Where wretched myriads, hovering on its brink,
Crowded, in dread confusion, to each bridge,
Flying the Russian vengeance; thousands fall,
Uttering sad cries, into the freezing flood—
And thousands, crush'd by the hard pressing throng,
Sink, loudly moaning. O'er the smother'd piles.
Their comrades climb, and smear their feet with gore.
The trampled wretches grasp the mounting heels
Of luckier men, who, struggling, disengage,
Or fall amidst the suffocated crew.

Brave Oudinot, borne wounded from the field,
On Ney the conduct of the fight devolves.
He through the flaming lines impetuous rides,
Recalls the recreant, and confirms the bold,
While France imposing attitude assumes:
Wading in snow, beneath inclement skies,
As stream'd her tatter'd robes on freezing wind,
Her ice-incumber'd banner, waving drear,

Awoke the memory of her glorious days,
And rous'd the rage that won Marengo's field.
With double fury now the battle burns,
Shattering the iron cloud that gored her rear.
Dumerc resistless leads his squadrons through
The Russian files; wild uproar spreads around—
Th' artillery thunders, the fast reddening plain
Reeks with fresh spouting gore; dark clouds involve
The combatants; the hazy heaven profuse
Throws feathery shower of inundating snow,
Thickening the gloom. Awhile the Gallic arms
Prevail'd, and long th' unequal fight maintain'd.
At length, before th' increasing flood of foes,
They fly terrific, through th' impeding crowd,
O'er Berezina, midst the dying groans
And lamentable shrieks of trampled friends.
Immediately they burn the tottering bridge,
And interpose the fatal flood, t' avert
The thirsty arms of Russia, raging near.
Awhile had Boreas, in the arctic night,
Midst desolation's icy hills repos'd,
Or tost the snow cliffs round the lifeless gloom;
While mists, by Auster near his kingdom driven,
His influence feeling, fell in fleecy flakes:
The rivers' waves their glassy surface broke,
And icy fragments toward the ocean bore;
But now in gusts, he quits the polar shade;
Dispreads his chilling wings, from high Altay
To Greenland's lonely shore, and heaven o'erclouds.
Quick, nature his benumbing fetters feels:
The gliding streams stand still beneath his frown,
Or, veil'd in ice, steal unperceiv'd away
Through caves remote from his congealing breath.
The great belligerents feel, with equal pain,
His life-destroying rage. In either host
The brave are wither'd, like the forest's leaves,
That, faded, float on autumn's whistling gales.
And now from every side, in fierce pursuit,

Rose Russia's hardy sons. Her awful foe
Bereft of arms, and leaning o'er the grave
Could scarce contend, and mercy sought in vain.
  Th' impatient fugitives loud murmurs vent;
Alternately arraign their King and Heaven;
They cry: Napoleon! where are all thy stores
And boundless plenty, promis'd long in vain!
Must we die, unreveng'd, by Russia's hordes,
Grown impudent, since Jove affords them aid,
Or cold, and famine, in this hated land?
O execrable fate! for this we came
From better climes, and conquer'd but to die!
O Heaven! does bravery merit such reward?
Do cowards find in Jove a friend in need?
Oh! let thy blasting thunder end our days,
That all may know 'tis thine, not Russia's might
(So wont to cower beneath our conquering arms),
That sweeps whole legions to untimely graves.
  Thus mournful grovelling through the frigid waste
Numbness pervades their limbs, and stealing sleep
Consigns them to the endless reign of death.
As sad they march, they leave long files behind,
Erect or prostrate, turn'd to rocky ice.
The Russians following pass the myriads pale,
Impress'd with solemn awe; for much they seem'd
Like weeping statues, mark'd with mimic life,
Of which one half some mighty wind had fell'd.
Napoleon deeply mourn'd; but by his side
Stood Valor, and sublim'd his mighty soul:
Sustain'd by whom, he frown for frown return'd
Of fickle Fortune, struggling with his fate.
  Twice seven times in December earth had roll'd,
When o'er the ice-bound Niemen hover'd pale
The squallid remnant of unhappy Gaul;
Like wretched spectres fled th' infernal world,
They look'd with horror at the scene behind,
Half nude, toil-worn, storm-beaten, gash'd with wounds,
With frozen limbs tormented; some had lost

The sense of hearing; all with hunger pin'd.
Of forty myriads, scarcely three return'd;
Who went as generals, as subalterns came,
And oft of soldiers begg'd a pittance poor.
Ah! how unlike that host, so proud and great,
Which erst, resistless, rush'd to Moscow's walls!
Seven days before the imperial chief conferr'd
On Naples' King the conduct of the flight:
Secure (he said) the relics of our host
While I on Paris march—as viceroy guide
The war—well garrison the Polish posts:
Let Dantzic, Cracow and their brethren, hold
Such numbers as may best long siege endure;
For know, I cease not this unhappy strife—
Again shall Russia fear—our troops, ere long,
Shall, satiate, plunge upon her flying bands.
Murat then answers: Sire, the arduous task
To me assign'd, no common skill requires
Like mine; but as thy wisdom makes the choice,
To call it ill were calling thee unwise.
Full soon, I trust, this wreck will be repair'd
By thy recruited armies, glorious prone!
Then Russia shall repent her cruel deeds,
And reel beneath the influence of thy power.
Consult the wise—do what a mortal can—
Napoleon made reply; then latent rode
Toward his France o'er snow-clad kingdoms wide;
And, just as Sol in Capricornus flam'd,
On Paris, enter'd in the shade of night,
He burst all potent with the blush of morn,
And quick the lofty helm of state resumes.

BOOK VII.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon converses with the Empress. He addresses the Council of State, and the Senate, demanding troops. Deceit, disturbed by the rapid increase of his army, goes to the mansion of Intrigue, with whom she devises a scheme for paralyzing the power of the Emperor, and they proceed to put it in operation,

Wisdom and Necessity advise Napoleon to appoint Louisa Regent of the empire, before he leaves France on his intended campaign.

In his grand palace, mid the queen of towns
Napoleon shines; his fond Louisa there,
Proud dignitaries of his empire great,
And infant offspring, joy at his return—
He sees dear looks, and hears inquiries kind:
How blest (his spouse begins,) to see you here
Resume the father's, husband's, Emperor's cares!
In safety come, from that superior war,
O'er the long, cold, uncomfortable way.
Our gentle babe, with joyful glances, tries
To lisp a glorious name. Sweet child! he lives
Beneath the shade of laurels—future heir
Of more than throne. O! may he know the love
Of mighty nations! What fond crowds he drew
Before thy tent, on Borodino's morn!
The tale was grateful to a mother's ear:
No courtiers there, but noble warriors prais'd.
The kings, at Dresden, too, admired our prince,
In that bright morning of the great campaign:
How bloody was its noon, and dark its close!
Let Heaven be prais'd the fearful blast is spent,
And we are here. Bold Malet is destroy'd:

He and his crew will never more conspire
Against our honor and imperial reign;
But what of Russia, and thy hosts? I knew
Thy retrocession from scorch'd Moscow's walls,
For winter quarters in a happier clime!
You see me there arriv'd (her lord replies);
I would my sons could equal fortune boast.
Borne on a flood of wo, to France I come.
A deadly frost has nipp'd her noblest flowers;
How many breasts, that beat with great resolves,
Are now forever dead to glory's voice!
In Paris, too, my faithful friends have died:
Alas! poor Malet; but I only grieve,
That headlong zeal, with indiscriminate rage,
The dup'd and guilty struck alike with death.
Did not the arch chancellor know my crown's best gem
Is mercy, that he thus untimely snatch'd
From them dear life, from me the power to save!
The savage Russians, dreadful to themselves!
Destroy'd their realm before me; wasteful fire
Career'd o'er cities, villages, and fields,
Where it was known my army would invade.
On Moscow's site I tarried much too long;
Pride, Rashness, and unnumber'd passions urg'd:
Hope promis'd, there, to crown my toils with peace;
Wisdom, too late, determined for my weal,
And she approach'd me, with experience arm'd;
Else ill reception had her lesson found.
I then retreated; but the inclement skies
Pour'd forth their wintry stores, and cloth'd the land
With frosty seas; then perish'd all my steeds;
Famine and cold soon half my host destroy'd.
The enemy now, grown impudent, assay'd
Our final wreck; and oft would bravely charge
Poor fugitives, disbanded, and unarm'd.
Our road was heap'd with ruins of the brave;
Thousands in fierce contention bit the dust;
Myriads, benumb'd by freezing tempests, died;

Thousands surrender'd to severer doom;
And few, alas! of that gigantic host
Recross'd the Niemen—these Murat controls,
Conducting fast before the following foe.
Near Poland's bounds I left him, and twelve days
O'er hills and vales, thro' kingdoms wide, I've sped,
Too fast for treacherous friends to form resolves:
Doubtless, the Prussian court, a day too late,
Debated, if they should not have detained?
Short time I rest; for here this war not ends;
Another formidable host shall rise—
Before three moons have wheel'd their pale career
I, at their head, will take the field; and soon
Shall Russia's bands revisit their cold clime,
And subject kings, who now, rejoicing, see
Deliverance near (how blind to Russia's aims!)
Witness anon 'tis ours to curb her pride;
Nor dare refuse their subsidies, nor lift
Rebellious arms against our mighty throne.
Then France shall smile, forgetful of her woes,
At victory's charms; and Europe still remain
Subservient to my schemes, and fear my frown.
Thus he. Louisa then rejoins: My lord,
Since first the inauspicious message came
Of thy retreat, my boding soul has mourn'd.
Full well I knew that Fortune was unkind,
From thy long silence; for her smiles are soon
Reflected, and by countless tongues proclaim'd.
Anxiety o'erclouded all my days:
Imagin'd voices, on the moaning wind,
Oft took my ear and tales of terror told.
My slumbers were disturb'd by frequent dreams
Of men of other worlds, of strange attire,
Of regal mobs, and messengers from thee,
Rehearsing orders with mysterious air.
Once as I lay in Somnus' downy arms,
Methought a herald on pale horse appear'd:
Haste, haste (he cried) and seek thy father's court,

St. Cloud's is thine no more—a tempest roars—
See terror-looking clouds far distant move;
Hear the deep thunder in the cloudless sky;
Lo! Sol casts paler rays: 'tis nature's wail
For thy Napoleon lost; no more he shines
In godlike splendor, and resistless power.
Inexorable destiny has kill'd
His once high rule, and torn, ah! cruelly torn
The mighty hero from Louisa's arms,
And buried far in ocean isles forlorn,
Where Fancy on sad pilgrimage will stray,
Beholding him conversing with past times.
This said, he turn'd, and thro' yon wall appear'd
To unimpeded pass, and quick was gone;
I, startled, woke, embrac'd our infant son,
The soften'd semblance of his absent sire,
Whose form in airy circles round my bed
Was hovering like familiar thoughts, that keep
The mind subjected to their kind control;
I now salute thee, now thy absence mourn,
And fast, with joy, or sorrow, chase thy shade.
Thus she; the hero, smiling, then replies:
'Tis well to use our mind in search of bliss,
But not in seeking wo; conjecture's field
Is wide beyond enjoyment; who there roves
Should gather flowers, not thorns, since free to choose;
For soon stern fate will give the bitter draught
To sweeten which surpasses Fancy's power.
Louisa then responded: Truth indeed
Alone should pain, or what 'tis sure will come.
Ills round us hover, while, with thoughtless pace,
We pass their thickest cloud. I ever deem'd
Thy throne on doubtful base: 'Twas built mid storms,
The throes of stifled faction, and the frowns
Of Europe's Monarchs; but thy genius gives
Assurance firm of it's duration long.
Sure he, who, with small force, oppos'd a world,
Who, singly, rein'd throne-shaking anarchs wild,

Who, with inferior numbers, boldly scal'd
The Noric Alps, and from the Simmering aw'd
The German states, and hush'd the dogs of war,
May scarce from this imperial height be driven.
  Thus she, and forth the Emperor speeds to meet
His councillors, at his command, conven'd;
To whom he thus unfolds his sovereign will:
  This once I come from war, and bring no joy;
For victory's blaze defeat's deep gloom surrounds;
Instead of laws for guiding conquer'd states,
I now propose one to protect our France,
Her glory and integrity—secure
The constancy of our allies—and hurl
The Russian legions to their frightful clime:
Four hundred thousand should be call'd to arms,
Ere two score days their golden light diffuse.
Foremost in rank, I shall not be the last
In reparation of this ruin foul.
Ye, next in place, th' occasion needs your skill,
As well to suit our loss to vulgar eyes,
Whose frailty ill sustains the beams of truth,
As to collect another potent host,
Without engendering murmurs most intense.
You know what should be done; a moment's loss
Long years may not redeem: Beyond the Elb
'Tis best to check th' approaching Russian wave;
For if it flow on Rhine's confederate states,
It wants no prophet to explore our doom:
Rebellion, and disorder in its course,
Will show their heinous faces, and talk rude
To our fine feelings; let us then exert
That energy, which preludes to success.
Three hundred millions will my vaults supply
Without increas'd taxation: Twice four score
Battalions may be call' from Spain; since Soult
Has rais'd the siege of Cadiz, and confin'd
To Portugal the English; who obtain'd,
At Salamanca, the poor privilege

To die at Burgos! From our idle ships
Twice twenty thousand sailors may recruit
Th' artillery's corps; twice fifty thousand come
From frontier garrisons: Besides, events
Require th' anticipation of the force,
To rise from conscripts of the coming year.
Our veteran remnant shall have sub-commands,
And thus be paid their humble martial toils.
Twice ten important fortresses we hold
Between the Rhine and Baltic; these are safe.
No gentle blow shall fall on Russia now—
Her blood shall reek through Poland's injur'd land,
Till satiate France on Niemen's brink repose,
Wipe her red arms, and let the enemy know,
Th' abuser of the favors Heaven conferr'd,
What part his arms in our defeat have borne,
That prey'd on men by wintry cold subdued.
  The Emperor spoke, and Tronchet thus replied:
Though dark on France has lower'd the storm of fate,
Her glorious Sun in thy return has ris'n,
Which erst dispell'd more inauspicious gloom,
When hostile navies could not intercept
Thy course from Nile. Soon, furious faction curb'd,
Thou spread thy spirit o'er the drooping state,
Which, rous'd to daring deeds, scal'd clouded Alps,
Trod the cold heights that frown above the storms,
And rush'd triumphant o'er Marengo's field;
Ah, brave Dessaix, borne thence in victory's arms
To kindred Heaven! still thy great spirit lives,
That nought of Fortune ask'd but glorious name:
We see our Emperor undepress'd by wo,
As uninflated, when Fame flew before,
Sounding his coming from Vienna's throne,
Wagram's, Friedland's, Eylau's, or Jena's field.
Sublime exemplar to the sons of France!
We hail thy presence, while our enemies grieve
That thou didst timely quit thy freezing bands
To raise accoutred myriads to oppose

Th' impetuous Russian torrent. Every heart
Should second, with strong zeal, thy grand designs,
And praise the genius, that controls thy ways,
Since safe escap'd the luckless northern war,
And treason's sword bold pointed at thy throne:
But were less troops requir'd by this decree,
Would not the Senate earlier give it seal?
For they may doubt the need of force so strong,
Or peace prefer to sacrifice so great,
And, hesitating, lose the fortunate time.
Less numbers soon on battle-field array'd,
May more effect than greater numbers late.
Doubtless, none better than thyself can judge
What force is wanted to repel the foe;
And we, who our incompetence discern
As thy capacity to well decide,
And weighty interest in what shall result,
Could ill object th' amount thou hast propos'd;
But Ignorance and Folly are inclin'd
To Wisdom's chair usurp; they confident
Walk precipices, for they see no gulfs,
Judgment o'er all things readily assume,
And what they comprehend not straight condemn;
Hence, some regard is to their weakness due,
As to the object which we would attain.
Thus he; th' imperial Chief forthwith rejoin'd:
The number suits the menac'd Empire's wants
If not the Senate's wisdom, which, untried,
Has been suspected, doubtless, underpriz'd;
But lest that body should be loth to grant
Such armies as we need, unless inform'd
What mishap hath befell us, I will state
The sum of our disasters, show the want
Of great exertions to retrieve our loss.
The part to be perform'd is somewhat new—
Erst, to rejoice was the main task impos'd
When I return'd from battle. Souls infirm
Are equal to such burden. The small child

May caper gladly for august exploits;
But firm and wise men, only, can withstand
The flood of adverse fortune, interrupt
Its hurtful course, and give it glorious turn.
  France now may win the praise of fortitude,
Yield vanity, for pride, and exercise
That energy, by which myself so oft
Have given her joy, and made her name renown'd.
Her character in great prosperity
Is understood. Her grandeur on a sea
Of glory, by fair gales impell'd, mankind
Have witness'd and admir'd; still let them gaze
In wonder at our greatness, that can move
Majestic on, though adverse tempests blow
Tremendous storm; nor let our towering state
At the first frown of Fortune disappear;
Nor man believe that in our heroes lost
Dwelt all the bravery for which France is fam'd;
That in them died our glory; nor, they gone,
Let it be said France shrunk, exanimate,
No valor left, no soul her conquests to preserve;
But like a corpse thrown on the shore by waves
Became the prey of those who would devour.
A nation's faith invigorates its deeds:
When thickening dangers threat, trim well Hope's lamp,
Then joyful scenes rise e'en beyond the grave;
Defeat will come a stranger to Despair,
And the sore beaten, still triumphant toil.
I hold no plough behind a moveless team—
'Tis hard to steer the ship, and work the sails—
What can a monarch with a heartless realm!
  He ended. To his Senate straight repair'd—
The Council made obeisance as withdrew
Their august paramount—the Senate rose,
Bow'd reverent, and thus heard th' imperial voice:
  Assembled worthies of our realm, give ear;
Famine and numbing Winter on us warr'd,
Besides belligerent Russians, this campaign,

And ruin'd our vast armies; but the brave
Yield not to one misfortune; nor are flames
Of patriotism quench'd, if wo betide;
But burn more brilliant, as the danger grows,
And urge to deeds of fame, useful as fair.
'Tis then the sound are known. The solid oak
Makes roar th' assaulting blast, and braves the storm,
While, falling round it, crash the carious trees,
Which proudly toss'd their head when zephyr breath'd.
Heaven grant no Frenchman prove a rotten staff,
On which the Empire may not lean secure
Her weary weight; we hope to find all hearts
In unison with patriotic tongues;
And see the conscripts of th' ensuing year
At our disposal. Great resource we need
On this occasion, and your prompt support.
Let not th' allies mistrust our power to shield;
Distinctly let th' advancing Russians know
'Twas frost, and not their valor, foil'd our arms.
This said, the Chief his splendid palace sought,
Where finding his Louisa heavenly bright,
In lovely beauty blushing, all her charms
Rush on his soul, and deep enchantment hold.
As he surveys her by the Graces rob'd,
His soften'd breast with joyous transport glows.
Her gentle voice dispels imperial cares,
As solar rays disperse the mists of morn,
Or steal the pearly dew from vernal flowers.
The statute sanction'd which the Chief propos'd,
In season due, with troops his empire teem'd:
Thrice six score thousand sought the scene of war.
Another host, of realm-disposing power!
This, from her sable dell, Deceit survey'd
With wrath, distrust, anxiety and fear,
And thus she muses: What! will France behold
The wreck of mighty armies, by rash deeds,
And still give others to the same wild hand!
O Heaven! how Fortune favors this bold Chief!

As through him she would sport with Earth's great kings:
How many armies must he waste! How long
Disturb the world, before his power shall fall!
Will that high parliament still passive bear
The lash of tyranny, nor check his course
So ruinous grown? But chase through blood the shade
Of mournful glory? Hail, Intrigue, in thee
I trust for future aid. Swift to thy hall
High in night's phantom-peopled cone I go.
  Thus meditating, forth, on gloomy wings,
O'ershadowing many a plain, the spirit flew;
Her eyes were glowing with malignant soul;
Her face was furrow'd like the raging sea;
Her voice, like rumbling thunder, heard remote,
Or ocean's roar, ere bursts th' impending storm,
Threaten'd bad deeds. Thus seem'd she to the muse
As Satan on Niphates' brow; but mortal eyes
Had nought beheld but innocence and truth.
Soon in the clouds she meets the subtle Queen,
Travelling in darkness; each from th' other shrunk,
Deeming she saw hell's monarch; then assum'd
Politic air, and straight each other knew.
Auspicious! cries Deceit, with countenance chang'd
As heaven's when, storms just spent, the sun outshines,
Earth joys, birds sing, rills foam, and rainbows gild
The lingering vapors in the blue expanse;
Auspicious power! with gladness thou art met
By one, that was repairing to thy Hall,
To get thy aid, to balk Napoleon's war.
  Pursue thy course then, (thus Intrigue replies;)
For I was wending to thy gloomy cave:
Are we not nearer mine than your abode?
  So they, then journeying toward the Syren dome,
Intrigue remarks: Our road lies up yon steep
Where thunder-laboring clouds, like ghastly forms,
Seem wielding quivering lightning in their hands,
And frowning on the passing traveller:
E'en as Fredonia's sage would them disarm

Of all their blasting fire we must extract
The Gallic Emperor's power; so, like dark cloud,
Of his throne-rending bolts depriv'd, he frown
Harmless, though dark, and shed some drops in rage.
'Tis seldom with o'erwhelming force I move
Direct to the fulfillment of our will;
But that, at length, attain by patient toil,
Wandering through murky wasts, toss'd by rude gusts
Of apprehension into deepest gloom,
Where e'en myself, bewilder'd, often mourn.
  Deceit replies: I toilsome work have found
My secret objects to conceal from Kings;
But greatest circumspection can alone
Secure against Napoleon's nimble glance.
'Tis difficult my anger to suppress,
Which fain would burst in bold rebellion forth,
And from its broad foundation rend his throne.
Alas! I saw Death sack his mighty host
In Russian land, and hop'd in vain that France
Would straight the luckless Emperor spurn; but lo!
Though few diurnal suns have shone since he,
O'er many a realm, in flight from Russia, sped,
An army, like his last, of peerless force,
Is darkening all the avenues to the Elb;
As if, with Hydra, Hercules-foiling power,
Throne-shaking Gaul pour'd armies from her wounds.
  Despising our importance, he reveal'd
His great disasters, and his pressing wants.
In truth, he seldom has invok'd our aid:
Pride tells him one so potent has no need
Of our assistance, and no arts he tries,
Where bayonets may accomplish his designs.
  Advise, for well thou canst, what way our force
Should be directed to effect his fall;
Decide, what point is most assailable
In his wise government, that there attack
May be commenc'd, in secrecy profound,
And he be headlong hurl'd from his proud height.

Thus she, and now above the eddying winds,
They enter the dun Palace of Intrigue,
Invisible, till on the threshold stands
Th' observer; there she saw unnumbered schemes,
Illusions fatal, fables incomplete,
And beauteous forms, whirling in sprightly dance,
Thus singing: Here, above the flying clouds,
We far survey the various world, and seek,
Wandering in whirlwinds to and fro, the praise
Of well-performing our controller's will.
Success attends, unless our augury fail:
On Fortune's visage plays portentous smiles,
As she the greatest of mankind beholds:
With her who sports with mortals, we conspire,
And read her countenance with unceasing care.
Th' inglorious clown is happy in his plains;
The sage in contemplation; but no ease
Is ours, save triumph transient, when success
Attends some desperate round of artful toil,
To urge the fate of nations; darkness guards,
We fight with arms unseen; in silence march,
With marvellous expedition, and lead men
By fascinating melody, to build
Scaffolds, forge chains, dread tyrannies erect,
And kill their friends, whom we cannot deceive—
The friends, who show them, whither lead their steps.
They quit the substance, to admire the form;
Forsake religion, to adore the priest,
And, following him, religion's self destroy!
Mistake a Demagogue for Liberty!
And, following him, the blissful Goddess slay!
We swear she still exists; the fools believe,
Although their chief has broke her vital laws!
We then confine them to his iron car.
They dup'd? not they! We call them very wise:
They hug, because they think they chose their chains;
And deem it a poor freedom that not gives
The privilege to be degraded slaves!

Thus they—and instant vanish'd in the air.
The queen ascends the throne of various hues,
Whence meteors gleam, and hollow murmurs rise,
And thus resumes the converse with her guest:
Belov'd of old, what caused my journey hence
Toward thy abode, this time, was Gaul's dread king:
When last refreshing slumber o'er me stole,
I saw proud Londonderry, bleeding, fall
Before his voice, and fiends, with ghastly smile,
Beckoning, invite him to the roaring deep.
I saw an eagle, on a rock confin'd,
Insulted by a chattering magpie mean.
A hideous spectre, hovering o'er my head,
Thus broke my calm repose: Rise, slumbering queen,
Sleep'st thou while great events demand thy care?
Thy peer, Deceit, is shining in her arms,
Improving this rare time, intent on deeds
Important of result: Attend my hest;
Go, with her counsel, in the dark abode.
I then rose from my couch; the spirits round
Shudder'd at my ascension in wild haste.
Grasping my arms, and armor, in dark clouds
On whirlwinds' wings, midst flaming bolts, I rode
Along the gloomy heavens, till, thou in sight,
I paus'd, in horror, till I heard thy voice.
'Tis most momentous to determine, where
We may attempt, with safety, to dismount
Napoleon, puissant and wise; but few
Can be discern'd, appropriate to our end,
And realizing power: His parliament,
Fit engine of our battle, these contains;
Who, midst their comrades, with our timely aid,
May spread hostility against his power;
Or cause them to protest 'gainst further strife,
Him baffling, and informing France how ill
He governs; and what inauspicious war
He wages, ruinous to her wealth and fame;
When she may try to counteract his will,

Or hear indifferent his intense demands,
Delaying his commencement of attack
Of Russia's conquering hosts, till they have march'd
E'en through Bavaria, and the subject realms,
Emancipated from his grasp, rejoice;
When the vast forces of a conjunct world,
Embattled bold against his damning reign,
Shall rush resistless to proud Paris' walls.
  She ended, and Deceit, well pleas'd, replied:
Thine seems the most efficient plan, to war
In secret manner on the mighty Chief;
For divers members of his parliament
To me have made bold vows, and prayers preferr'd;
These now enjoy their sovereign's high regard—
Among them exercise enticing arts,
And specious reasoning; while I, intent
To wean, whose private acts have long inclin'd
Against his reign, forthwith depart; and soon
The major number of his Senate grave,
Will venture to oppose his high resolves.
  Thus spoke she, and dispread her pinions dark,
And plunging through the rolling clouds below,
Immediate to th' imperial Synod pass'd;
There, in sly Fouché's form, sped to and fro,
Intent on alienation from their king
Of duteous subjects. Soon amidst them she
Th' infection of dislike and doubt diffused;
Thus whispering to their souls: What odious tasks
May men of honesty and worth perform!
Yok'd to the policy of him ye fear,
You drag his chariot o'er forbidden ground,
While high he sits, and strews the world with death,
The wheels, remorseless, crushing mighty states,
The laws, in which the citizen's safety lies,
And rights of monarchs, to the woe of France.
What blood, what treasure has she lost, for nought,
But to support a throne, whose sultry glare
Breeds ceaseless storms; nor till this season 's past

Of opposition to legitimate sway
Will peace' fair beams disperse these steely clouds.
This war-engendering sun must cease to shine.
I see you drag him with reluctant pace;
How long will ye lack spirit to be men?
How long will ye see Folly wreck your sons,
Your country's purest blood on hostile swords?
Perhaps ye say, "till apt occasion comes;"
But many years of obloquy may roll,
And you have travelled to the silent tomb,
Ere better chance occur to check his course,
And make yourselves respected, as the voice
Of suffering France; but if no patriot cause
Excite to energy, and bold repulse
Of wrong demands, are ye of vengeance void?
Has his imperial will ne'er thwarted yours?
Now is the time to vindicate your rights;
Protest against the farther rage of war;
This may defeat his sanguinary schemes,
And mitigate, or banish Gallic woes.
But breathe not to the world your main intent,
'Till half your comrades in the work conspire;
Then sound it with a voice of thunder loud
Through all the nations subject to his sway—
Its influence will confound the lord of kings.
Have faith and fear not; for the peril 's small,
When fate is favoring our conceal'd desire.
Thus she; Intrigue, with changeful face, proceeds:
What way then should ye strive against his power?
There seems none better than determin'd stand
Against the farther progress of a war,
So ruinous prov'd: Your potent voice will swell
The tide of disaffection, that his ranks
Be till'd reluctant, and his march delay'd,
'Till wide rebellion of the subject kings
Deprive him of resource, on which he dotes,
And thrice more formidable make his foe.
Thus may the causes of his fall begin,

And thus his warrior mien be taught to wear,
Instead of stormy frowns, a flattering smile,
When you approach his throne; well disciplin'd
By this insidious exercise of power.
Persuade your peers, his victories France would curse,
Since war would thence increase to glut his lust,
And not to guard her rights, or punish wrong.
Then move t' address th' imperial Chief for peace;
Show much concern that his resource will fail,
Since his vast losses in the Russian war.
Apparent innocence will face the deed,
And while he deems that you mistake his means,
And pities, or rebukes, the nation rous'd
From a blind fondness will condemn the man,
Who pours her blood profuse o'er half the world.
  Thus the arch beings, with the moving voice
Of patriotism, influence gain'd o'er half
Th' assembled Legislature—who assent
To practise the dark counsel in fit hour.
  The while, grave Wisdom scans Napoleon's plight,
Surveys events long past—casts doubtful looks
On the dark future, and thus Neod address'd:
  I see and shun what Folly waits to feel;
France claims my care t' avert contingent ills;
If her great Emperor fall in distant war,
Will not the woes of former times prevail,
When Revolution rear'd her giddy head,
And bellow'd, as she walk'd in darkness forth,
Good will to man, and Reason call'd her God;
While, close behind, Murder tremendous crouch'd,
And all the Furies that disturb mankind.
E'en Justice' scale became th' Assassin's sword,
And blood-stain'd Crime frown'd on the trembling world
From midst the ruins of the good and great.
  But though no anarchy ensue, some chief
Th' imperial diadem may try to gain,
And his superior dynasty preclude.
Such evil to prevent, 'tis Wisdom's choice,

Ere his departure, he make Regent one
To whom he can confide th' important charge;
That he, who has the right, may have pronounc'd
What voice the realm should heed, when he's no more;
Which those who prize his reign should glad obey,
And in the Regent's see the Emperor's rule.
As yet his son o'erlooks but infant scenes,
And moves, with innocence, in smiles and tears.
Louisa is adapted to sustain
Th' important trust, and answer his designs;
I then will move the monarch to appoint
His partner to the Regency before
He leave fair Paris for the tented field,
If it seem meet to thee. She spoke; stern Need,
Her rigid features softening into smiles,
Thus answers: 'Tis my pleasure, as 'tis thine:
Begin the work Necessity requires.
At my imperious call thou always giv'st
Thy useful lesson, grateful to thy Jove;
For what thou dost is ratified by fate.
When Heaven and Earth were not, and Time was young,
I heard thee converse with the lord of worlds
In the dark deeps of chaos, where Ens warr'd;
Flames, lands and seas, in tempest counter driv'n,
Dash'd in tremendous uproar, and dread love:
Fierce Oxygen there mingled all his soul
With sweet attractive Carbon, and the chaste
Strong Alkalies; huge Saline mountains rose,
Which Sulphur's blue combustion decompos'd,
Or deliquating roll'd with foamy waves,
Boiling o'er torrid rocks, and hissing loud
In burning oceans; adverse coming rush'd
Large icy mountains 'thwart the blazing waste,
Scattering the bellowing flames in volumes vast,
Unnumber'd leagues asunder'd; flinty rocks
Of size stupendous, in fierce conflict dash'd,
With shatter'd sides rebounded through the wild
Farther than fiery comet ever wheel'd,

Until rebuff'd by adamantine blasts.
The warring elements of countless worlds
Unborn, rag'd through the deep, confounding all
Save the dread sanctuary of nature's God.
Since that prime era thou hast been my friend,
And I thy frequent consort with mankind.
  Thus she; the Queen rejoins: Pleas'd I revert
To that primeval time, when I advis'd
To terminate the elemental war,
And stop the dreadful clangor of the deep,
By giving matter gravity's stern law,
Whence spring these rolling worlds and stellar orbs:
  Great Jove determined on creation's plan,
Instant suspended nature's stormy loves,
And silence through immensity prevail'd.
Come to my presence (thus he loud commands
As high he mov'd where now the milk-way glows),
Ye most refin'd concretions, and most fair.
  He ceas'd, and brilliant trails through chaos shone;
From every quarter of the vast profound
Rush'd, at his mandate, precious mountains bright,
Of which topazes, rubies, all earth's gems,
And much-respected gold, are but the dross.
They shed inherent light; their kind unknown
Receives no name among the sons of men.
These shining fragments, in huge globes conjoin'd,
Thrice fourscore larger than this earth he fix'd
To be the guide, the life and light of worlds.
Then form'd the planetary orbs opaque
Of matter crude, and in their orbits plac'd.
So planets, satellites and suns he hurl'd
In his immensity, in order fair,
That roll harmonious, and their Maker praise,
And nourish numberless organic forms,
By laws electric vital motion given.
She ended, and majestic mounts her car,
By Prudence form'd; Prudence beside her glides,
Rob'd in sage triumphs, and with light adorn'd;

The signal given, the heavenly coursers move
In awful splendor through the wondering skies.
At length adown, mid forest shades, they drive,
Till Somnus and black darkness hush the world;
Then o'er the slumbering villages they speed,
And sudden enter the secluded room
In the grand palace of Napoleon; there,
In the still midnight hour, the chief they find
Deep musing of his monarchy and wars.
  I come, says Wisdom, to illume, and point
Thy better way—attend my friendly voice,
With all considering mind; for late, I ween,
By inattention, or by Rashness, Pride,
And Vanity controll'd, you plung'd in wo.
'Tis better, what thou hast to keep, than all
Lose, or endanger in acquiring more:
High Duty bids, our country shield from woes:
Who serves humanity best serves his God:
Wast thou to perish in a distant field
Might not wild anarchy, and civil war,
Hideous as hell's inexorable gates,
Stalk o'er this land, unless some regent reign?
Appoint fit person, then, to that high charge,
Before again thou tread'st the fields of death;
One who will guard the throne, till thy lov'd son
Wax strong in years, and learn the ways of state;
For yet on woman's arm he spends his time.
Louisa seems best suited to the trust—
Be she appointed in due form, then care
With less abound upon thy road to war;
Nor power, by majesty untemper'd, smite
With indiscriminate harshness, the poor dupe
Of Treason's falsehoods, deaf to mercy's voice;
Nor dog-like sycophants, to prove their zeal,
By hurrying pardon's object to the tomb,
Snatch from thy arm the glorious power to save.
  So she; the hero vows to obey her voice.
The sapient power remounts her airy wain,

And instantaneous, scales the lofty skies.
Somnus, the while, with flowers narcotic crown'd,
Appears before the emperor, and exclaims:
  'Tis time the downy pillow eas'd thy head;
'Tis time oblations were to me preferr'd;
Full half mankind are tost in balmy arms,
Enjoying near the pleasure of the grave;
The beasts of prey are prowling through the shades,
The ducks are busy on the peaceful lakes;
The floods roll darkling, and the wind faint breathes;
But man is slumbering; cocks have crow'd, and soon
Bright blushing morn will drive me westward far—
Ah! why should Wisdom thus disturb my reign,
Who bids the world awake at dayspring gray!
Respect my call and quench the torch of night.
  He spoke; Napoleon to his couch repairs,
And, with Louisa, quaffs the balmy tide
Of renovating slumber, while the hours
Unnotic'd fly, exempt from gloomy care.

BOOK VIII.

ANALYSIS.

Conversation between Napoleon aud Louisa concerning her acceptance of the Regency. She is appointed to the vicarious government. Description of the ceremony. This event made known to the Senate, Intrigue and Deceit inspire the members, who are unfriendly to the Sovereign, to thank him for the act, the better to mask their designs. Napoleon's soliloquy. Gallois and others proceed to solicit the Emperor for peace. Their speeches. Offended at their address, he suddenly dismisses the Legislative body, which alarms Deceit but reassures Intrigue.

Now golden tints spread o'er the orient sky;
Far west the vanquish'd shadowy night retires;
Men disencumber'd of their drowsy weight,
Forth sally to their toil; the King of kings,
Who rose as night withdrew her gloomy shade,
Peruses history's pages, till his Queen
Shines in his presence, like another morn,
To whom he thus begins: The time draws near,
When I again must seek the distant war,
My better part forsaking. There, should fate
Confine your emperor to the dreary grave
Much misery might betide our ample realm,
Imperial throne and kindred; bloody war,
By civil rage excited, make France scowl,
With face of death, and worthy millions mourn;
Unless my law make regent, ere I march,
Whom interest, duty and benevolence sway
To well protect our monarchy and name,
Till our lov'd son attain maturer years.
No one I know more suited to that charge
Than thou; and thou th' appointment shalt receive,

If, rul'd by Wisdom, thou consent to bear
The honor'd burden; so, a mother's love,
Arm'd with imperial power, shall guard our child
From danger, and secure his future reign.
  He ends; Louisa answers: Sovereign lord,
Much sapience taught thee to perform the deed;
Who seems most qualified to act, appoint:
'Tis pleasing in superior sphere to move,
Be lofty consort of the warrior king,
And regent of his throne; but female arm
May prove too weak the helm of state to guide.
Perhaps thou might'st select some abler one,
Whom science and experience well acquaint
To guard a threaten'd monarchy, and whom
Might be intrusted with the weighty charge.
If such were nam'd 't would from great cares relieve,
And sweeten, if not elevate, my life.
Eugene, the valiant, of distinguish'd mind,
In whom the virtues hold their gentle reign,
Would all the duties of the post fulfill,
Resist temptation, studious to be just,
And, unimpair'd, the mighty charge consign
To our lov'd offspring on th' appointed day.
  Thus spoke the blooming queen; the chief replies:
In him I have much faith, but more in thee.
A late event proves thou should'st hold the helm:
The rumor of my death would then not hatch
New governments beneath the wings of night:
Nor would the memories of our friends be task'd
To bear in mind the Empire's rightful heir!
What honor gives I would confer on those
Exalted in my love: In thee I view
The faithful guardian of our infant son,
Impell'd by nature to promote his weal.
Unerring nature! who confides in thee
Shall seldom hope in vain! It ill becomes
Me to release security so safe,
For that which moral barriers may supply,

Without remonstrance; but some farther thought
Will teach thee to resign inglorious ease,
For dignity of power, august renown,
And the sure being of our mighty throne.
I had quaff'd pleasure, and flown down life's stream
Without a crown, if pleasure were in sloth;
But Glory call'd; well pleas'd I heard her voice;
Whence, Fame shall weary all her tongues for me,
When this frail tenement is cold and dead;
And grateful millions praise, in future years,
The labors that unlock'd the springs of bliss.
  The Monarch spoke. The Queen her doubts suppress'd,
And thus responded: I object no more
To thy superior will; nor much was I
Reluctant to receive such great regard;
But dubious of thy aim, lest thou preferr'd'st
Some abler mind, the awful helm to guide
Through warring doctrines and bewildering schemes,
And ask'd me to perceive how rash and vain
Louisa is. Unalterably resolv'd
To grace thy partner with the high command,
Thou gain'st increase of reverence in this breast.
Grant, heavenly powers, that thou from war return
Unwounded and triumphant, while thy foes
Rue their temerity, and vanquish'd mourn!
  Thus the fair Queen, and thus the King rejoins:
Well pleas'd, Louisa, thy assent I hear—
'Tis Wisdom's voice; 'twas she who first inspir'd
Me to appoint thee to that sovereign charge.
Full hast thou answer'd her correct intent;
Act always thus, and Fortune shall attend
With gracious smile, and light thee through the world,
In all her happiest ways, with blessings strew'd.
  Th' assembled Council shall our will approve
Ere many suns; when from thy presence lov'd
I take departure, and resume the reins
Of furious War, and him triumphant drive,
Through startled realms, to Russia's frightful clime:

There, soon, I doubt not, will our Eagles soar,
And teach the foe submission to our laws.
  So he. Louisa sat in pensive mood,
Viewing her lord, distrustful of his hopes,
That made him glory in the days to come,
For great events the future yet conceal'd.
Alas! he knew not then Deceit's career;
Nor the deep complication of Intrigue,
Whose secret current undermin'd his power;
Nor saw the errors of his Austrian sire,
The gulf beneath the flowery nuptial bed!
To chase illusions Europe's lord was doom'd,
And build large expectations on the ice
Of royal friendship, which his evil day
Thaw'd into streams of bayonets, borne by foes,
Pointing athirst to pierce him as he fell.
  Few days had passed, since in high Aries flam'd
The solar orb, when in th' Elysian Dome,
Surrounded by his dignitaries grand,
And ministers of State, Napoleon thus
His Empress in the Regency install'd:
  Dispos'd to give great proof of my regard
To our good Queen and Empress, 'tis my will
That she be Regent made, till I return
From distant battle—that her voice be heard
In every Cabinet Council; that she grant
What pardons may seem meet, and act from rules
We register, with your concurrence, else
May she do wrong, and incommode our reign.
She shall not statutes of the state propose.
Cambeceres will letters patent form,
Which, register'd, will to the Senate read,
And thus accomplish this important act.
  He spoke; the deed approv'd, the Queen appears
In majesty of charms, and bright attire.
Beside, Westphalia's Queen, and fair Hortense,
With all their gay attendants, graceful stand.
Daru th' immortal volume holds, whereon

Louisa to her God makes solemn vow
To prove devoted to her lord, well act
Her part, his rules and ordinances observe,
And th' Empire's constitution strict obey.
Then takes a seat within the radiant hall,
Midst the fair train. Cambeceres repeats
The law ordaining this august event;
The Council ratifies, Daru records.
Th' imperial sovereigns to their court repair
In gorgeous splendor, mid sweet beauty's train,
With diamonds brilliant, and all-conquering charms.
Th' arch chancellor now the Senate thus address'd:
  Illustrious props of an illustrious throne,
As soon the Emperor leads our armies forth
To distant lands, he makes his royal spouse,
Louisa, Regent, till victorious war
Shall him in safety to our arms restore;
Or, if misfortune disappoint our hopes,
Till Rome's infantine king be fit to reign.
The patent, sanction'd by th' imperial hand,
Is register'd; henceforth the Queen presides
In every Cabinet Council of the realm.
This is his patent; note the power it gives:
  Perceiving soon we head our hosts of war,
And willing to evince due confidence
In our good Queen and Empress, we invest
Her with the Regency of our domain—
To aid in all our Councils where conven'd,
And act, as orders on our Records say,
First notice to our dignitaries given;
Nor may she deviate from rules ordain'd.
She may grant pardons; but must not propound
The ordinances or statutes of our realm.
Thus hath decreed the Emperor and the King.
  He ended, and retir'd. Deceit, the while,
Employs th' event to advance her dark design,
Late meditated, and Intrigue bespeaks:
'Tis ours to wait, till circumstances call

Us into action: Now th' imperial Chief
Informs the Senate of his spouse install'd
As Regent, while he guides the storm of war.
The opportunity t' increase his faith
In their devotedness should be improv'd:
Let them declare it a consoling deed,
And breathe high tone of loyalty; their voice
Will lull the Argus; and what darker cloud
Can hide our progress from his watchful eyes,
Than flattery cloth'd in friendship? veiled by which
We may hurl ruin at his boasted throne.
He has become so kingly that he takes
The sycophant's to be the patriot's voice;
And, like the vulgar rabble, sees no truth
In aught that on his prejudices bears;
Hence, to deceive him is an easy task.
In sovereign people, as in sovereign kings,
It is inherent not to be convinc'd
Against their will: Their sovereignty were nought,
Were there superior sovereignty in Truth
Though at God's throne she sits, and reverence claims
Of angels, states, and men! Poor self-deceived!
Folly and knavery equal troubles bring.
  Thus spoke Deceit; and thus Intrigue replies:
Our arts may presently with fate conspire,
To hurl the Emperor from his envied height.
For now his star, with melancholy air,
Looks dim through gathering mist, portending storm.
The means propos'd to hide our hostile plans,
My approbation meet; be they employ'd;
I forthwith will commend them to our train;
And soon the mighty monarch shall repose
On quiet prospect, and delusive calm,
Such as earth knows before she crumbling quakes,
Ingulfing cities and upheaving isles.
  But on yourself oh practice not your skill:
Above the Emperor I discern the man.
Although his glory's blaze the heart o'erpowers

And captive leads, in him no despot lives:
No real greatness can a tyrant serve;
The worthless sycophant alone can please;
But men Napoleon aid, whose brilliant names,
E'en Truth, with pleasure, from her Heaven would hear;
Their lofty genius downward looks on thrones:
They, in his Council, oft her voice resound,
Who praises without reason moves him not.
No vulgar sovereign he! Though fraught with seeds
Of error, like all men of woman born,
His faults will, as his character, be grand;
And should he fall, e'en Liberty would mourn:
Contempt could never point towards his tomb;
Greatness would o'er it cast an awful shade.
Still our vocation is to undermine;
And though he were angelically pure,
Our policy would not the less demand,
That he from his imperial height be hurl'd.
So they, then urge th' inimical join
In flattering approbation of the deed;
Who thus collectively address the king:
With heartfelt satisfaction we behold
Thy majesty restoring for thyself
Thy gracious spouse, which will repay our loss
For thy approaching absence; for like Sol
Our Emperor seems: when present, all things smile,
When absent, all is drear—an aching void
Disturbs the breast. May victory early dawn
Upon thy banners, and thy road illume!
Depend on our attention to thy wants,
Our loyalty, and friendship; these we boast
As greatest virtues in thy glorious reign.
This they present: Napoleon sees, well pleas'd,
The legislature seemingly dispos'd
To labor in accordance with his aims,
And thus in loud soliloquy proceeds:
So far my prospects brighten, all my will
Has been perform'd, since from that wreck escap'd;

Prodigious wreck! that makes whole nations mourn.
Ah! such my destiny hard; I strove in vain
Gainst winter's all-subduing arms, cold blasts,
And frosty oceans; but methinks this grief
Shall soon by stronger passions be devoured,
The cloud of wo dispers'd by glory's beams,
And trouble's night dispell'd by victory's morn.
E'en now, the Russians, pausing to survey
What fearful length of land behind them spreads,
Deem ruin lies before. They dread the time
Napoleon shall approach with his brave host;
Not without cause; four hundred thousand march
Them to repel. Nor is the hour remote,
When thundering on the rear, the French shall hurl,
Their Cossack trumpery over Niemen's waves,
With Prussia's wavering king; and Bernadotte,
Malignant, shall lament th' unlucky day
He sallied forth, in Sweden's strength, to wage
A war his country's interests scarce require,
Impell'd by policy, or Britain's gold.
Oh, that the elements one hour were mine,
That war-exciting isle dire blasts should rend
From its old anchorage. Folly should be scarce,
That knaves and tyrants might have scanty range!
The earth that hour would note th' imperfect sway;
Ah! whither man does headlong passion lead?
Poor fluctuating wave on time's broad sea,
Thrown high by Fortune's gale—Earth's tender plant
Expos'd to nipping frost, and violent winds,
And rear'd by thee, alone, all-powerful sun!
Severely taught to prize thy gladdening beams,
When late I rov'd beyond thy vital gaze,
Forgetful of my weakness and thy power,
When shall I cease t' admire thy great control!
Thou guid'st the fiery comet's swift career,
And wheel'st the ponderous planets round thy orb,
Rejoicing in thy smiles, and yielding gems,
Fruit, flowers, organic forms, and man divine.

Without thy golden flood 'twere stillness all,
And death's deep, cold repose; no gale would breathe,
No music rise, nor ocean heave his waves—
To rocky ice transform'd—nor sound invade
The dreary world forlorn. Whether thy flame
Incessant, springs of matter recompos'd
As fire consumes, or nature's God supplies
In ways unknown, thro' ages long thy beams
Have earth illum'd. Thou saw'st when mast-fed man
In savage wildness rov'd; the earth immers'd
In water, and one ocean grasp the globe,
Upbearing on its bosom the lone ark;
Thou saw'st the flood recede, and sickly earth
Send exhalations from her slimy waste,
While constant thunder rent the clouded air.
Thou saw'st prime Adam rove in Eden's bowers—
Sable Sesostris drawn by sceptred man—
Egypt's gigantic pyramids ascend—
Her Thebes increase and wane—th' Assyrian power
Begin and end—the Macedonian king
Lead Greece and conquest o'er the Persian world;
Judea's hapless doom, and Romulus lay
The firm foundation of wide-conquering Rome,
Still bright thou mov'st in thy eternal race
And undecay'd—O might my course, like thine,
Uninterrupted by the storms of life,
Progress in calmness to the world unknown!
  Thus he; meantime Intrigue augments her gloom,
And bland Deceit her gay delusions weaves—
Th' auspicious moment come, to Gallois thus
Begin the twain: 'Tis time, illustrious squire,
To move against your king what we advis'd.
Then Gallois, grave and mild as cloudless morn,
Rising at the tribune, thus loud began:
  When we forget, O peers! the warning voice
Of sad experience evil times are near.
The nation totters on destruction's brink,
That, deaf to reason, bids the world be foes.

Sun of the past, why should we slight thy beams,
Whose sober radiance shows where safety lies!
Our bones are whitening Moscovy and Spain—
Ruin still rings a hideous peal, and frights
The savage north with joy for Frenchmen dead,
While we aid martial projects, nor observe
How pale 's our country—so much life-blood flown!
While we vain boast her prowess, lo! she weeps—
Nor notes the eagled banners floating o'er:
Her thoughts are on her sons, who sleep in death.
Methinks, I see her streaming eyes uprais'd
On savage Mars, beseeching to retain
The remnant of her children from the sword:
He points to glory; but she turns her face
From that enticing power, and hugs her sons:
"Ah, leave me these substantial joys!" she cries,
"I've won the praise of man, and found it vain;
Tell those who ne'er the glowing phantom grasp'd,
To chase through seas of blood an empty name.
By hard experience sober'd, 'tis too late
T' impose on me as substance what is shade.
Or to induce me willingly to risk
My independence for a bubble burst."
  Yet I would not insinuate that our force
Is insufficient to oppose the foe,
Beneath the Emperor's care; to whom I trust
My country's fame and safety; as his fate
Is hers, is mine, and theirs, who wish her well;
But something whispers, with portentous voice:
On Russia look, and learn your future doom,
If war, ill-tim'd, and wide, succeed defeat,
And final ruin of your veteran host;
For hard and doubtful will the contest be:
The new-born armies cannot cope with men
In battle practis'd, and with victory flush'd,
Who scarce were vanquish'd by our myrtl'd bands,
That now, in death's cold fetters, slumber pale,
To be, alas! our shield and pride no more.

If wasteful overthrow again we meet,
What shall deter rebellion of the states
To us subjected, whose vast numbers, join'd
With Russia's, will present no feeble front:
Our capital will then know danger, and the soil
Of France, long sacred, must be trod by foes;
Her fate be measur'd by unfriendly hands;
E'en her long train of martial triumphs fade,
And all her boasted greatness find a grave.
I then dissuade from war till France revive,
Her troops be disciplin'd, and memory lose
Half the impression of this sad campaign;
Till those who hope relief from our distress
Become more subject, and bereft of means
To move rebellion to our lofty rule.
Thus he; Flaugergues, then, thus soon began:
Assembled freemen, delegates of those
Who fain would glide along the stream of time
In peaceful industry, nor rush to war,
Remember your great charge: Our country's good,
And not the pleasure of its restless king;
To whom great praise is due; but he is man,
A darkling mortal, liable to err,
And much requires our counsel; for one mind
May yet gain light from our collected rays.
If we consult our duty, shall we join
With him in bloody purpose, ere 'tis known
That Russia would reject a proffer'd peace,
And spurn our suit? Can it be wise, to plunge
In war's red torrent, midst its whirlpools dire,
While yet emaciated, wasted, tir'd,
From the late bold, disastrous enterprize?
Shall we be able to resist the tide,
Or must France sink in the relentless waves?
Who sees not, that but small reverse, in this
Wide renovated war, will end our reign
O'er the Helvetian land, if not our own;
For is it true, our influence is desired

By most of Germany, or Prussia's king?
Who can not see in what De York has done
Portentous prelude to what would ensue
Of his unfriendly monarch, if we fail?
A wide rebellion would in one short month
Devour what years of warlike toil have gain'd;
For one's revolt will soon extend to all.
Then vain will prove our courage; then will France
Meet the black doom she gave to other lands.
Heart rending era! May this breast no more
Sigh for my country's good, nor dread its woes
In that sad day, fix'd in the peaceful tomb!
  But if we prove successful, and pursue
Russia's thick myriads over Niemen's shores,
What benefit will Frenchmen thence derive?
We sure shall from invasion seem exempt,
Nor more than now, if we solicit peace;
But will mankind rejoice? Will coming days
Find us more happy? Judging from the past
Our woes must be increas'd; an empty name,
And glory false be shared for solid bliss.
Have all these bloody years not yet inform'd
The votaries of unbounded monarchy,
Whose joyless grandeur much too slightly gilds
The sacrifice of our best comforts, that their schemes
Are vain and ruinous, covering France with wo,
Poor orphans, widows, unsupported sires,
And torturing human sense with tragic tales,
Which will descend to future times, while tears,
Wonder, and incredulity attend!
  Why seek we farther misery? Why draw down
Reluctant vengeance from observing Heaven?
Should we not timely take the happier course:
With patriot ardor go where Wisdom points?
Nor while we fond admire our Chief, his deeds,
And hazardous campaigns, forget ourselves,
With our constituents, and progeny!
But feel, as should the guardians of a state,

And do our duty, let what will befall.
  Present our sovereign, therefore, this address,
(Intended for his benefit and ours,)
And may Heaven grant that it successful prove.
  Illustrious Sire, thy presence glads thy France
And gives assurance that her recent wounds,
By ruinous war inflicted, will be heal'd
In the mild rays of industry and peace;
Main source of national happiness! Those best
Their prowess prove who longest peace enjoy.
Dread war should slaughter only for our good,
And for that object, kings are arm'd with power.
Abjure the aim of universal sway:
Thus show the world they need not be our foes;
And France, your wish for peace: She straight will aid.
'Twas thus the greater Louis nerv'd her arm:
Exertion its incentive will pursue.
We trust thou wilt concede 'twere wise in France
(Her veteran armies in a distant grave)
To join with Russia's king in leagues of peace,
That by her natural growth, she may regain
The strength exhausted in the freezing clime.
A sudden strain with our diminish'd means
Might much the vigor of that state impair,
Endangering interests near for things remote.
Ere luxury, convenience claims our care,
And stern necessity: Who waste their strength
For grandeur should be certain ne'er to need
Due energy their being to maintain.
  He ended; Serrurier more loyal spoke:
Have we lost all respect for our great King,
That this insulting language is propos'd
To wound his breast, already pain'd with loss,
To be retriev'd with what you would withhold?
When, late, expecting you were always brave,
As well when Fortune frown'd, as when she smil'd,
He gave full history of his sad campaign,
Explain'd his need of means, and hop'd to hurl

Russia's vast host into their frightful clime,
What bosom beat not to partake the field,
Or silent prais'd what this address condemns?
Perhaps his frankness you mistook for fear.
Yourselves deceive not; for a different course
Had fear prescrib'd, to story undisguis'd
Of evil trials, burden'd with distress;
'Twas confidence in patriotic pride
And loyalty, that urg'd him to relate
What policy advis'd him to conceal.
Will ye, ingrate, that confidence abuse,
Determin'd to appear much less than priz'd?
Let not such sentiments go forth to fame;
In night conceal, dark as your course is wrong.
I scarce need mention the unhappy end
To which this error leads; if it prevail
Concessions odious must be made to foes
Oft conquer'd, and now smarting with defeat;
For 'twas the rage of Winter, Jove's high hand,
Full fraught with icy spears, and stormy winds,
That vanquish'd Frenchmen in the Russian clime,
And not Smolensko's champions, nor the host,
Which bleeding fled from Borodino's field.
France will be plac'd in so uncouth a plight,
That all her conquests must immediate fly
Far from her grasp, like lov'd Eurydice
From her fond Orpheus, never to return.
What shall console her then for treasure lost,
For thousands buried in the waste of war?
Must she remain content in such disgrace,
Like a frail drunkard, who in other times
Was bent on high achievement, and renown;
But now is indigent in vile repose?
How chang'd! O heavens! how alter'd will she be
From that proud boasting France of boundless fame,
Of matchless wealth, who conquer'd conjunct realms,
Held kings in bondage, set the captive free,
Triumph'd o'er superstition, and controll'd

Full half mankind by policy and power.
  Thus he, without success. Th' address resolv'd,
Anon is in th' imperial presence read:
The ill design perceiv'd, impetuous rage
The Emperor rous'd; he sought his council soon,
And thus harangued: The enemy hovering near
Our borders, lo! the Legislative Hall
Resounds with invitation to his arms!
Instead of brazen front, our wounds are shown!
Blind Declamation toils to damp our hopes—
Some bawl for peace, as if it were obtain'd
By winning the compassion of the foe!
This expedites the Empire's evil day.
In us 'twere folly to let Folly urge
Our ruin: Be that body then dissolv'd,
Till new elections wiser members give.
The major number, ere thrice rolls the world,
Would be excluded by existing laws;
So, constitutionally be they depriv'd
Of their collective power to injure France.
This should be done, though Murder on me frown'd;
Though Paris on our palace pour'd in crowd
Infuriate, thirsting for imperial gore.
Know, if I rule, I rule. Hope not to find
In me the last Bourbon, nor daily change.
The citizen in the Emperor is not lost:
Should Anarchy resume her ancient sway,
I would resign the crown to share the reign.
I am not here a weathercock for knaves
To wheel as oft as they deceive the weak.
The throne shall never tempt me to succumb.
If any feel the meanness to be brib'd,
By his own rule 'twere vain to measure me;
I stoop not for earth's glories, nor will wear,
Except with honor, either head or crown.
  I took the helm, because I deem'd the law,
Whereby I was to govern, gave me power
To shield the Empire; if I have mistook

The law's sufficiency for that great end,
Am I not in th' absurdity involv'd
Of being tied, yet answerable for speed?
I ne'er engag'd to work with tools obtuse,
Walk without legs, or without pinions fly!
  He ended, and the councillors surpris'd
Hear his decree. He shuts the people's dome;
With arm'd men guards its doors, before him calls
The wondering deputies, and thus upbraids:
  Does this address our circumstances suit?
Were these ideas of reflection born?
Is this the time, and yours the hand, to raise
Obstructions in the path of our success?
To spread disheartening clamor through the land?
To strip our armor off to show our wounds?
Think ye to urge me to inglorious peace
By such vile means? Sooner the Alps shall bow
Their heads from heaven at feeble man's request.
What means this conduct? From what evil cause
Can it have source, but hate of France and me!
While grows the cloud of war on every side,
Threatening to end us, will ye idly wait
Its dire explosion, and your country's fall,
In the vain hope that prayers will peace procure?
A well meant speech by inconsiderate tongues
May much embarrass a beleaguer'd state:
When energetic means ye should provide
Of working our salvation, you construct
A pitiful address! so weak! so blind!
Penn'd by your enemy, though your voice approv'd!
In secret should we wash our fouler stains,
Not in the presence of the public eye.
Dare, dare to publish, what you now present—
A comment of our own shall on it wait.
Think ye with safety to pervert your powers?
France needs me more, far more, than I need her.
Which, which of you, my burden could sustain,
Or e'en well comprehend its magnitude?

As when a child looks out from ocean's shore,
Communing with his vastness, and enjoys
Sublime emotions, till his heart o'erflows,
And tears of grandeur fall; the cause enquired,
"I cannot help it," breathes the gentle youth;
So alive to nature that her beauty wounds;
Far as the cause of his sweet tears abides
Beyond the range of vulgar minds, so far
The secret causes and ulterior views
That rule my ways are hid from common souls:
The nurse mistakes for the petulance, or grief,
The lofty motions of the noble mind;
So, some mistake, for lust of boundless sway,
The love of needful power to bless mankind.
Shall grovelling turtles judge the eagle's flight?
Can Dulness mount on Genius' sun-like car,
And guide the fiery team unscorch'd? Think not
To bend Ulysses' bow so small a task.
Of Semele and Phaeton's fate beware.
  Your aid I need no longer; hence depart,
Each to his home; what good you can, perform—
My eye shall trace your steps, and scan your deeds—
Let me not see what patriots most detest.
  The Chief austere thus stern dismission gave
Of his high parliament. Deceit beheld,
Astonish'd, and with disappointment stung,
Exclaiming: Guardian Deity! O! where
Shall Gaul's dread Emperor end his great career!
To what glad era is his death assigned?
Since time will, doubtless, quench his mortal part.
He spurns the gather'd wisdom of his realm;
Nor brooks complaint, nor e'en petition mild.
Alas! my schemes are frustrate. Myriads arm'd
Await his summons; a tremendous storm
Is gathering fast, whose all-involving gloom
Will shroud all thrones with mourning, and dispense
The bitterest maledictions o'er the world.
Grim Mars will glory midst his fiery floods

And wastes of carnage; Death, pale king, will move
In horrid state o'er his increas'd domain,
Inflaming Discord hurrying wild before.
Famine's distorted countenance lank shall yawn
And dismal wail, where now fair plenty smiles;
For such seems Heaven's decree. Such woes attend
The Gallic King, while o'er proud states he towers.
In vain I prophesied, and oped the cloud
Of future time to my fond votaries:
Ah! they will realize delusion strange,
And feel disgusted of my artful lures!
Thus she; Intrigue, beside her, straight begins
With healing words: And dost thou then despair
August compeer? How needless to lament
The ill success of one endeavor! soon
Time opportune will come, to strike again;
For in no middle way Napoleon keeps—
Intoxicating fortune him attends
Or ruinous o'erthrow—and in either state
Our movements often, will successful prove;
Then wait the lucky hour; meantime extend
Our empire o'er his confidants, and form
Plans of campaigns more fit for secret war,
That him, with better means, we next assail.
The cause of thy despair gives hope to me:
It from that madness comes, which Heaven bestows
On men to ruin doom'd. Opinion frowns:
He falls who wars with those that rule the mind:
Their reign, scarce seen in power and glory's day,
Will, in his night of trouble, blasting, shine.
Rome's reverend Pontiff strews his path with thorns,
And from his aid the prayers of millions holds.
Observe how Necker's daughter shakes his power;
Her bright ideas dart through many a realm,
Uncheck'd by mountains, fortresses, and arms.
But he, above all others, aids our views;
'Tis no hard task, on fortune's dizzy height,
T' employ in its own death the greatest power:

One step made friendly Spain his bitterest foe,
And a vast grave-yard for the sons of Gaul.
He quits the people to consort with kings,
Forgetful of the basis of his throne:
The tree whose roots decay must cease to thrive,
Though on a rock its lofty head may lean.
Are men no longer mov'd by hope and fear?
May faithful servants look for sure reward
From him who could dismiss kind Josephine?
The meek and high exemplar of her kind;
Who by the Graces and by Wisdom blest,
Gave dignity to earth's superior throne;
Attemper'd lion hearts with heavenly fires,
Gave loftiness to fierceness, and adorn'd
The brows of Valor with soft Pity's wreaths?
Although he sacrific'd his heart to save
France from the woes of a disputed throne,
With firmness as heroic as he fac'd
Her powerful foes in many a bloody field,
The public interest seem'd so much his own,
The world suspect his willingness to crush
His dearest friends, to aid his private aims:
Who for his country offered e'en his life
So oft, in fearful conflict, could not yield
A spouse its future safety to secure!
Th' unjust suspicion seconds our designs:
No man can long be powerful who o'erlooks
His storm-tried friends for those of pleasant days,
The man's admirers for the thrones; for these,
When danger's darkness lowers, will leave him lorn.
When fear the Austrians and the Bourbons gives,
To draw the sword against his tottering power,
Supported by th' offended world in arms,
Then, then, the Gallic people will, unmov'd,
Hear his loud summons to the tented field.
Are not the seeds of his destruction sown?
So they, high towering, wrapt in sombre clouds,
Which hid their courses from terrestrial sight,

And then dissolv'd communion: this departs
To her blue mansion o'er heaven's rolling cliffs;
That seeks her gloomy cell beneath the sea;
Swift as the lightning's glance along the waves
She darts and plunges in the dark profound;
A watery arch sustains the flood above,
And on each side a blue wall stands, as when
The rod of Moses aw'd th' Arabian deep
To bare his bosom to the blest of Heaven.
Through such miraculous avenue flies the Queen,
The waves behind her close with stormy roar.
At her lone cave arriv'd, to magic sounds
Its marble gate unfolds; she enters there—
The rocky barrier quick behind her swings,
Reclosing with loud thunder—the dread sound,
Hoarse rumbling, shook old ocean's green abode;
There on her murky throne reclines and hears
The troubled march of waters, murmuring low,
Till balmy slumber o'er her senses steals.

BOOK IX.

ANALYSIS.

Mars, observing the hostile attitude of the nations, rejoices, and is upbraided by Valor. While Lauriston attacks Listenau, Wittgenstein endeavors to surprise the French at Lutzen. Blucher and D'York attack their centre; but Napoleon brings up his wings before it can be penetrated, which, closing on the Allies, compel them to retreat. They take a strong position at Wurtcher having another fortified position in their rear. The question considered, whether, for peace, Napoleon should relinquish all beyond the Alps, Pyrenees and Rhine. He drives the Allies from their position. The first day's battle of Bautzen.

THE nations gathering on the verge of fight,
Mars, furious power, rejoices at the scene:
Thrice fifty days were gone since Wilna saw
His favorite fly the Russian clime; since then
As o'er the troubled states he cast his eyes,
He oft had seen hope light the face of kings;
E'en Austria's hand upon her sword, as sure
Illyria, the Tyrol, and Trieste, with half
Of Italy, and influence high as erst
In Germany, were now within her grasp;
Behold the husband of her Emperor's child,
With kind concern, and eye the land of Elb
O'erspread with armies and tri-color'd plumes;
Then drop her sword and wait the voice of time.
He too had seen twice twenty thousand Swedes,
With Bernadotte, o'ercross the Baltic sea,
To war against Napoleon; Prussia arm
For independence, and receive with joy
The Russian forces, that in haste advanc'd
To rouse the nations to resist the French;
Whose fortresses they boldly left behind,
Mask'd; and from Hamburg to Thuringia spread:

Here Czernicheff, there Tettenborn, Wenzengerode,
With flying corps, precede the army main,
And wide make known the Gallic power's decline:
Murat, disgusted, from the war retire;
Kutusoff fall a victim to diease;
Davoust burn Dresden's bridge and northward fly;
Eugene to Magdeburg withdraw his powers
From Mockern's bloody field; Morand, o'erthrown
At Lunneberg, before the Cossack sword;
E'en Denmark falter in her faith to Gaul,
Her Norway's transfer to the Swede unknown;
And Germany and Naples disinclin'd
To aid his arms; and Spain, with growing might,
Threat'ning on France invasion's tide to roll.
  In Fame's bright dome, the homicidal power,
Midst flaming deities and dazzling arms,
Views ruin's lures, contriv'd by error's slaves:
He Vice and Virtue in his service secs:
Arch Policy th' incongruous couple wed,
And to a common name their views confin'd.
High mid th' imposing scene the lord of war
Towers in Olympian grandeur; on his face
Beams empire, and defiance, mix'd with joy,
While thus, in thunder rivaling heaven's, he speaks:
  Let princes, kings, dominions in my train,
Rouse all their warriors, ride the battle's storm
In panoply: lest, in the shock of states,
Their glory wither, and their power decay.
Such destiny attends who at my shrine
Give offerings mean, when force gigantic toils
To fix the doom of nations: And behold!
Vast continents, and she who rules the waves
To my decision, leave imperious claims,
And darken ample realms with legions arm'd,
  Be glad, companions, and with me enjoy
This hard contested trial; wade elate
In reeking crimson waves, disport with ghosts
Fresh from the trembling corpses, and hear moans

Of dying mortals, Discord's horrid yell,
Sire's, orphan's, brother's, widow's mournful cries,
And meagre Famine's feeble voice complain.
  Such happiness awaits us; blooms the world
Preparing Ruin's harvest; many a king
Quakes on his throne, and many a patriot sighs,
Consults blind oracles, appall'd; the matrons hear
Strange voices, utter'd from the viewless wind,
And see great armies warring in the clouds.
  Soon Discord's brazen tongue shall shake the world
And steep in bloody tears; Haste, sanguine power!
Sound all your thunders, rend with awful peals
Man's short abode, and glut the ravenous grave.
Erst Heaven beneath thy boisterous influence quak'd,
When angry gods in fierce contention strove,
Glowing with light all o'er, and round Jove's throne
Briareus dreadful heav'd his hundred hands:
And when Messiah, o'er Heaven's crystal steep,
Hurl'd headlong half the angelic host in blaze,
As if the stars of night were swept in crowd,
Streaming tumultuous down the void profound!
Hell swallow'd the sing'd outcasts; till this hour,
I tremble at the memory of the fall!
Below, yawn'd fiery gulfs; above, around,
The scathful lightning hiss'd, whose brightness dimm'd
Cherubic eyes that oft had gaz'd on Jove.
  From midst the storm of burning elements
I, with Hell's King, escap'd, pass'd Chaos wild
And night's drear realm, in search of this sad world,
Which, after perilous voyage, we discern'd
And soon subdu'd. Vicegerent of my sire,
Worthy to be th' antagonist of Heaven,
I govern man. How settled is my sway!
While priests and kings lead mortals, I shall swell
The pomp of Death; Christ's lore shall not prevent,
While its expounders bow before my throne,
Contention's progress, and my murderous reign.
  Though evil fell upon my glorious son

In Russia's clime no cause have we to mourn;
For thence our sway shall be more wide; our name
More terrible: As his bright sphere declines,
Old Darkness spreads her dull monastic wings,
Hatching my brood, and putting off the years
By prophets sung, when men shall war no more.
Gigantic armies still await his call,
To punish cruel foes and false allies.
At Lutzen now he leads th' avenging powers,
Bent on offensive war; and soon, I ween,
Europe's broad breast will utter funeral groans.
  Thus the great slaughterer spoke; his joyful bands,
With acclamation tore the aerial hall
Pride loftier stalked among the glowing forms:
Ambition's heavenward face effulgent blaz'd;
But Valor venerable, unmov'd replied:
  Earth-troubling lord, from whose tempestuous arm
Flow fates of nations, and unnumber'd woes,
Remember, Valor ne'er partakes thy joy;
Though doom'd thy drudge, he hates thy damning reign;
'Tis founded on the wickedness of man.
Well may'st thou boast thy sire, and he, his child:
With ease I trace the lineaments malign.
I would thy arm were powerless, that the just
Were not compell'd against thee to defend,
And drag the virtues to thy hateful train,
As pearl to swine. O haste ye peaceful days!
When Justice' universal rule shall hush
Thy wo-begetting voice; when I shall toil
To fortify the mind 'gainst temporal ills,
And tender drooping buds of life prolong,
Instead of scattering death through angry hosts!
  He ceas'd; the Monarch frown'd, nor deign'd reply;
His serpents hiss'd; fierce flames and gloomy clouds
About him roll'd; the Furies, reddening, rag'd;
Gorgons rode round in whirlwind, and upbore
Thick grove of arms, that bray'd, with rocky throat,
And dreadful gleam'd. He draws his murderous blade,

Earth groans, Heaven casts a quivering bolt, and scowls
As mustering storm, then, swift, with frightful shout,
Bounds from the lofty world-illuming dome;
And hovers, wrapt in clouds, o'er Lutzen's field;
There, high above the destin'd scene of blood,
He stands, and bids the Furies urge the fight.
The nations hear his voice, as the wreck'd tar
Wandering in wave-tost skiff forlorn, hears nightly howl
The spirit of the deep. Valor, the while,
With Wisdom, from the bright abode descends,
To great Nopoleon; Valor first he saw,
And thus address'd him: Welcome conquering power,
Who help'st me brave the dreadful storms of fate.
Th' assembled nations soon before my arm
Shall fly confus'd; already Fear has shook
The Prussian monarch; Lauriston now goes
To Leipsic's gate—I haste to meet him there,
To rouse the battle with our youthful bands,
And early teach them to subdue the foo.
  Thus he; Valor responded: My advice
Thou hast anticipated; Wisdom grave
Will temper aught of rashness in thy views.
  He spoke; forthwith the sapient power began:
Rush not, too daring, on uncertain doom:
Be cautious of the foe, whom victory fires—
Who, like resistless torrents, has advanc'd,
Sweeping the wreck of mighty hosts before.
For fiercely will he combat with your powers.
The weak subdue the strong by patient toil
And prudent care; great strength gives small results
When ill applied. Be thou prepar'd for fight—
I seek thy foes. Say, Valor, wilt thou wend
With me, companion of my journey? Come,
Diffuse thy favors with imperial hand.
  Thus she; the power of bravery thus replies:
The merit of their progress Winter claims;
Go on, illume the doubtful road of thought—
Know, Valor early dwells with warriors wise.

He ended; and the fair directly pass'd
To Wittgenstein; near Altenburg he lay;
She found him musing on his foe's intent,
And thus address'd him: Lo! Napoleon comes
To hurl thy armies headlong to the grave:
A sudden onset might defeat his schemes.
He waits for Lauriston to Leipsic gain,
When he that way will move. His centre now,
Assail'd in flank, perhaps might be surpris'd,
If by quick movements thou commence the fight;
So wont to be th' attacking party, he
Scarce dreads the active valor of his foes.
She spoke, and disappear'd; then Wittgenstein
His generals summon'd and her plan advis'd:
A third of Gaul at Listenau contend;
There Lauriston, would open Leipsic's gates;
May not our conjunct force the rest defeat,
If, with united strength, we quick assail?
Then let us march on Lutzen, and o'erwhelm
Gaul's youthful corps. Such sudden blow will damp
Her warriors, and her sovereign's plans confound.
An anxious world beholds us; much depends
On our discretion. Austria would not aid
Were we defeated; then let pass no chance
To weaken the great foe, whose mighty powers,
When concentrated, 'twill be hard to oppose;
But when divided, as they now appear,
We may presage success. Part after part
May be detach'd, till mountains are remov'd:
'Tis thus the weak o'ercome the strong in war.
He so reveal'd what Wisdom had inspir'd—
The listening chiefs approved. Mild Valor hears
And kindles at the bold resolve; the sound
Of drums unnumber'd rouse the camp to arms;
Line following line, as wave rolls after wave,
Move on, bright glimmering in the beams of morn.
The mounted chiefs in glittering robes career,
Along the polish'd iron groves, that blaz'd

On heaven, and dancing floods of radiance shed.
So myriads far advanc'd to gory fray,
While Sol the zenith travers'd, wheel'd below
The western world, and from his orient throne
The stars extinguish'd and the night dispell'd.
  He twice had look'd on May with rosy smiles,
When throng'd the banded host on Lutzen's field:
That morn, the angels mourn'd; the immortals' seats
Were fill'd with sorrow for ill-fated man;
But earth awoke to thoughtlessness and wo.
  Soon, toward the centre of the host of Gaul,
De York and Blucher lead their numerous bands.
Napoleon sees th' impending storm, and swift,
By rapid heralds borne, his orders fly.
Ney, Soult, Marmont, McDonald and Regnier,
On fiery coursers hurry through their trains,
And sudden shine in terrible array
The Gallic armies, burning to contend.
  Now wide and dreadful flame the thundering guns
From wing to wing of Blucher's laboring powers.
France fired as soon. Throughout her dauntless lines
Thick flashes rise; gregarious deaths are hurl'd,
And smoky darkness blackens all the field.
The neighboring region tremble—earth, amaz'd,
Groans, pants with anguish, human lot deplores,
Flooded with gory tears. The foaming steeds
Prance wild; high bounding, like red lightning, dart
With ardent chiefs along the deadly storm
And snuff the troubled air. Dark dusty clouds
Tumultuous thicken on the eddying wind.
Swells martial music loud; scarce heard, for sounds
Of clamorous muskets, voices of dismay,
Screams of the wounded, and the clash of arms.
Discord, fell fury, lifts her banner high,
Streaming with blood, and pregnant with distress;
Hell in her countenance shines, infernal forms
Throng in her way, and join her horrid roar.
Mars, from his cloudy seat, comes flaming down,

His furies raging round, and shrieking dire.
On every side he aggravates the fight,
Makes nations fear, and damps the hopes of kings.
Through all the bleeding field he hurl'd his bolts
In deathful play, from gloomy clouds of smoke
Low rolling midst the combatants; there bent
On havoc vast, he thunders, foams, and swells
In wild commotion, spreading fatal rage,
While hapless mortals die. Glory, the while,
Beside Ambition, on tempestuous cloud,
Edg'd with pale terrors, glides around the fight.
Her wreaths refulgent flaming, like the beams
Of bright Aurora, vivid splendor shed;
Her countenance fir'd the field, and greatly swell'd
The voice of battle; Valor labor'd there,
Inspiring ardor; flames and deaths around
Careering dreadful, and red streaming floods
Increasing hideous, burden'd him with pain.
Ambition much anxiety display'd;
On Glory now, and now on bleeding men
She darts her fiery eyes in mute suspense;
Her views long lines recede, and there advance,
And heaps of slaughter'd mortals gather round,
Her visage changing at the voice of fate.
Against red Kaya Blucher swells the fight;
Thousands on thousands thither thickening pour,
Led by his skilful arm—infuriate rage
Incites his thirsty bands, and carnage rolls
In horrid tide before. France boldly meets
The hostile flood, and fearful fray begins:
Bayonets encounter bayonets; steely groves
Weep human blood; muskets revers'd descend
Ponderous with death, and spread destruction round.
At length the French recede, contesting brave;
Wounded, they wound, and on the following foe
Shower copious ruin. Still, by Blucher urg'd,
They tread reluctant the red way—this seen
By Gaul's impatient monarch, he commands

His herald thus: Go, charge Marmont to bring
All his reserve, and with the lightning's speed
Aid yonder shatter'd centre; for Bertrand,
Most opportunely on our right arriv'd,
Will in his stead the enemy's left oppose.
  This heard, the herald, like the bird of Jove
Flying midst thunderous clouds, vehement strode
Through war's loud storm to Marmont, and thus speaks:
  Our Emperor wills, that thou bring all thy force
In aid of our rent centre, and expel
The enemy's troops from Kaya; for Bertrand,
Arriv'd, will in your stead his left oppose.
  He spoke; Marmont forthwith conducts his bands,
Inspir'd with ardor, which the yawning grave
Can not abate; stern Mars beholds, sublim'd
With homicidal rage; Glory displays
Full in their front her animating beams;
Ambition glows, Heaven darkens, Russia quakes;
E'en Blucher feels unusual coldness run
Through all his frame, and in his army's rear,
Hurrying, like tempests of the torrid zone,
Thus urges firm resistance: Lo! What comes,
Gloomy, terrific and intent on deeds
Of fatal import to this crimson day!
Yet may our forces sweep them from the field
Were ye to act your parts with Prussian grace:
Lead then your bands to deadliest charge, and drive
With furious might the Gallic forces hence;
Go, bathe your weapons in their flying rear.
  Now headlong, loud, and dreadful, like the floods
Fast down Niagara foaming, rushes Gaul,
Fearless, on bristling bayonets, scattering death
And consternation; nought withstands th' attack;
Through the torn village vanquish'd Prussia flies,
Close follow'd by protended arms, and shouts
Of valiant victors. This De York sore griev'd,
And like bright comet, flaming midst the storm
Of wild retreat, he waves his sword, and calls

His routed train: Where fly ye, recreant crew,
Before the host of Gaul? Halt! for your lives,
And honor of your country—face the foe,
That he retrace the steps of impious war,
Nor more disturb the nations—near, in view
Come reinforcements—let the foe not win
Such fatal victory as to blast our hopes,
And make our country's strenuous efforts vain.
  He spoke; inferior leaders strive to form
The host fugacious; soon array'd, it meets
The furious foe; dread clash of arms succeeds—
The slaughter swells; Death stalks remorseless round;
Disploding arms, shouts, groans, and screams convulse
The air with hideous noise. France now recoils,
In wounded plight, before the Prussian charge.
But Marmont rushing mid her broken lines,
Arrests their flight, arrays them to contend.
  And now Napoleon leads th' imperial guard
To breast the torrent on his centre thrown.
Dishevell'd Discord and tempestuous Mars
Check their red coursers, smear'd with dust and gore,
To gaze one moment at the dreadful shock:
Here Blucher urges, and Napoleon there
The direful battle; and the Emperor thus
His heroes moves: Maintain this precious ground:
Here lies our shame or glory. Here the scale
Of victory falls or rises. Here one inch
Maintain'd, or lost, decides the fate of realms!
The foe his flanks has weaken'd to o'erwhelm
Our centre; but our strengthen'd will straight
Show where the greatest force in shortest time
Has been assembled; for their balls will soon
Each other strike along yon centre's rear,
If we this post maintain: Then, then the foe,
Almost surrounded, in confusion flies;
Alarm'd at the profoundness of his skill,
That leads, with such precision, to defeat:
You see how Fortune favors! Spread your sails!

Catch all her breeze! Make roar your thundering arms;
For these our want of cavalry must supply.
Here, skill and courage cannot toil in vain.
  Thus he, and round him wak'd heroic fires;
Repelling terror's king from human thoughts.
Nor less did Blucher animate the fight:
  Behold th' auspicious sign! the imperial guard
Brought down for slaughter! proving that the foe
Staggers on ruin's verge. One effort more,
Another Rosbach then shall Kaya be;
And Jena's field, and Prussia's wrongs reveng'd,
Sooth the kind Queen, and Frederick's awful shade,
That loud, above this conflict, on us calls
To die as freemen, not to live as slaves;
But seize th' oppressor of our country here:
Improve the time: Behold th' important prize!
Advance! Your honor more than Blucher bids.
  Thus he; and Scharnhorst seconds his designs:
Rush on, my countrymen! Oh! pause not now,
When shame, or glory, on a moment turns!
Here, here the foe must quickly be o'erthrown;
Ere danger menaces our weaken'd wings.
If valor fails, our science plans in vain.
Not only Prussia in our bravery trusts,
But Europe's hopes and fears are on our arms.
A we succeed, or fail, we roll a tide
Profound of joy, or grief, o'er mighty realms.
  He spoke, but spoke his last; th' informing soul
Of Prussia's war, by iron tempests fell'd,
In ruins lies, and guides her steps no more.
  And now, in trembling Kaya, in close fray,
The combat rages; bayonets are sheath'd in man;
Clamor tremendous rises; terror reigns;
Blood copious streams, and mountains of the dead
Strew the late walks of innocence and love.
  Thrice Victory siml'd on France, on Russia thrice,
By bayonet point, in Kaya's crimson field.
Each host retreated thrice before death's storm

Confounded and dismay'd: Brave France, at length,
By dint of havoc vast, the town retain'd.
  Meantime Napoleon's right breasts many a shock
Of squadron'd cavalry, by gray Platoff rul'd,
Alternately advancing and receding, gored
By sabres and fleet hoofs; there thousands fall,
A ghastly pavement for the bounding steed
And gradient warrior; streams of reeking blood
O'erspread the ground, and horror shades the scene.
  Now Lauriston from Listenau returns
With his division; on his Emperor's left,
Like a dark tempest, rushes to the fight,
Sweeping the field before him as a flood
Hoarse rolling o'er some fen bears off the leaves,
And spreading terrors and confusion wild.
  Kliest saw his Prussians fly the dreadful storm,
And lighting in their front, them thus recalls:
  O shameless officers, ye foremost lead
Our host to sad disgrace; shall boys, mere boys,
Drive veterans from the field? Check while you can
Their odious course, resist the daring foe;
Behold, I wait his coming; let me die—
Nor see my country's fall, nor your disgrace.
  So speaking, twixt the adverse powers he rides,
High brandishing his sword, midst swarming balls,
Dense smoke, and terrors—the sub-rulers view,
Fir'd with new courage, fast array the lines
Retain'd in mid career, and hurling fast
The deadly globes through intermediate space,
Scatter destruction on the Gallic host.
Now draw they near, the horrid space between
Decreasing, till the bristling groves unite,
Braying tremendous, like some frozen shore,
Where icy fragments, scatter'd o'er the main,
Are hurl'd tumultuous by tempestuous winds,
Island, on island, thundering to the skies,
Impell'd by mountain billows crowding round.
  Short time in equal balance hung their fates;

Then Prussia, fiercely fighting, slow retires.
This, Wittgenstein beholding thus commands:
  Herald, attend! Bid Platoff quickly rush
To our disorder'd right, with all his steeds,
Swift as the winds; there make resistless charge,
Breaking Gauls serried files, audacious grown;
That threaten much to whelm us in defeat.
  The herald nods, like lightning darts away,
And soon to Platoff thus his message tells:
  Our Chief command, that forthwith thou proceed
With all thy force, our suffering right to aid;
There, furious charge th' audacious lines of Gaul,
That menace with defeat our laboring host.
  He spoke, and quickly wheel'd. Platoff collects
His warring thousands, and as autumn's clouds
Glide o'er the welkin on the wings of wind,
O'er hill and lawn his gleaming cavalry strode,
Thirsting for slaughter. Wittgenstein now sees
McDonald here, and there Bertrand approach,
Loud thundering on th' allies, that bleed between:
From twixt the hostile wings he leads his powers;
With stronger cavalry shields the endanger'd rear,
And skilfully eludes the grasp of Gaul.
Night throws her mantle o'er the woful field
Where twice ten thousand lay to rise no more,
In mournful ruins, gash'd with gory wounds,
Deep lacerated with the hoofs of steeds,
And tread of striving troops. Each host withdrew
From deadly play, to spend the truce of night,
In ill repose; for dismal groans were heard,
And soul-afflicting screams of dying men.
  Mars roll'd him in dun clouds, and thro' the Heaven
Tower'd roaring triumph; while in festive dance
His furies troll'd, and mimic'd dying groans—
Shriek'd, like the coward, shouted, like the bold,
Enjoying converse sweet with terror pale,
And rioting in horror. Glory sad
Ascended to Renown's sublime abode,

With kind concern the graves of greatness eyed;
There, midst her pensive train, in secret mourn'd,
Till balmy slumbers sooth'd her lofty soul.
  Now on day's throne bright Phœbus mounts the skies,
Dispelling darkness—drums unnumber'd sound
In either camp, and rouse the martial swarms.
Shrill breathes the fife; the trumpet rends the air,
And fast the plum'd battalions wend along
Towards Leipsic; while the vanquish'd nations pass
The Elb, the Elster, and the war-worn fields
Of Wurtcher, where great Frederick once withstood
The force of conjunct nations, who fierce warr'd
Seven hapless years, and steep'd a world in blood.
There Wittgenstein his various troops combines—
By Wisdom guided, long entrenchments froms
And with two hundred thousand warriors waits
The swift advance of Gaul's victorious King.
  Napoleon's myriads unimpeded march'd
Through Leipsic and Probestheyda, o'er the Elb
By Dresden, and encamp'd near Bautzen's field—
Ill fated field, where Death will soon extend
His pale dominion, fearful discord rage,
Crushing the brave, and gory rivulets flow.
  Great Providence, the while, convokes the powers,
That labor on the destinies of mankind,
And thus attention to the crisis calls:
  Shall now, for peace, Napoleon to the Alps,
The Rhine and Pyrenees, confine his sway?
  Straight Vanity begins: Midst Victory's shouts
What storm impends, that Gaul's great Chief should cast
Into the deep the fruits of many a field;
His fortresses, his friends in foreign states,
His high pretensions, and perhaps his throne!
For, tarnished, would it curb impetuous Gaul?
'Tis better to oppose a world in arms,
Than, fetter'd on the hard bed of regret,
Groan o'er concessions needless: Scarce five months
Have pass'd away, since he from Russia took

His solitary flight; yet now he drives
The nations o'er the Elb, with soldiers young,
Rais'd by his energy, and train'd to war,
In time how brief! The earth, thro' all her states,
The presence of a wondrous sovereign owns,
Whose giant steps wide Europe feels with awe.
The lofty oak before heaven's bolts may fall—
It cannot shrink into the lowly shrub.
So she; then Pride: 'Tis early to succumb,
When fortune overwhelms. He yet maintains
His high pretensions, and with victory's voice:
No circumstance appears that proves his need
To make so great a sacrifice for peace;
Not ten lost battles thus should lop his power.
Shall Talleyrand, with well-affected grief,
Pretend his counsels have been heard too late,
That France such sway had held without the wars
That strew'd her bones from Calpe to the pole?
Why seek humiliation ere its day?
Anticipate the scorn and jeers of men!
Which, though they oft on prudent counsels wait,
Reach not th' unlucky brave. Misfortune's storm,
Bursting around him in its bitterest rage,
Hath but increas'd his glory. Wither'd Gaul
Beneath his touch reviv'd, as forests, shorn
By Winter's breath, their verdant leaves regain
Before the vernal sun. She straight outpour'd,
With matchless energy, another host,
E'en now to Victory dear. Shall he not soon
O'er Niemen drive his foes? Will Russia's power
Increase by new alliance? Austria sure,
Will not oppose Louisa's lord, late press'd
To sad extremity. Her gratitude
For favors past, her policy forbids.
Nor will Rhine's federate states forget themselves,
To lift against their friend a hostile hand:
As well the limbs might on the body war!
Can Holland, Naples, Italy, wish his fall

Whose magnanimity has blessed their lands?
No, should he stagger under Fortune's blows,
Their ready aid would prop his useful sway.
He then may safe advance o'er Order's stream,
Assur'd, twixt him and Rhine no foe will rise
To blight his budding conquests. Victory still
Shall cheer his road, and peace his efforts crown
On terms that will not prove a thousand fields
And vast dominion have been won in vain.
She spoke; Considerate Valor thus proceeds:
Peace, at the price propos'd, his interest claims:
E'en all beyond the limits nam'd is lost
Already; let him, therefore, well evince
His moderation, by exchanging soon
The shade for substance. Germany, oppos'd
To his control, can scarce restrain her arms
From vengeance. Kings and people have combin'd
Against his power. What though he victories win!
Whom a whole people combat toils in vain:
A sword may cut, not stop the ocean stream:
Austria will Prussia's course pursue, so sure
As sovereign states by interests are controll'd.
The marriage was for Austria's good, not harm,
Her gratitude would, doubtless, leave him France.
Her policy would prop Louisa's throne
Far as consistent with the Austrian weal,
That bids him keep within the Alps and Rhine.
The Germans will his blessings bear in mind,
When they forget their children lost in war.
He should the occasion seize to abandon Spain:
A short, short space, the will of Heaven allows,
To fix the terms of peace in Victory's arms;
But this short time, gone unimprov'd, he floats
Upon a shoreless and tempestuous sea,
And finds no harbor till he finds his grave.
Thus Valor spoke, and lofty Pride rejoin'd:
Would Austria war against Louisa's lord?
Has Russian power no terrors, that she sees

All danger on the side where her own child
In grandeur reigns? Then let her join his foes:
War's pedantry shall to its science yield;
The hero triumph, though the Emperor fall.
Will people, as their kings, 'gainst him combine
Who feudal tyranny has swept away?
Who schools, roads, bridges, harbors and canals,
In short, their interests fosters more than that
Of kings and nobles? Let the fools be slaves;
But self-approving days shall sooth his soul.
Thus she; then Providence: His destiny leads
To toss the nations on the waves of war.
The power he deems essential to his throne
Is inconsistent with the world's repose.
He ceas'd, and Valor to Napoleon calls:
Ere long will Austria's legions aid th' allies
In combat. Crush your foe before he gains
The great accession. Were his host o'erthrown
The fears of Austria would outweigh her hopes,
And keep her sword in sheath e'en if resolv'd
To war against thee. Though the enemy holds
A strong position, cogent reasons urge
Immediate battle. Stronger will he prove
Should Austria, with two hundred thousand troops,
Increase his forces. Be no moment lost;
The fate of empires on that space may turn.
Thus he; Napoleon answers: Bubna, late,
On Austria's part, insisted hard on peace,
With striking hints at most ungracious terms;
Still, I can scarce believe she would do more
Than menace, to advance her own designs;
Howe'er, the safer course shall be pursued,
And Bautzen's heights, forthwith, be turn'd or storm'd.
Thus he; and straight far round on mountains rides,
Surveying, with decisive eye, the plains,
Deep shaded valleys and defensive hills,
Firm occupied by various thousands arm'd;
Interrogates the captur'd peasantry

On every point beyond his vision; where
Each stream is fordable; how steep each slope;
Where cavalry and artillery may advance;
And where such precipices as obstruct
The march of infantry. Then strict compares
The statements made; discrepancies detects;
Again interrogates, till, all explain'd,
The varied ground is pictured in his mind.
He makes each marshal fully understand
The part that in his sphere of action lies;
And with such caution for events prepares,
That Fortune scarcely can results control.
Determin'd on the plan of combat soon,
He to his listening marshals thus reveals:
  Some toil before ye waits—victorious toil.
By menacing Berlin, we hop'd to draw
The foe from yon position; but he knows
Its strength, and does not choose, on equal terms,
To meet the conquerors of Lutzen; soon,
Turn'd by our skill, his heights shall useless prove:
Ere night begins, our flag o'er Bautzen waves.
Thou, Soult, wilt rule our centre in this fray,
And cross the rolling Spree when we command.
In front of Bautzen sage McDonald sways,
Whose care shall be to bridge th' obstructing stream
When we give order; on his left, Marmont
Another road shall o'er the river throw;
Upon his left Bertrand from Zelitz move
Against the enemy's heights. Regnier and Ney
With theirs, and the remains of Lauriston's
Division, round the enemy's right will march
On Klix, the river pass, and aid Bertrand,
Establishing their powers on Wissenburg.
Here the main torrent of the fight will rage,
While Oudinot will to his left direct
The foe's attention, lead our right athwart
The intermediate vale and silver stream,
And on yon mountains furious kindle war,

The federate left displacing, while, o'ercross'd
The stream, McDonald Bautzen's walls shall hold.
  He ended, and the listening chiefs retir'd
To their important stations. Oudinot
Arrays his numerous host, fast down the vale
Careers, and fords the intervening stream;
To shield his march a hundred thunderers roar;
Astonish'd, Russia sees the movement bold,
And ere the distance suits, begins discharge
Of loud artillery on high glacis thron'd;
Dark clouds of smoke accumulate round the hills;
Lightnings and thunders midst its volumes rage,
Which seem unsettled mountains rolling high.
Wide sweeping dart the iron globes along,
Heaving the sod to heaven and rending groves:
The venerable oak reclines—vast limbs are hurl'd
In various courses through the darkening air.
Soon, through th' approaching French, they dreadful fly,
Whole bands destroying. Oudinot returns
The deadly thunder from his numerous tier.
Near stands each host; a frightful space between
Sighs with thick-darting balls, that hit and glance
In angry flight. Unnumber'd muskets burn,
And horrid Discord holds triumphant reign.
  The while, McDonald o'er the Spree erects
A broad highway, on which Compans advanc'd
With following thousands, furious as the waves
By wrathful tempests drove 'gainst rushing tides.
Marmont, too, o'er the Spree a bridge extends;
With his division moves against the foe.
The nations thunder on the thronging files,
Making vast havoc; ponderous balls transpierce
The bold battalions, scattering blood and death
With unremitting violence, thick as hail
When boisterous Boreas hurls his wintry storms.
There thousands fall; thick darkness clouds their eyes,
And deep oblivion of the dreadful day
Pours on their souls. The rolling waves below,

Faint groaning, blush with blood of heroes dead.
Compans, at length, upon the hostile shore
Arrays his valiant train; the voice of fight
Now doubly hideous rises; flames and smoke
Involve the myriads—darts embattled Gaul,
With bayonets keen protended, on the foe;
Loud clash of arms ensues, and wild outcry,
Shouts, screams, such uproar as if all the fiends
Of burning Tartarus, in blackest cloud,
Sail'd heaven midst flames and thunders warring dire.
  So terrible the adverse armies join'd;
Attended by blank Horror, through the groves
Of bloody iron, flies pale Terror's king:
Around him wounded mortals gasp and groan,
Before him burn Contention's angry fires.
  Mars, in a dusky cloud, moves o'er the field;
His red hand bears a goblet crown'd with gore;
Sad triumph brightening on his vengeful brow,
He quaffs the reeking liquid with delight,
Wild dances to the notes of Horror's lyre
On every point, where bleeds the dreadful fray:
Now, where De Tolly, Blucher, Ney contend;
Now, where Marmont is tost on slaughter's waves;
Where Oudinot ascends redoubts in gore;
Where gray McDonald rolls the tide of death;
With nimble step he heaves his giant form:
Now seems a gloomy mass, a quivering flame,
A hill, uprooted, whirl'd by furious winds,
And now a stormy cloud that hides the field.
  Bossart there falls, by ruthless bayonet pierc'd:
He staggering tumbles, bites the slippery ground,
And everlasting darkness shades his eyes.
He liv'd an honest life, and bravely died
In combat's hottest rage. Florain in youth
Beside him sudden plunges in the grave;
His head a winged death convey'd away,
Gasping and bleeding through the fearful storm.
Strelitz, intrepid Chief, careering bold
Midst battle's direst tumult, death o'ertakes;

A fatal bullet perforates his breast—
From his high steed he falls among the dead,
His eyes in darkness swim, the soul departs
Indignant o'er the angry flaming fight.
In quick succession fall illustrious men;
O'er myrtled thousands Ruin fiercely drives;
What noble youths beneath his tempest fall!
The lofty spirits from their bodies flown,
They lie in dust and gore, deform'd with wounds.
So, under lightning, falls the stately pine—
So, fades its verdure, and its beauty dies.
Bessieres, the good and brave, ere this had fall'n
Struck from his courser in Poserna's vale;
War's thunder snatch'd him from the troubled world
Without a pang, the day ere Lutzen bled:
Heaven kindly sav'd him from th' afflicting field
And the foul evening of Napoleon's reign.
Humanity and Justice haunt his grave,
And own their much-lov'd votary slumbers there.
  Six hours the armies strove; when Prussia flew
From the sore combat, in rude disarray,
Beyond astonish'd Bautzen; then resumes
A battailous aspect in redoubts reserv'd.
Ney, Lauriston, Regnier, meantime advance
O'er Spree, on Klix, to take in flank and rear
Their enemy; but brave Blucher on them pours
An iron tempest, and his ground maintains.
Bold Oudinot impetuous leads his bands,
With reeking bayonets o'er the bulwarks high,
Which Russia's left defends. Contention here
Red mantle wore; like winds on mountain rocks
Vehement storming, up the high redoubts
Rush'd banded Gaul; and thrice rebounded, urg'd
By thronging iron groves and thundering tubes.
And now, the sun descended, wildering night
Delays the slaughter, and the nations rest
From odious labor; but with heedful eye
Retain the field and wait the light of morn,
To bathe in human blood their thirsty arms.

BOOK X.

ANALYSIS.

The second day's battle of Bautzen, in which the Allies are defeated, their wings being forced back on their centre. They are attacked the next day at Reichembach and compelled to retreat. Deceit, surprised that Austria does not assist the Allies, Intrigue explains, that Austria was deterred by their defeat at Lutzen; and suggests that, if truce could be had until the armies of the Allies were recruited, Austria would join them. Kliest and Shouvaloff are deputed to Napoleon to propose a suspension of hostilities, to which he agrees for forty-seven days. Touching the negotiations which follow, Wisdom admonishes him to take no steps on the supposition that he and Austria have the same views of her interest. The speech of Rashness, of Napoleon, his soliloquy at the tomb of Frederick the Great. He extends the truce twenty days at the request of Austria: at its close she declares war against France.

Now morning open'd wide her golden gates,
Illuming orient heaven with rosy light;
Loud swell'd the music of the martial powers;
Days beaming face was met by glittering arms
Of mighty armies thirsting to contend.
The rear of France tremendous blush'd with gore,
Cumber'd with mountains pale of slaughter'd men;
But smaller heaps of death than soon will rise:
Impatient Havoc o'er the hosts impends,
Vast numbers soon must sleep in death's cold arms,
And mournful ruins strew th' ensanguin'd field.
From all-beholding heights Napoleon views
The thronging myriads, and the fight controls;
There his assembled chiefs he thus bespeaks:
Brave men, your conduct in the conflict last
Delights your Emperor, and auspicious seems
Of what awaits us this momentous day,

In which unusual toil must be endured,
And skillful movements made. Exertion bold,
That in short time inundates half the field
With crimson floods, will yet more life preserve
Than lengthen'd combat, while it conquest brings.
Sweep all the field of enemies, as strong winds
In boisterous grandeur drive the clouds along.
Thou, Oudinot, by brave McDonald join'd,
Discharge your rending thunderers on the foe,
His left involving in a night of clouds,
Our main intent concealing; while Mortier
Speaks to their centre with his hundred guns.
While thus ye combat, Ney on Klix shall raise
War's loudest voice, and turn the enemy's right.
I here shall stand and scan your deeds; act well,
And ere night comes the victory will be ours.
  He ceas'd—each to his station hies—and fast
The warlike forest moves in mazy rounds,
Bristling with shining arms—through the long lines
Impetuous fly the chiefs bearing command,
Soon roars th' artillery of the hostile powers,
Uptearing ground, and trees, and spreading death.
Unnumber'd muskets labor with more din
Through all the jarring scene, than thousand storms
United thundering on th' affrighted world
Along the mountain-rolling deep, and woods
Stupendous branching in the void of heaven;
While clouds and seas commix, and oaks, uptorn,
Are hurried wild through lightning-darting skies,
  Soon sable clouds o'ershade the trembling field,
That now is wrapp'd in darkness, now in flames.
Gigantic Havoc, fiercely raging round,
Rends mountains, crushes rocks, and trees, and men.
On Bautzen's neighboring heights Napoleon stands,
Attesting valorous deeds. Kirgener and
His lov'd Duroc beside him view the fray.
Glory, above, conceal'd in silvery clouds
From general view, celestial balm diffus'd,

Inspiring vigor, such as lifts the soul
To loftiest tone. He bids his herald fly,
And Ney inform, against th' enemy's right
To rush directly, and victorious prove,
Advancing through Prelitz, Presig, and Klix,
To Wurtcher's fields. Forthwith the herald flew
Down the dark hill, like lightning from the skies,
And quick reveals his message: Straight the Chief
Leads his bold myriads to th' encounter dire;
Loud roar two hundred thunderers iron-mouth'd,
Rending the region round of earth and heaven.
Thick flame the muskets of th' opposing powers,
Distracting tumult and unnumber'd sounds
Tremendous rise; the spirit of the land
Starts from the onset, howling dread and wild—
The mountains tremble, bellow the long vales;
The combat bleeds in darkness; Mars in flames,
Careers in tempests o'er the stormy field,
Roaring with brazen throat, such frightful sound
As spread blank horror through the laboring war.
Now o'er Klix' domes he storms; now where Mortier
Wide rages on the hostile centre; now
Where Oudinot's redoubled thunders sound.
Terrors, his pale attendants, shriek; red floods
Blush in his course, and swarming ghosts ascend.
  Through shatter'd Klix France headlong pours, her foes
Driving amain, who combat as they fly
In desperate fury; thousands fall, expos'd
To trampling victors: carnage spreads around
And writhing mortals horrid strew the field.
  Now on Prelitz the dreadful battle glides;
Its turrets rent, in shatter'd ruins fly;
An iron shower falls ponderous on its domes,
And consternation stalks o'er all the scene.
Brave Blucher soon a force reserv'd arrays
Against the victor foe; heaven darker frowns,
While the infuriate armies near approach,
Incessant hurling deadly balls between,

From clamorous muskets and superior arms.
Impetuous Prussia comes; nor France recedes,
Waiting, indignant, the o'erwhelming charge.
Dire clash their arms, unusual uproar grows,
Blood streams around, shrieks, shouts, and groans arise
And deaf'ning clangor swells along the field.
  Now here, now there, the wearied French retire
Before the thronging groves of thirsty steel,
Retracing the red way, contending still
With obstinate valor, while the ample field,
For many a furlong groans, and weeps red streams.
Continual iron showers, at random hurl'd
By the fast flying armies, scatter death;
Huge ghastly mountains of dead mortals rise;
Dismember'd heads roll frightful on the plains,
Streaming and and gasping with death-rolling eyes.
When Klix repass'd, the French with bayonets pois'd,
Await close combat—Prussia, fearing, halts,
And distant hurls a deadly iron shower.
  Meantime, Napoleon orders Soult to march
(Who rul'd his centre) on the foe's main post.
Soult, with bold myriads, like tempestuous storm,
That prostrates forests and infuriate sweeps
The clouds and lands along, falls on the foe;
Loud roar his thunders, deathful muskets flame
In near contention, smoky gloom involves
The angry prospect; Wittgenstein, alarm'd,
Impetuous hurries with his martial train,
Thus speaking: Friends, the trying moment comes,
When this great fight in doubtful poise depends.
Use all your vigor—bring our whole reserve;
For see, our host recedes—inveterate Soult,
With ardent legions, plays such fatal game!
  Thus he; swift, Karpoff with large force advances bold
Through the dark iron showers; his sullen bands
A quenchless vengeance fires; not France they deem
Shall urge them from the life ingulfing fray.
With force resistless, on astounded Gaul,

With flaming guns and bayonets keen, they plunge,
Like quivering lightning on some stately tower,
The pride of empire—wild commotion grows,
Shouts, groans, and clang of arms—dire Discord drinks
The blood of thousands—disarray'd, France stands
Scattering destruction, and deep swallowing death.
The Gallic marshals, like fierce meteors, dart
Along the dreadful burning combat—Soult sublime
Rides through the gloom impelling hideous fray—
Shouvaloff in severest battle flames;
His eye seeks victory, or the grave—and Kliest,
Careering lofty midst disploding tiers,
Excites heroic rage—two hundred guns
Hurl thick destruction on the Gallic powers,
While many a warrior's head flies through the heavens
Chattering in death. At length, o'er mountains pale
Of fallen men the lines of Gaul retire,
The federate armies thronging on their rear,
With crimson bayonets, and destructive balls,
Spreading dread carnage, and confusion wild.
  Napoleon hastes to end the furious fray
In victory, concentrates his utmost strength,
And thus addresses Mauborg's soldiery brave:
  'Tis now the moment to decide the field;
Prepare for conquering: rush, resistless rush
Against th' audacious foe, whom late ye drove;
Myself will lead the way. Then like some storm,
That levels harvests, branching woods, and sweeps
Huge billows from the ocean to the clouds,
Advance the guard beneath the Emperor's rule.
Soult, recollecting his far routed powers,
Joins with like fury in the bold attack:
Fast flames th' artillery, and inferior arms,
Incessant flashing, thunder direst peals.
  Blucher array'd, presents an awful front
On right of the allies; but what shall stand
Napoleon's onset with selected men!
  Short time at distant battle stood the powers:

Led by imperial valor, France drives on
Like fiery floods ascending craggy hills,
And on the Prussian forces pours amain.
Prussia the shock withstands; keen sword on sword,
Bayonet on bayonet, in close fight oppos'd
Bray fearful; javelins red, like lightning streams,
Glance o'er the heads of myriads; arms revers'd
High lifted, ponderous fall, with deadly weight—
Screams, dying groans, and shouts commingled rise
With din of arms, sound of drum, trumpets' roar,
And various uproar of tempestuous steeds,
In cloudy squadrons, charging round the field.
At length the Prussian lines confus'd retire,
Wide-spreading ruin rages on their rear.
Wild disarray, and soul-dejecting rout
Betide th' unhappy nations. Ney, the while,
Through Klix advancing, by the bayonet point
The vanquish'd enemy drives. In storm he comes;
Like chaff before fierce whirlwinds, flies his foe
O'er the thrice trodden road of blood—he hurls
A shower of ruin on their frighten'd rear
Through Prelitz, and Presig, to Wurtcher's fields;
And simultaneous, Oudinot o'erthrows
The Russian left; across the ramparts wades;
And, as a tempest drives a shatter'd fleet.
In wild commotion sweeps his foes before.
  Both wings, now turn'd, th' allies make safe retreat
O'er many a bloody league; nor France pursues;
For Phœbus rolls down occidental skies,
And sudden darkness wraps the smoky field.
Yet fly the nations from the jaws of death
Through chill nocturnal shade, till far away,
At Reichembach, they take desired repose.
  Soon as Aurora's early light prevail'd,
Skirting the eastern horizon, the French,
Rous'd by their wakeful King, pursue the foe—
At Reichembach o'ertake him, and the voice
Of bloody conflict dreadful sounds again;

Again he flies before victorious Gaul;
Again Napoleon with triumphant hosts
Pursues the vanquish'd nations; and attempts
Into his rushing columns to infuse
His lion spirit; threatens, praises, moves
By every motive that may stir the soul;
Nor words alone employs; he sends his aids
To every point; from rank to rank he darts,
And foremost in th' attacking masses, toils
Midst deadly showers, by flying nations thrown,
"Scoundrel thou creep'st!" he to a general calls,
As headlong past him, with his staff, he bounds:
What lethargy! Are corses in pursuit,
Or slumbering men? O expedite the chase—
Or would ye nothing win but bloody fields?
Without the harvest we have sown in vain—
The fight is won, but yonder goes the prize;
Insulting goes, and scarce a trophy leaves:
Awake! advance! or we have bled for nought
But barren glory, and an empty name!
  Thus he excites, and onward pours his host,
Deploying, as the foe in battery plac'd
His thunderers, and contracting, when the road,
Unrak'd by iron hail, his march invites.
  'Twas then, Duroc, some evil fated globe
Thee, and Kirgener brave, remorseless hurl'd
To death's cold door, while yet thou converse held
With great Napoleon on the deeds of war.
What pity melted his heroic soul
To view the dying brave! his steady friend
And long companion in the walks of fame!
Unheeding battle's horrible career,
The mighty Monarch lifts the dying Chief
From the cold ground, and sighing, thus begins:
  Thy hapless fate deprives me of a friend,
Who many a year midst all the storms of wo,
And smiles of Fortune, hath most constant prov'd.
Death comes unwelcome, but he gilds the close

Of life's short journey, when he mows the brave.
He, by his victim, sees himself out-frown'd,
And counts his conquest poor; his mortal stroke
Gives fame immortal, and his shaft so loud
Resounds, he shrinks before the life it gives,
And mourns th' existence which defies his rage.
  Insatiate power, how many a valued friend,
Limbs of my tree, and glories of my reign,
Thy havoc-spreading arm hath torn away!
The space they fill'd is now a dreary void—
On the old trunk new friendship feebly grows—
Old age to early ties with fondness clings,
Which sever'd, pain the heart, till memory dies.
  Alas! all things must end, friendship must cease,
The heart that heaves for glory turn to dust;
Whole armies die, great monarchies decay,
Lovers be separate, and the oblivious grave
At length determine all our wants and fears.
  Thou go'st before me; but few years will roll,
Ere down the road of death I too must wend:
Till then my memory oft shall wander here,
To catch the glimpses of thy setting sun;
Till then, as oft as to thy life I turn,
Thy name be honor'd, and thy exit mourn'd.
  The generous Monarch ended, and the chief:
Mourn not, lov'd sovereign, thy poor servant's fall;
His doom is that of thousands this proud day;
But far more blest than theirs. In thy great sight
I hear my country mourn a patriot gone,
And see imperial honors grace my tomb.
I ne'er ignobly shunn'd this gloomy hour;
But glory sought in many an iron storm;
Perhaps too heedless of man-shielding gold.
I fall resign'd; but that domestic train,
Their prop destroy'd, expos'd on life's rude stream,
Will curse the fatal ball which laid me low,
And future years behold with tearful eyes.
I leave them to the guardian who so oft

Hath kindly wip'd the widow's tears away.
  Retire good Sovereign, for my plight obscures
Thy soul with grief; more great events require
Thy present notice than one mortal's death.
  So he, with faltering tongue; the king replies:
'Tis sadly pleasing to attend our friends
Distress'd, and sooth the death-bed of the brave.
Strangers to want thy progeny shall rise,
My bounty wipe thy widow's tears away,
Save those that spring in memory of thy worth.
  He ended, and the Marshal from his arms
Releas'd, whose eyes soon stiffen'd at death's hand.
His spirit rose above the stormy world.
  Now dark Deceit emerges from her cave,
Involv'd in darkness, seeks Intrigue's abode,
High o'er where Alps on many a kingdom frowns,
And thus begins: Alas! what I foretold
Is now transpiring. Roars the storm of war
Tremendous, shaking Europe's utmost bounds.
With matchless expedition victory bears
The Gallic Emperor over bleeding foes—
On Oder's stream e'en now his legions throng,
The scatter'd nations flying wild before.
Why is not Austria's warlike host array'd
To breast the headlong torrent of his arms?
Does she not seek Illyria, the Tyrol,
Her influence high in Germany to regain,
To make the Inn her limit, and acquire
Warsaw's rich dukedom? What event will more
Advance th' accomplishment of her designs
Than Gaul's destruction in the Russian land?
When Providence invites her to the field,
Why does she wallow in inglorious sloth,
And let the hopeful time forever pass?
  Thus she; Intrigue the Austrian views explain'd:
When late she saw the Gallic legions fall
By Winter's power, mov'd by thy force nnd mine,
She form'd alliance with the Russian king;

And had, with all her strength, encounter'd Gaul;
But ere her armies march'd was Lutzen won.
Her hostile pact unknown, she deem'd it wise
To still dissemble, lest her generous foe,
Whose banners thrice have o'er Vienna wav'd,
Might keep th' advantage, if he swept again
Her vaunting antiques from the field of war.
What thou foretold'st has but in part transpir'd:
Know Sweden's strength hath not attain'd the field,
Nor hath the Russian half his force employ'd.
Could truce be had till all the federate bands
Were gather'd, them would potent Austria join,
And with o'erwhelming might the French oppose.
Still uninform'd of Austria's hostile aim
He might suspend the contest if she sought,
By mediation, to compose the feud:
His generous nature readily would yield
To her entreaty; he, too, wants repose.
A double object, then, we shall have gain'd,
Time to collect our powers, and chance to throw
On him the blame of this wide-wasting war.
How loud th' allies could tell the cheated world
Of their desire for peace, while they employ
All means t' ensure Contention's lasting reign!
Should we let slip a time so opportune
To influence Europe's crisis, and decide
The destiny of great nations? But ev'n now
Does Wisdom, by Necessity implor'd,
Admonish Wittgenstein to seek a truce
Of that destructive conflict. Let us aid,
In work so useful, that sagacious dame.
Thus she, and quickly plung'd thro' yielding air,
To bright Vienna; while Deceit descends
To Russia's Emperor, and explains the plan
Intrigue suggested, to elude the weight
Of present trouble: He forthwith convenes
His Chiefs and Councillors, and thus begins:
Our foes have triumph'd, nor the fault is ours:

You did what heroes could; but Heaven oppos'd.
Ah, what can feeble men! O'er-ruling Jove
Dispenses human doom: In vain man strives
Against his high decrees: We to our fate
Should act accordant, not, with venturous aim,
Counter to Wisdom's lore, draw greater wo
From Heaven's unwilling hand; then should we still
Join doubtful battle with Napoleon's host,
To ours superior, and inflam'd with pride
Of constant victory? Should we not recruit
Our ranks, where Death, with greedy rage, hath prey'd?
With greater numbers we may war secure.
When reinforcements shall increase our strength,
'Twill be fit time to face th' imperious foe;
But ere such succor comes all Poland's clime
May see his banners in proud triumph wave,
And half our flying remnant glut the tomb.
Such wo to shun should we not truce request
Of Gaul's great Chief, since Austria firm demands
Her mediatorial voice be heard? Who asks the boon
Dreadless of war seeks peace; gives him to hope,
Nought promising, that we would much resign
To gain the blessing, fairest gift of Heaven!
Nor intimates our weakness and distress,
Nor tries to hide what France too well perceives.
Thus he; the prudent measure all approve.
Kliest and Shouvaloff are deputed soon
To Gaul's victorious Emperor, to propose
The grateful intervention of a truce
To war's outrageous fury, while the powers
Negotiate in pursuit of blissful peace;
The delegates the victor Chief attend,
And straight the needed object thus pursue:
Illustrious Emperor, war on thee confers
Brilliant success, on us defeat and toil;
Because our kings command new hosts to rise,
More numerous than the masses that oppos'd
Thy way at Lutzen and red Bautzen's fields;

But much the hard necessity they mourn,
Which makes them separate sire and son to bear
Defensive arms against their fellow men.
And though of victory they have not despair'd,
As Austria wishes peace, they ask a truce
Of this contention, to deliberate well
The high conditions, free from war's alarms.
  So they. Th' imperial hero thus replies:
When late the storms of heaven o'erwhelm'd my host,
You warr'd successful; but no truce I ask'd;
Yet truce there was of Mercy's healing reign.
Your savage fury fell not on the strong,
Subdued by Russian valor; but the weak,
The chill'd sojourners, whose surrender call'd
The hand of Pity to relieve their woes.
Can time efface this soilure from your name?
I wish no foe the infamy which he earns
By cruelty to the fallen. If revenge
Prompt me to give one's fame a cureless wound,
I him will tempt t' oppress the captive brave;
And if I fail, most joyfully will fail,
And own he merits victory and respect.
  Now rouse ye half the world to bring me low;
But Heaven again must aid you, else my arms
Make dance your regal trumpery wild retreat—
Make England's gold and Sweden's valor vain!
  He ended, and Shouvaloff thus rejoins:
More as philanthropists than statesmen we
Thy sanction ask of truce. The good man wants
No power, attain'd by human wo; but seeks,
By generous sacrifice, to save his race:
Yet Virtue's self, could Heaven neglect her pray'r
And let Ambition's sateless claim prevail,
May make resistance fatal as severe,
'Till sadly pleas'd th' emancipated world
Wondering exclaims, "th' oppressor is no more!"
  As God is just, he gives to short-liv'd man
No license to disturb and bleed his kind;

But each one in his sphere requires to act
The part of Heaven to man—prevent distress—
Be charitable, merciful, benign,
And as he would be treated, treat with all.
  If you persist in war, what hosts must die!
Fair youth and hoary age will rush to fight,
Till, cloy'd with blood, Mars sickens at the view.
When this great slaughter shall have curs'd the world,
No better offers, I predict, we make
Than now; for then we well may try to gain
Meet compensation for the bloody toil.
  We act impolitic, but most humane
To cease from warring while events afford
Excuse to summon millions to the field;
'Tis what will bless our people, not our kings;
Humanity solicits, wilt thou hear?
  Thus he; the Chief resumes: What wondrous charm
Hath on your principles so deeply wrought,
So chang'd your monarchs' nature? These of late
Methought unmerciful, though now so kind—
So truly anxious for their people's weal,
They give up policy for justice! More defeats
Would doubtless swell their virtue, and the good
Which thence would flow to half the human race
Might be immense: In causing which I judge
My acts accord with Heaven's benignant will.
'Twould not be wrong, then, to refuse your pray'r;
But much dispos'd to quench the torch of war,
And taste the joys of peace, I grant the truce
Till two score days and seven shall pass away.
In that calm time East Prussia shall contain
The enemy's armies, and Silesia mine.
E'en Breslau and Berlin your troops may hold.
Our garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Molsk,
And Custrin, shall, if such our pleasure be,
Receive provisions each five days the while,
And round each post one league of liberty enjoy.
  Your present force, which Magdeburg blockades,

Must be remov'd, and that position freed.
Subscribe to this and ye may cease from war.
  Thus he; the embassy assent, and bear
The pleasing tidings to their mighty lords.
These soon the object of the truce disclos'd;
Nor fear'd he whom their followers faithless call'd,
Would e'en that fraudful compact disregard!
They summon men of every age to arms,
And loud proclaim the truce will end in war:
How well they knew th' events of future days!
  Each moment of the respite gain'd is pass'd
In busy preparation, to renew
With force resistless war's unhappy reign.
While Austria mediates for the peace she shuns;
And asks of France Illyria to restore,
With the Hanse Towns—that independent kings
Rule Italy and Holland—that the Pope,
Degraded long as prisoner at St. Cloud,
(How chang'd, since monarchs as his hostlers toil'd!)
Be thron'd in Rome; anon withdraw from Spain
Her troops, and captive Ferdinand enthrone.
  Wisdom this heard, as, from her high abode,
She view'd the subtle movements of th' allies;
And loth his magnanimity should more
Expose him to the malice of his foes,
Swift as a solar ray she shot from heaven,
And thus the Chief admonish'd and advis'd:
  Man's guardian hero! Why inconstant prove
To constant victory? Why this ominous truce?
Deem'st thou that I control thy Austrian sire,
Or light the gloom of prejudice which surrounds
His court? Experience big with wo must aid
My voice ere he discerns that Austria's weal
Depends upon the safety of thy power.
To shun the Lion he will feed the Bear;
From fancied upon real dangers run.
He fears the march of mind may harm his throne,
Instead of aiding those who fill it well!

Ah, from his policy no hopes indulge.
His dam will not repel the hostile floods;
But, by collecting, much increase their force,
And, treacherous, whelm thee under Europe's weight.
  Know'st thou what pacts these kings with Freedom hold,
What clogs they put to revolution's wheels?
Has not each peace new coalitions rais'd,
Of the crown'd brethren, to o'erthrow thy power,
Who blam'd thee for the wars themselves provok'd?
Would Russia armistice have now implor'd,
But to gain force from old despotic states?
Her choice of her negotiator shows—
The terms propounded copious answer give.
To these accede not, lest thy wants confess'd,
Increas'd demands would still the peace defer.
Let what the armistice concedes seem given
Through confidence in thy superior might.
Had I been heard when Bubna sought to end
This mournful war, just after Lutzen bled,
I might have reconcil'd with Europe's peace
Thy glory, and the safety of thy throne;
But now thou canst not rest till kings despair
To crush thy power: Let not their hopes be fed
By indiscreet concessions; nor their fears
Awak'd by large demands. Peace must be woo'd
As if thou lov'dst, but couldst without survive.
  This Rashness hearing, thus, with tremulous voice,
Indignant interrupts the sapient power:
  Why parle of peace, where insult sole is found?
Conciliation flow from Borgo's lips!
As soon would Envy praise, or Malice love.
But honor holds the Emperor to the truce;
Else should the flames of combat furious burn,
And Discord toss the nations. This would give
His fortune matchless lustre. Shrink the arm
That signs inglorious peace, and blasts his hopes
Of shielding Europe's race with sacred laws.
Th' allies, I doubt not, tremble at his power;

Then, since negotiation's farce is doom'd,
Let him insist on such oppressive terms,
As shall disgust his foes and quickly end
Prague's solemn mockery. 'Twas in evil hour
He gave the vanquish'd truce—I feel the guilt
Of that ill deed; its storm-engendering calm
Sees fearful doubt o'ercast the face of kings,
And armies gathering from all Europe's states—
Its end is big with war, discord its dirge.
Thus she; the Emperor then: Too late advis'd,
I see in vain th' advantage rashly given
Th' insidious foe; but since this course is taken,
I'll firm pursue, or good or ill befall,
And seek industriously the wish'd result.
Ere I descend this mountain of my power,
'Tis mine to swell the tide of royal woes.
My ill-requited kindness shall not spare
The sceptred ingrates who have prostrate lain
Before th' imposing triumphs of my arms.
Have I o'erpriz'd the sense of kings so far?
My generous presents into vipers turn'd?
Shall then nor Hymen's altar, honor's voice,
Nor Austria's own dear interest, interpose
Against the iron torrent? Sure this truce,
If she were wise, can bring no ill result;
'Twill swell my numbers, and may sheath the sword.
If all well founded expectations fail,
We must submit to fate. Or win or lose,
Glory shall crown my toils. But will the foe,
Quite buried in defeat, persist to ask
My acceptation of less rule than erst
Was mine? Such daring impudence indulg'd
By those so late in flight before our arms!
'Tis ominous of dull Austria's dark designs.
Some steps of fiery war must shake their thrones,
The kingdom-crimsoning tragedy be resum'd;
Lutzen and Bautzen's horrid strife recur:
Thus I'll negotiate with the thunder's voice—

In the plain language of contested fields—
Which soon makes Avarice hear and Prejudice see,
And hurries compliments from monarchs' tongues.
  Scarce once bright Dian fill'd her silver horn,
While thrice defeated, thrice the nations fled
Before our infant armies. (Thou, Renown,
Hast told the story to th' admiring world.)
As erst, I saw the gates of war unfold
To glory's ample field and giant power;
Which exercis'd by me, but transient time,
Would shed thick blessings on th' unhappy world;
But truce implor'd, I swift restrain'd the car
Of victory, bounding trembling princedoms o'er,
Forsook again the interests of mankind,
And limited our fortune for the kings
Who prove so thankless—for the joys of peace—
A flood of gladness rush'd upon my soul
That she was near: Vain hope! no rest is mine:
To quit my crown or subjugate the world,
Is the hard choice propos'd by ancient thrones.
Though on the waves of war I glorious sail,
I long to reach the haven of repose,
Lay down the great dictatorship and show
The laws transcendent o'er the sword and crown.
  He spoke, and wandering near great Frederick's tomb,
Pensive survey'd th' unconscious earth that holds
The majesty renown'd of other days.
How have the mighty vanish'd! (he exclaims,)
Their greatness ended, save the empty sound!
Here set the sun of Prussian glory—here
All that could die of Frederick sleeps in dust.
Here ends his body—when will end his fame?
On that, disease and worms and time have prey'd;
But what can this devour! This stone may fall,
His kingdom crumble, pass to foreign hands;
But his renown shall flourish undecay'd
While letters last and wisdom is admir'd.
  Alas! thou hear'st not Fame's obstreperous trump:

No human voice can pierce the ear of death;
Nor joy nor grief to his cold breast impart.
As some poor swain, untaught to stray beyond
His native fields, thou minglest with the clod.
Then why should man with toil pursue renown?
Sure not to enjoy it in the cheerless grave;
Self-approbation strews our path with flowers:
Just hopes, the consciousness of worth, rewards
Our enterprise, ere death concludes our days.
  Sad bourn, ere long I too shall pass thy gloom,
And only live in history and in song—
Great monarchs then may ponder o'er my grave,
Forget themselves in memory of my deeds,
And say, "this mouldering dust once shook the world."
  Grand monuments, and useful, I shall leave:
Well guarded Justice long shall bless my laws:
The traveller, oft, as o'er the Alps he wends,
Shall think of him who smooth'd the long ascent.
Great navies, yet unhewn, as safe they ride
In Cherbourg's sheltering port, shall laud the art
That, rivalling nature, dug in solid rock
The harbor huge, and fac'd with ocean isles.
The works which thrice four hundred millions rear'd,
Shall oft to life this fleeting form recall.
But O, how transient are the works of men!
E'en fame itself may die, though deathless deem'd:
One quake of ocean-trampled Earth might raze
All mortals' names, with all their structures proud.
  Grandeur and power, how few are all your joys!
How small an isle, in time's eternal stream,
My labors form! Ah, what has man to boast!
Truth's sober influence Fancy's dreams dispels,
Evincing, happiness all things outweighs.
The greatest of mankind is poor and frail:
We seem as insects on a body vast,
Scrambling each other o'er: Yet earth's huge bulk
Scarce that relation bears to nature's frame,
As the minutest sand to yonder sun.

Coop'd in this vault of stars, our eyes survey
But one apartment of the dome of Jove.
We know not, but the whole creation booms
Each second through th' interminable void
Of leagues unnumber'd millions. O, how high
Th' Almighty sits, and guides the march of worlds!
Preserves their order: here Sol's fires renews—
There wheels the planets round the burning orb—
Now gives direction to the comet's flight,
And in its place each constellation holds.
  Thus he. The truce expires—yet unprepar'd for war,
The Austrian king for its extension sues.
Gaul's Emperor grants for one score days his pray'r,
That time may show where Austria's interest lies.
But all conciliatory measures fail,
And big with war th' armistice rolls away.
  Now with affected anger and regret,
That Gaul's pretensions forc'd him to contend,
The Austrian Emperor to the world declares:
"My friendly call conven'd the powers at Prague
In search of peace: Great were my hopes to view
The jarring nations own her blissful sway,
While every power retain'd what Justice gave;
But these glad hopes have fled: A sea of war
Napoleon o'er the suffering Continent rolls,
Alarming all her states. His daring claims
Our being menace, and insult our crown.
Then we must on him war, or yield our throne
And honor to th' encroachment of his power;
A sad alternative! May Heaven ordain
It bring to long distracted Europe peace."

BOOK XI.

ANALYSIS.

The position and number of the troops. The plan of operations of the Allies discussed by Moreau, the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, and Schwartzenberg. Napoleon pursues Blucher, who, according to the plan adopted, retreats for the purpose of seducing the French Emperor from Dresden. In his absence, the main force of the Allies attempts to storm the city; but Napoleon returns during the battle, and directs a sortie against both wings. The next day the Allies are defeated and pursued by Vandamme into the valley of Culm, where he and his corps are captured and dispersed. Brief notice of events contemporary and subsequent. The Allies menacing Napoleon's communications with France, he concentrates his armies between the Partha and Pleisse, in and around Leipsic. The battles of Leipsic and Hanau.

Ten times had Sol on sultry August shone,
When blazing rockets stream'd from height to height,
Up heaven's dark vault, from Prague to Trachenberg:
Thus, Austria, to th' allies, announc'd the end
Of truce, and that the dogs of war were loos'd.
Wild Discord glow'd, as glared the threat'ning sign,
And flew to Lunenberg, in headlong haste,
To hear his thunders, shouts and groans. For there
Davoust, with Gaul's and Denmark's fiery sons,
Assails th' allies and drives them from the field.
O'er Stettin then she shakes her crimson brand;
Its batteries feel the rage of thundering arms,
With Russia interchanging deadly blows.
  Meantime, Napoleon, from Vittoria, hears
The tidings of defeat. He Soult deputes
To bring back victory to his hosts in Spain
And guard his France from Albion's threat'ning arms.
He turns the graceful trees of Dresden's walks

To palisades and bulwarks. Here he bides
With his fam'd guards, his armies posted round:
Full sixty thousand in Lusatia camp'd;
At Leipsic, Oudinot three score controll'd;
McDonald ninety, on Silesia's bounds;
Wrede thirty, in Bavaria; the viceroy,
In Italy, forty, on th' Adige, commands;
St. Cyr, near Pirna, twenty rul'd, and watch'd
The passes fro Bohemia. There th' allies,
In number ten score thousand, Prague surround,
And Schwartzenberg obey. Prince Bernadotte
Twice fifty thousand, at Berlin controls;
Bold Blucher guards Silesia with fourscore;
And Walmoden, with forty, Schwerin holds:
The prince of Reuss, with equal force, observes
The corps of Wrede, and Hiller the viceroy's.
Full twice four hundred thousand stalk in arms.
  Moreau had left the refuge of th' oppress'd
To aid his country's foes; by them uprais'd
To guilty dignity, through him to crush
Th' Earth-filling Emperor. Although France retain
Napoleon on her throne, can that excuse
The matricidal blow? While nations hold,
'Tis glorious in our country's cause to die,
That private must to public objects yield,
May he, for personal wrongs, attack the state?
Though she on Linden's conqueror looks with pride,
She mourns the errors of her wandering child.
With him the chiefs and sovereigns of th' allies
Confer upon the future course of war:
The Russian Emperor thus invites his aid:
  If great Napoleon fall, loud-tongued Renown
Will say, the arm was thine that laid him low;
If he prevail, with his inferior force,
We, with th' astonish'd world, may well exclaim,
"This cannot be Moreau of other times!"
Now all our armies in a circle stand
Round Dresden, where Napoleon keeps his guard,

His armies an interior circle hold.
Their numbers and position thou hast seen.
So situate, what shall we do? Declare.
He spoke; Moreau replies: Man may deserve
Though not obtain success; and Fortune oft,
Capricious, mocks the skillful and the brave.
Napoleon best is fought where he not holds
With energy his own the battle's reins.
All circumstances show 'tis his design,
As bounds the tiger from his compass'd lair,
To dart from Dresden with his guard, and give
Preponderance to each army, when the hour
For combat comes, and crush th' opposing force;
Then back on Dresden fall, and leisurely
Await th' occasion for another stroke;
And thus successively our hosts o'erwhelm.
So circumstanced, he greater force than we,
In equal time, may concentrate on points
Upon the lesser circle which he holds.
To thwart his plan, then, if he forward move,
Admit him scarce to skirmishers; but fly,
Well serving on his front, our heaviest arms.
Let no temptation lead one to resist
The ponderous torrent that his presence rolls;
His voice, his look, makes heroes. When he rides
Through shouting armies, Death indignant sees
That man no longer trembles at his darts.
His genius, boundless as great nature, guides
Efficiently the tempest that he wakes.
While thus he marches far in vain pursuit,
Let Schwartzenberg on Dresden fall in storm;
Our other forces press Napoleon's rear;
Destroy his intercourse, and round him close.
He will not scale Bohemia's mountain roads
'Till Bernadotte or Blucher is assail'd;
Hence, Schwartzenberg's will be th' glorious task
To spread our banners over Dresden's walls.
His appui gone, and his supplies our own

The enemy then must quit the vale of Elb.
  Thus he; then Russia's Emperor: Sweden's Prince
Like counsel gave. The plan implies delay:
Some fain would rush on Dresden and secure
The great disturber with our giant force
Before he could combine his scatter'd hosts:
Our strength sufficient seems t' ensure success;
But may the victory not be bought too dear,
And prove less welcome for its bloody haste?
  He spoke; the Prussian Monarch thus advis'd:
Let myriads bleed, and flood the field with gore,
If this may frustrate Europe's hated scourge.
What though a hundred thousand warriors fall?
Full thrice that number, if Napoleon reign,
Must tread the downward way; then let us sweep
Him and his legions, with united arms,
Down ruin's gulf, and close the deadly game!
Protracted war not only robs of life,
And causes general wo, but wastes our stores.
A limb cut off, the body, heal'd, revives;
As one who sick repels the loathsome dose,
And after many a painful hour expires,
Are we, unless this joint attack be made.
Our thunderers vast shall prostrate Dresden's walls
And his cramp'd legions rend, while our large hosts
Infuriate, strong and dreadful on them plunge,
Sweeping, like mighty floods, their lines along.
Will victory then be doubtful? Must not France
Yield her Napoleon to our mightier arm?
  I hate to hear my burden'd people groan
At war's wide havoc in their native land:
The sound already harrows up my soul.
For us they bear the frightful weight of woes;
To us they look for quick relief; say, then,
Shall millions mourn, and we reproach endure,
To keep some thousands from an earlier grave?
Hope not to gain the object of this strife
Without extensive slaughter of our sons;

A man of carnage wields th' opposing sword—
The mob's dread sovereign and the plague of kings.
  The Monarch ceas'd, and Schwartzenberg began:
Napoleon and his guard, beside St. Cyr,
With twenty thousand would our host detain
Before the walls of Dresden; while his skill
Would concentrate and throw superior force
Upon our flanks. Th' attempt propos'd might end
In our destruction. Be th' attack deferr'd,
Until diminish'd numbers, and St. Cyr,
Comparatively, small defense can make;
That with more certainty we may compute
The time essential to secure the prize.
  He spoke; the Council with Moreau concur;
And couriers, straight, to every distant chief
Convey th' adopted plan, with earnest charge,
To rigidly pursue the course prescrib'd.
  Soon Blucher menaces McDonald's powers:
Forthwith, Napoleon to his marshal's aid
Conducts his guard; but Blucher timely flies;
He bids adieu, in thunder, as he goes
Across the Kutzbach, and position takes
Near Jauer, Silesia's capital to shield.
  Meantime, near Prague, a living ocean heaves
With shining arms and waving flags and plumes,
Hoarse trumpets, rattling drums and neighing steeds,
And in the midst, three kings of mighty realms:
The bristling torrent from Bohemia pours;
St. Cyr beholds, and heralds thrice he sends
Napoleon from Silesia to recall,
With speed retreats before th' enormous mass,
And, entering Dresden, waits the threaten'd storm.
Moreau directs the way each chief shall guide
His myriads to the fight. Soon the vast hosts
Array'd for deadly conflict, sternly wheel
On battle's verge. Like gloomy, rolling clouds
Driven by hoarse blasts with heaven's artillery fraught,
Portentous darkness casting o'er the world,

The arm'd hosts seem thick hovering round the town.
  Like twice ten thousand thunders, bursting loud
From heaven's dark batteries, roar the guns allied;
Thick as the wintry hail descends the sky,
An iron tempest pours on Dresden's walls
And van-redoubts. Whence France the storm return'd;
The city, fiery-mouth'd, talk'd deadly tongue;
A flood of ruin on th' assailants falls;
Heaven darker grows; earth drinks the bloody streams;
Red Slaughter banquets; Mars infuriate spreads
Fearful commotion; screams of dying men
Thickening arise; Discord, with ghastly smile,
Glides round upon a cloud of angry shapes,
And the destruction of mankind enjoys.
  In front the Austrians press the bulwarks high,
Tremendous flaming; soon on one they seiz'd;
But quick the French to safer post retir'd
Whence they pour'd copious ruin on the foe,
Who slow receded from his deathful prize.
  St. Cyr despairing long to hold the town
Against the raging nations, often cast
A longing eye beyond the Elb; at length,
He sees rush o'er the bridge th' imperial guard;
High midst them rode the lion-hearted Chief;
With lightning eye, and thundering voice, he storms,
Directing, urging fast the panting throng;
He throws the light of hope on Saxony's King,
O'er whose abode Destruction lifts her bolts,
And flies t' assail the foe on either wing,
Already wounded deep by shelter'd France.
  Lo! the check'd enemy! Thus to Ney he calls,
Make instant sortie on his shatter'd left;
Lest fast approaching night should give him chance
T' elude our vengeance, and escape disgrace:
Go, doubly clad in terrors, on him fall,
Like darkness on bewilder'd traveller lorn.
Remember. proper union to maintain
With Dresden's batteries; nor intemperate rage,

Nor seeming flight of foes efface this lore:
Excess of zeal defeats its own designs.
Thus he; then bids Mortier, by Pirna's gate
Assail the enemy's right; but still rely
On Dresden's shielding thunder. While he spoke,
Through Plauen's gate Ney thirty thousand leads
Along the ball-plough'd field, and like swift floods
Against the nations rush'd, destroying wide,
First, big with death, their levell'd muskets burn'd;
Then, closing on the adverse host, dread strife
Began; arms bray'd on arms; dire tumult rose;
Bayonet on bayonet clash'd, seeking sad sheath
In warriors' hearts; and soon th' allies gave way:
As a wide sea of clouds along the horizon spread,
Pierc'd by resistless tempests, scatter'd rolls
In troubled grandeur on the lofty air,
Disorder'd and confounded, they swift wheel'd
From the close terrors; France amain pursues,
Scattering destruction; and now fatal rout
Had waited the leagu'd powers; but Maurice bold
Resum'd the combat; stopp'd the hurtful flight,
And firm withstood th' attack of furious France,
Till nigress night began her friendly reign.
Gaul slumbers on the bloody field, till morn
Look'd sullen through the water-pouring skies,
O'ercast with darkening clouds, and black with storm.
Big floods of rain oppress'd the warring powers;
A howling tempest swept along the world;
Yet Gaul's high sovereign wills the flames of fight
Shall not decay. He deems the host allied,
That late gigantic durst his bulwark storm,
Will fly confounded from his waken'd rage;
And thus addresses his assembled chiefs:
Marshals, th' audacious foe completely foil'd
And hurried by plain argument far off
The field he sought, still blushing with his gore,
Behooves us to pursue the great success,
And by one noble stroke conclude the war.

Methinks ye say, why take the equal field
Against who late seem'd stronger thrice than we?
Know, if superior numbers aid their cause,
We have superior valor. Flush'd with joy
Of recent victory, can mere thousands rout
Our heroes? If repuls'd, we have this shield.
With everything to gain, at little risk,
Fortune invites us to th' important fray.
Let our wing'd thunderers, from positions bold,
O'erwhelm the enemy with resistless force,
Our lighter arms swift seconding their blows.
My genius shall attend on every side.
Go, end in victory this tempestuous day.
Thus he; then on their weaker points directs
Each column 'gainst th' allies, from Strehlen's heights
To Plauen's, issuing fast from Dresden's gates
With standards billowing on the violent wind.
A thousand drums and trumpets hoarse resound,
That draw the mind from gusts and chilling showers.
In squadrons lofty coursers prance along,
The trampled field o'ershading, like dun clouds
Tumultuous hurried through th' aerial hall.
Th' assembled nations swift prepare to meet
The coming tempest. Monarchs anxious view
The broad plain darkening with th' assailing host.
Alas! they cry, what wo betides us now!
What daring scheme Napoleon's mind employs
To wreck our armies! these superior far
Are enervated by abortive strife.
O Sovereign Jove, forget not Monarchs' prayers;
Nor doom our kingdoms to be rul'd by France!
Must revolution's terrors on death's wings
Pursue us all our days; while millions mourn;
While nature's face a drearier aspect wears;
Ev'n God's own works are marr'd by human pride!
Soon o'er the ample field th' artillery roars;
An iron tempest falls on either host,
And ghastly slaughter grows. Discord elate

Flies to and fro amidst the stormy scene,
And swells the fury of contention's fires.
The bleeding conflict, rob'd in smoke and flames,
Incessant thunder'd all the dreadful day,
Thousands on thousands to dark Hadès hurl'd,
And heap'd the field with steeds and warriors dead.
And thou, Moreau, while with the Russian King
Conversing, heard'st the summons of the grave.
Sad was thy fall; lamented was thy doom;
It cast deep sorrow o'er the federate kings;
Their brighter star seem'd snatch'd from hope's fair heaven,
Where cold the blast of disappointment blew;
For much had they depended on thy skill,
And evil influence o'er the mob of Gaul.
As Sol was gliding down the western skies,
Napoleon thus Murat commands: Behold
The enemy's left, where Austria's forces war,
By Plauen's vale are separate from the main;
Against them lead thy cavalry, fury-wing'd,
While I assist thee, by manœuvring well
On this rent centre, and decide the strife.
Thus he; Murat his ardent squadrons leads
With headlong expedition on the foe.
As surges swelling under angry storm
Fall foaming from mid heaven on rocky shores,
With dreadful clangor rush the squadrons bold
On Austria's bands. As flexile corn, assail'd
By mighty tempests, bends, and breaks, and sighs,
The Austrians yield before the onset dire.
Loud screams and groans succeed; wild disarray,
And unavailing flight; for myriads quit
Their frustrate arms, and prisoners leave the field.
Napoleon eager to secure the spoil
Vandamme past Pirna urg'd. The nations saw
Th' ominous movement; Fear her banner wav'd
Above the host, foul signal of retreat;
Nor more th' allies of high dominion dream'd,
But personal safety, and swift flight began

Through fields, and woods, in unfrequented paths,
O'er prostrate fences, and down steep descents;
For Gaul on Pirna and on Plauen stood,
Both wings victorious, holding each highway:
Great monarchs, marshals, squires and soldiers fled
Her fiery face in wild uproar, nor stopp'd
When darkness settled on the stormy sphere.
But fled through darkness, tangled thickets wild,
Deep miry vales, and chilling rain, till morn,
With cheerless aspect, greets their weary eyes;
Then Osterman beholds Vandamme behind,
From the high ground of Peterswald, descend
The vale of Culm, and he, oblig'd to brave
That marshal's tiger fury, or expose
Toplitz, that lies beyond, with all the kings,
To capture. Straight on fight resolv'd,
He passes Culm, close follow'd by his foe,
Approaches near Toplitz, and sudden turns,
Like boar at bay, and pours a furious blast,
Bold earning Victory's favors, faces death,
Excites the guard: For by the heavens! he cries,
There stands our father, yonder come his foes.
Shall we, his sons, his guard, his favor'd band,
Prove recreant in this hour? O if you lose
The memory of your bleeding country's wrongs,
Th' examples of devotion that she boasts,
The sacrifice of Moscow, all her tears.
And cries for vengeance, still, regard yourselves;
Soil not the glorious title that we bear;
Nor let the world, with scornful finger, say,
There goes the guard on which their sire relied:
Their shameful conduct clos'd his life in chains!
Thus he; and motionless, the listening powers
Look'd stern defiance through the thickening storm.
Vandamme makes dreadful onset; like wild waves
Thundering on rocks, his army moves; as rocks
Meet boisterous waves, the Russians breast the surge
Loud, fierce and deadly; corps succeeding corps,

From Peterswald moves darkening all the vale,
And breaks, in thunder, on the Russian shield;
That, like a mountain, midst tempestuous storms
Which shiver giant rocks, and oaks, stands firm,
What lives, though scath'd and torn, and dripping gore.
Where reel'd the fight, brave Osterman was seen,
Exhorting, threatening, urging on reserves:
In greeting fierce Mars snatched away his arm,
That bleeding flew along the darkening heaven.
Just then De Tolly reinforcements brought,
And Schwartzenberg dispatch'd essential aid;
Still undecided raged the fearful fray.
Kind night, at length, a starless banner wav'd,
Earth ceas'd to tremble at the battle's voice,
And silence o'er Bohemia's mountains reign'd.
  Now, now, Vandamme, reflect, Napoleon bade
Thee pass not Peterswald; thy steps retrace,
While darkness calms the stormy sea of war.
Seek not to mend what loftier genius fram'd;
But, ah! 'tis thine to give another proof,
That he, who deals with evil, feels her fangs:
Thy Emperor soon shall curse the luckless hour
Thy vice or folly could his fate control;
For morn and danger overtook the French
In that forbidden vale: Superior force,
Led on by Schwartzenberg, compell'd their flight
Towards Peterswald; but Kliest, (escap'd St. Cyr
Through Schoenwald's woods,) advancing from that town,
Believ'd them bent to intercept his flight:
The powers of France, too, deem'd he them waylaid:
Each nation quick resolv'd to force a path
Through th' other, onward plunging in despair;
Both striving to retreat; but Kliest, at length,
Sees Austrian armies press the Gallic rear,
And tries no more to fly, but seize the prize:
Vandamme and twice four thousand, with his park,
Are captur'd, and his host, disbanded, fled.
Thus was dissolv'd the net Napoleon cast

To sieze th' advantages of Dresden's field.
So fate ordain'd; for when he left her walls
To aid Vandamme and take the federate kings,
His countenance glowing with the light of joy,
Disease with hasty fury on him threw
Her withering venom; sudden dimness veil'd
His eyes high prone; life's vigor ebb'd away;
On the dark verge of death his senses reel'd;
The routed nations, the whole world he lost.
Borne back to Dresden on the bed of pain,
Three days he suffer'd heedless of events,
While fled th' allies and swept the French before.
  Meantime Silesia witness'd dreadful fields:
There Blucher on McDonald drove war's storm,
Who, girt by foes, and Bober's raging flood,
Lost ninety thunderers, twice seven thousand troops.
While Bernadotte brave Oudinot o'ercome:
Gross Beeren witness'd that tremendous fray,
Just as the fervid Sun in Virgo blaz'd.
When thence the life of worlds the fifth day gave,
And at the moment Gaul from Dresden flam'd,
Girard endur'd like fate; the venturous Swedes
Dispers'd his legions with destructive rage,
While Belzig blush'd with gore of slaughter'd men.
Next Dennewitz, the shock of armies views;
There Sweden's prince foils Ney; ten thousand men
And forty guns are lost; the field is strew'd
With human ruins, wither'd, pale in death,
Crush'd by the iron feet of cruel war;
So flowers, by steeds proud bounding o'er lawn,
Broke from their vital roots, shrink, fade and die.
  Zehista next attested mortal fight,
And Dohna's turrets smok'd with iron showers;
Thence Wittgenstein retreated. Gaul pursues,
Led by her Emperor (just escap'd disease,)
To Peterswald. Soon Culm again surveys
Contending armies, and sad havoc spread;
There Coleredo with his Austrians bears

The brunt of combat, and his army leads
To safety from Destruction's closing jaws.
  Next Altenburg saw Cossack battle burn :
There Platoff on Lefebre warr'd ; their steeds,
Like meeting whirlwinds, mingled in wild fray,
And with their warriors strew'd the slippery plain—
France met defeat, and flew the mournful field.
Bledin the while was shock'd by iron storm ;
DeYork and Blucher there against Bertrand
Destruction pour'd, and France was doom'd to yield ;
At Mockern, too, where Langeron, St. Priest,
And Blucher warr'd on Ney, Bertrand, Marmont,
Who fled sore beaten o'er the Parthian stream.
Thrice Blucher tempted, and thrice Wittgenstein
Napoleon's onset, and as oft pursued
Moreau's advice, and shunn'd the fatal blow.
His rear now threaten'd, he from Dresden moves,
Leaving St. Cyr th' important town to hold ;
On Pleisse concentrates his shatter'd hosts :
His foes in combination on him press,
Moving towards Leipsic, and to Europe's doom,
With giant armies, lately reinforc'd
With three score thousand, by Beningsen led ;
Midst these were Tartars, e'en from China's wall,
And Baskirs, clad in skins, with arrows arm'd,
Drawn in war's vortex from their distant wilds.
  Twice twelve times had the sun in Libra shone,
When Europe's banded powers round Leipsic throng'd ;
They cover'd earth, as forests, seen from peaks
Of Caucasus, or Alleghany high,
With limbs light waving to the summer breeze.
What pity such vast numbers should contend !
Celestial Wisdom calls the world to peace ;
But few, a mourning few, attend her voice.
Oh ! mighty Jove, fast hasten that glad time,
When war shall end, and Justice rule mankind,
All tyranny and fraud to hell remov'd,
And human hearts no more to evil prone.

Half circling Leipsic stands Napoleon's host,
Each wing on Pleisse's stream that laves her walls,
His centre on Probstheyda. In his front
Bristled the conjunct force of mighty states,
Outnumbering twice his own; in various robes,
With standards waving proud. At early dawn
He leads the giant battle, big with fate,
And hopes to rout the hosts in front before
The Swede and Blucher on his left will fall;
Whose coming, rockets, in the nightly sky
Red streaming, told, answering the silvery glare
Of signals from the neighboring camp upthrown.
A thousand raging thunderers earth alarm,
As when the hand of Jove hurls angry day
Of quivering bolts, red hissing o'er her realms:
An iron tempest rends the darkening air;
Long lines fall groaning on the trembling ground,
And crimson streams roll, smoking, o'er the plains.
Through Pleisse's marshes, Mehrfeldt's legions wade;
On Markleberg Kliest pours a deadly storm:
The Gallic right here reels; the Polish Prince,
By Souham aided, from the left recall'd,
The man-devouring tempest fierce returns,
Drives from the shatter'd town the Prussian host,
Assails Mehrfeldt in flank, and him secures.
Wirtemberg's Prince fought Victor at Wachau;
Klenau on Lauriston at Liebert flam'd;
Thither, six times, th' allies like furious floods
Impetuous dash'd; as oft they backward roll'd,
Like surges from the wind-tost ocean's shore.
Napoleon noting well the pulse of fight,
And where the tide of courage ebbs and flows,
Bids sage McDonald sweep Klenau away,
Lauriston aids, and bids him swift advance,
And break the enemy's centre, weary grown
With efforts vain. Straight forward rush his powers,
And soon on Gossa rolls the thickening fray;
The Emperor's genius on the tempest rides,

His armies moving with resistless force:
As day's bright orb illumes the worlds around,
Their course directs, and animates their soil,
So he enlightened, with new strength inspir'd,
And rul'd his host. On all sides now ascends
The thundering voice of battle. Muskets burn,
Thrice ninety thousand in one deafening peal,
Effusing flames and smoke and leaden showers;
O'er many a league the march of death resound.
E'en while from Gossa vanquish'd Russia flies
From Gaul's advancing centre, busy Mars,
At Blucher's furious onset, startled turns;
He on Marmont, with thrice his numbers, falls:
The Gallic left can scarce withstand his blows;
Swift breathless heralds, from Ragusa, claim
That Souham's forces to his aid return;
But these were fiercely warring on the right,
Where Poniatowsky hardly held his ground
Against Bianchi, and the Austrian host.
The while, Napoleon bids Murat assail
The broken forces just from Gossa hurl'd.
The King of Naples his fleet powers arrays;
They fly like whirlwinds, wheeling at his call:
Himself in front, intent on victory's palms,
Careers sublime by peerless valor fir'd.
O'er all his host, conspicuous, bright with gold,
His brows o'ershaded with a snowy plume,
High nodding, like the foam on troubled waves,
He rides upon the foremost surge of war,
And leads his squadrons headlong on the foe,
Scattering in storm his serried files; as floods
Swift down Niagara's cataract thundering hoarse
Dash from their path the foamy tide below;
While flash the water's lightnings through the rising mist,
And from the streaming column bound the boiling waves.
Maubourg and Kellerman like ardor moves;
With grenadiers reserv'd, Rajefsky seeks
To stop their progress; but they o'er him drive,

To Magdeburg advancing. Russia's King
Observes them now disorder'd by success,
And bids his guard attack: While Leipsic's bells
Proclaim'd th' advantage brief, his Cossacks charg'd:
Then horrid Discord rag'd; tremendous sounds
Of arms loud clashing, screams of fallen men,
Low trampled by steel'd hoofs, extended wide;
Though furious, disunited France oppos'd;
Her broken clouds to Gossa's heights return'd
Before the Cossack blast; condensing there,
Beneath the sheltering thunder, dark she lowers.
While Saxony's King, with sounding bells, rejoic'd
At coming victory, Leipsic's walks were strew'd
With wounded, groaning men, and blood, and tears;
Tremendous thunders roar'd from Lindenau,
That hurl'd an iron tempest o'er the field,
Fast sweeping the leagued armies from life's stage;
Kleinschacher, answering loud the murderous showers,
On France a man-destroying torrent hurl'd:
But sudden now, east, south and north he hears
The voice of fight with tenfold fury rise:
That drowns the sounds of joy and shakes his towers:
The Gallic left reels under Blucher's blows:
Torn Mockern to superior numbers yields,
With twice ten thunderers, twice ten hundred men.
On all the warring circle wasteful rage
Labors in slaughter. Fierce on Gossa fall
Th' impetuous Russians, like rocks, bounding down
Stupendous mountains craggy vast and steep;
As rocks, long seated in some woody vale,
Withstand the might of ponderous rushing floods,
The French sustain the shock, with bayonets red,
Muskets revers'd, and fierce athletic grasp.
Then swells loud tumult; hideous Discord storms
In wildest fury; darker frowning, Mars
Shoots round the field, and fiery tempests breathes,
Like lightning, burst from blackest cloud of even.
Impending terrors deck his stormy brow;

His hasty glancing eyes infuriate burn;
While laugh hell's demons on th' infernal main,
And ghost of warriors glide into the gloom,
Where winds ne'er rove, nor light nor sound invades.
  Blood and disparted limbs round Gossa roll'd:
Thence thrice the French, the Russians thrice were driven,
With shouts, the clash of arms and cannon's roar.
When taming darkness hush'd the battle's voice,
Fortune with Russia left the gory prize.
  The while, on thundering Lindenau a host
Was led, but Gaul repell'd. Her voltigeurs
Pour'd copious ruin on th' advancing mass:
From tree to tree, from shield to shield they sped,
Their arms disploding with incessant blaze.
The leaden tempest, beating on th' allies,
Compell'd them soon to fly the face of France,
And answering bolts from shielding heights discharge.
  Now Phœbus drives beyond th' Atlantic waves,
And truce-imposing night broad Europe shades.
The hostile myriads quit their wicked jar,
Encamp midst gore, and kindle fires along
Their far extended lines. Each party holds
The ground he cover'd when the fight began,
Except Marmont is nearer Leipsic's walls.
  The morn rose sacred to the sire of worlds;
Nor will'd the warring nations to profaue
Its sanctity with battle's odious din;
Though much they toil'd, preparing to contend.
Gaul look'd for peace, th' allies for Sweden's prince,
Whose rockets, blazing on the nightly air,
His presence promis'd ere another day.
  Mehrfeldt, just captur'd, to the Austrian King
Napoleon delegates to ask a truce;
The same Mehrfeldt, who erst at Austerlitz,
On Austria's part, solicited kind terms
From one who wielded kingdom-crushing power:
Go, says Napoleon, bid your Emperor heed
The interests of his child: Tell him we yield

To all the terms th' allies required at Prague:
If they accord the truce we now request,
Forthwith from Germany will our army move.
The sire and husband's interests both demand
The measure, since Bavaria on me wars.
To circumstances let our steps conform.
Mehrfeldt, adieu! when on my part you ask
An armistice of the emperors, at thy voice,
Doubtless, will many a recollection rise!
  The Count departs, but never to return:
To Sovereigns less accustom'd to success,
Than Austerlitz's great victor, he held forth
The olive branch, tempting what might exist
Of generous nature to reciprocate,
One tithe of the indulgence he had given
On that fam'd field, where with heroic grace,
He spared the feelings of imperial foes.
He wanted no permission to retreat;
For on him still the hope of victory blaz'd;
And time had prov'd the things conceded worth
Less than the needful price of their defence.
  The while Deceit forsakes her sombre cave—
On gloomy pinions hurries through the deep,
Which opening to the surface gives her way,
Where, wrapt in silvery clouds, she glides along
Swift as inclement winter's loudest gales.
The bright ey'd sylphs and demons round her throng
Revealing actions of terrestrial men;
But sly depart her presence as she tends
Where danger frowns, bordering on Fear's domain.
Still on through darkening air, and lowering sky,
Menac'd by surging billows, fares the queen,
Her veil of mist blown off by whistling gusts,
And wings stretch'd on the fitful blast till lost
In blackest clouds, with heaviest thunder stor'd,
Threatening to burst and set the heavens on fire:
Here she loud calls: What being rules this wild,
Where furious winds blows adverse, and convolve

Such frightful ocean of electric cloud,
That were it to explode, might singe high heaven
And scatter to and fro earth's rocky hills?
Hear, thou dark spirit of the midnight storm,
(Sure, here thou dwell'st,) bestow some kinder blast,
That soon shall waft me from this dreary plight
To rest's calm haven. Or thou, eternal Jove,
Help me to traverse this perplexing gloom.
  Thus spoke she, louder than the roar of floods
From some huge continent's bosom pour'd, that mix
And thunder down a craggy steep, in foam,
Shaking the mountains round; the goblins heard,
And groans swell'd on the murky air o'er all the waste.
Fear at the sound, with all her haggard train,
Forsook her trembling palace, to explore
The region dark, whence came the wondrous voice,
Exclaiming thus: What stranger wanders here
Nor calls my aid, though none beside me holds
This stormy reign? Some wretched one, I ween,
Who on Hope's lofty summit tottering stands,
And dark despair's drear wild with horror views—
Some rash adventurer for unlawful prize,
Who finds presumption's fit reward. Thus she;
And now the bursting clouds hurl'd angry day
Of thunderbolts, red hissing o'er her main;
Swift rush'd a furious tempest on the waves,
And lash'd them foaming to the blazing skies;
On a fierce quivering bolt Deceit flew down,
Thrown from the summit of the roaring clouds
To the dark bottom of the sea profound:
Ascending thence she spies the wild-ey'd queen
Beside her dome, half buried in the flood,
And thus bespeaks her, louder than the storm;
  O sister, what great perils have I pass'd!
Lost and bewilder'd in a night of clouds,
Thou might'st have heard me wail my evil plight;
At length the lightning hurl'd me headlong down
The dark profundity of this wild main;

Just from its lurid vale, thus singed, I rise,
After short durance midst the whirlpools there.
  But now brief time is left me; let us fly
Towards Leipsic, and thou lead the shortest way
From this bleak waste; for now methinks Gaul's chief
Admits thy presence. In Silesia late
He triumph'd o'er the nations; and by pride
Of victory spurn'd their offers of repose;
For so mankind or dup'd or not believe.
Now hemm'd round Leipsic by superior powers,
His sole salvation must be courage vast,
Sure nought but superhuman skill can save.
He always, as thou know'st, derides thy name:
His fickle host unnerve and take revenge;
Let them confounded fly the nations' rage,
And grant insulting pride full cause to mourn.
  Thus she; and thus the timorous queen replied:
I heard and sought thee till the thunder rag'd,
And threw me hither. Glad I learn thy aim,
And quick will guide thee from this boisterous wild;
But though that hero holds my name in scorn,
He erst has given me sway o'er Europe's kings;
These too begin to scoff unhappy Fear,
Since they make head against his failing arms,
Perhaps forgetful of my favors past:
To my advice the German monarchs owe
Their present power: I taught them to repair
The faults of Valor with persuasive gold,
And from the victor buy the sceptred prize.
  Thus she; and fix'd her steeds to cloudy car;
Each with a thousand pinions smote the air,
And look'd for terrors with a thousand eyes;
Each eye, as sultry Sirius, brilliant shone.
High on the dusky wain Deceit and Fear
Together sit; the winged monsters fly
Through clouds and tempests o'er the rolling waves;
Before them Hope's bright star exulting shines,
Through fast decreasing darkness, and behind

The storm, in lessening murmurs, dies away.
  Ere this Intrigue had spread her radiant wings
For Leipsic, in the chill nocturnal gloom,
And there explor'd the minds of Saxon bands.
As high o'er Faucha sat the fraudful queen,
Involv'd in clouds, and night o'erspread the land,
The twain approach'd her; greeting small she gave,
Then fast them shrouded in redoubled night,
And thus address'd Deceit: Kind adjunct, hail,
So much desir'd! I will'd, ere long, to go
To earth's far end, where deep in caves thou dwell'st;
But much I dreaded that bewildering gloom
In which Fear holds her watchful, hapless reign,
For travellers oft are buried in its night,
And driven by terrors to a wretched doom.
  "Or happy state that well repays their dread,"
Loud interrupting adds the timorous queen.
Then, after silence brief, Intrigue resumes:
  Our subtle arts may now successful prove:
Napoleon late near fortune's slippery verge
Has wander'd rash, scarce able to sustain
The shock of hostile nations. Could we grant
His foe more might, or enervate his powers,
Methinks he tumbles from his wondrous height,
And all the subject nations break their chains:
E'en war-sick France would throw him from her breast:
For were he in this battle overthrown,
Th' allies would rush resistless o'er his realm,
Like ocean when he bursts some lofty shore,
And ponderous thunders o'er devoted plains,
Swallowing their busy tenants, herds and men.
Then while this darkness Europe's continent shades,
(Time opportune t' accomplish dark designs)
Let us inspire the Saxon bands to fly
The lines of France on morrow's final fray.
They occupy important station, whence,
When fled, th' allies must be victorious, and
Gaul's daring monarch ne'er subdue them more.

Already I have on their leaders wrought,
Fearful as thou, when riding the red bolts,
That grasping hope's lov'd object it might die.
Their views accord with ours: they say long strife
Will waste their native land; to end it soon,
And to Napoleon's harm, shall be their aim,
That peace revisit their unhappy clime.
  Thus she; Deceit replies: O much lov'd peer!
My plight long past has perilous been; the dread
Of quick detection buried me in gloom
Pregnant with terrors, whence by stormy way
I came with Fear, perhaps with useless pains.
'Tis time we triumph'd o'er th' imperial chief,
And fate seems favoring our conceal'd desire.
If here our arts prevail, and he retreat,
Far better game in France we soon shall play;
As unsuccessful her great champion grows,
Her friendship wanes, or into hatred turns;
In him will reason say the failure lies,
The great o'erruling Providence unknown,
Who works invisible to mortal sight;
Exalts and prostrates with resistless hand,
While mortals with erroneous reasoning jar
To learn the secret cause. They seldom know
Our devious courses—tools of passions strong,
That, as th' inconstant tempests drive the clouds,
Impel them, darkling onward to their fate,
As Providence directs, mysterious art of God!
  She ended; to the Saxon troops they fly
And them determine to desert the French
By hopeful lures and moving eloquence.
Through all the hosts the triune secret walk'd,
Exploring where their fatal rule obtain'd.
  And now Aurora sprinkled o'er the world
Her golden radiance—source of life and joy—
By man perverted to discern where hosts
On hosts may readiest wing the shafts of death.
  Loud music call'd the martial bands to arms;

The wheeling lines were fast array'd; frowning they stand
In iron forests, spread o'er many a league,
Reflecting Sol's benignant beams. The chiefs
Prancing sublime, on conscious steeds, mov'd round
The gleaming myriads. Europe's destiny now
Had been decided by the conjunct skill
Of Wittgenstein, De Tolly, Bernadotte,
Blucher and Schwartzenberg, to that oppos'd
Of Gaul's fam'd Emperor; but Intrigue had wove
Her doom before. Monarchs spectators stand
Of the great onset. Half mankind await
Th' important issue, burden'd with suspense.
Blucher and Sweden's Prince begin the fray:
Twice eighty thousand on the left of Gaul
Pour fierce and terrible, as mountain waves
Dashing on ragged shores; Regnier, Marmont
And Ney, with sixty thousand, face the storm,
Break and roll back the flashing, thundering tide
That still returns. On all sides battle joins;
Against the Gallic right all Austria pours:
Homberg, Bianchi, Colleredo there,
On Poniatowski withering tempests send:
His valiant Poles an equal blast return;
The broken ranks before their blows recoil.
De Tolly, Wittgenstein and Kliest assail
The centre; on Probstheyda ponderous falls
All Russia; Lauriston, McDonald there,
With Augernau and Victor, breast the fight,
Rending the warrior clouds with deadly arms.
Behind, on Thonberg high, Napoleon stands,
Views the vast field, and guides the growing storm.
Now fierce, in quivering flames, from flank to flank
Of banded myriads, thundering battle rag'd;
The sounding field, besmear'd with carnage, groan'd,
Quak'd and wept crimson tears; omniverous hiss'd
The iron hail; loud clash'd ensanguin'd steel,
And rushing squadrons; rav'd devouring War:
With terror plum'd, midst toiling ranks he strode,

Discord and Death beside him; frightful powers
Of devastation! Where they go, distress,
And sorrow's tears, and pale dismay attend:
Now o'er Stollentz they rage; its turrets fall
Beneath the rending showers; its streets are strew'd
With wounded mortals, and their reeking gore.
Now o'er Probstheyda, where each centre storms
With deadly fury; now o'er Markleberg
And Poniatowski; Leipsic trembling sees
The dreadful labor; horrid slaughter swells,
And doleful ruin decks the shuddering field.
  Sol from the zenith saw th' allies on Gaul
Rush and recoil, as waves from some rough shore,
The rocky remora of the horrid flood;
But now o'er Partha Sweden's Prince advanc'd.
Ney from the stream to neighboring heights withdrew
Th' out-number'd left, and took position strong
In vain. Deceit foil'd Prudence; friendship's guise
Conceal'd the viper sting of fraud: straightway
Ten thousand Saxóns quit the cause of France,
Pass to the foe, with flags of truce display'd;
Who, viewing with distrust the treacherous troops,
Conducts them to the rear, and turns their arms
(That half the day had roar'd against th' allies)
On weaken'd Gaul; Ney, rushing through his lines,
While scorn and anger light his lofty mein,
Leads on reserves the fraudful breach to close,
And loud exclaims: Lo! treason! Treachery pours
Its hell of curses on yon field betray'd!
Shall France effuse her choicest blood in vain?
Shall meanness blast what valor has achiev'd?
Haste, haste your isolated brethren call,
Who stand on Faucha bleeding; thither pours
The hostile tide. Our safety bids us save
Our friends, now doubly dear. Thus he, in vain;
The darkness of defeat on Faucha lowers;
The Russians triumph: thrice ten hundred yield
Their liberty; their comrades swift retreat;

And Ney, receding fast, contracts again
The line of battle; posting well his troops,
Inflicts, with force inferior, staggering blows:
With one to four the dreadful fight maintains.
At times, Napoleon lends him needful aid,
Though furious, on his right and centre, drive
Two mighty nations. O'er the stormy scene
He casts his guardian eye; his soul above
The great commotion looks with calmness down,
Like the mild heaven upon a troubled world,
And props, on every point, the wavering fray.
Heralds careering through the raging storm,
On every side th' imperial will reveal'd.
Now at his feet a thunderbolt descends;
High Thonberg startled, trembles; headlong bursts
O'erwhelming myriads through Probstheyda; Pirch
And Prince Augustus urge the fearful flood,
Sweeping Gaul's centre backward, shrieking wild;
The clamor swells above th' artillery's roar:
Napoleon leaps upon his fiery steed;
Stern valor's lightning on his countenance plays;
He forms his guard—points to the tumult loud:
"Advance! myself shall breast yon ruinous tide;
'Tis ours to brace the faltering battle there,
And turn the flood of death upon the foe."
He spoke; in gallop rush'd the excited guard,
Following th' imperial warrior; breathing storm,
He seem'd the thunder travelling o'er the field,
Descended from his cloud-encircled throne,
Tempestuous conflict round him raging wild.
Whole armies reel'd before his rushing force,
That seiz'd with bloody triumph the red ground,
O'erstrown with ruins of the brave and bold.
Increasing sounds now heard from either wing
He leaves the warring guard—up Thonberg speeds—
Snatches an optic tube, and instant casts
His practis'd eye through all the laboring field
With confidence the reins of battle holds;

Nor frowning Fortune, nor unnumber'd foes
Can damp his courage, or relax his powers.
  Sol from o'er Andes flam'd, when Langeron
'Gainst Schonfeldt led his legions. As strong winds
Rush on a forest wide of lofty oaks,
Rending their branching tops, and sturdy trunks,
They on the shatter'd village fall; brave France
The heavy shock withstood; wide slaughtering burn'd
Her loud artillery; deadly muskets showered
Destruction on the nations. Terror now,
Flight by her side, outspread her gloomy wings,
Exerting influence cold. They own her reign,
And fly Gaul's fury disarrayed and torn.
Brave Langeron their drooping spirits cheers;
Renews the combat. But the French again
Repel th' assault, and drive them as the winds
Hurl chaff or smoky vapor through the skies.
This Blucher learning thus his herald bids:
  Fly! Langeron inform, it is my hest,
That he obtain Schonfeldt ere night begins;
For much that station will our arms avail.
  He spoke; the herald through terrific storm
The mandate bears; and straight the war-worn chief
Darts, like a meteor, midst his broken powers,
Their lines arranging, and sub-chiefs commands
To keep their fire till closing on the foe;
Then, thundering, onward, with the bayonet plunge.
  And now, impetuous, midst a leaden shower,
Thick falling, as the hail of wintry skies,
Rush the bold legions to the fearful field;
France, with redoubled ardor, on them pours
Destruction terrible, but not repels;
O'er falling thousands brave survivors run;
Soon, in close combat, flame their deadly arms;
France, staggering, meets the shock; red bayonets clash;
Men, struggling, grapple men in horrid strife;
Disorder wild begins; shouts, dolorous moans,
And frantic screams resound; blood, reeking, glides,

And Havoc rages o'er the dusky field.
At length, the French, forc'd step by step away,
Leave the torn village, and the nations hold
The scene of conflict, cumber'd with the dead.
Still formidably Ney the left defends:
Unhappy Gaul, most valiantly maintains
Her bloody ground; th' allies, deep gored, recoil
Before her right and centre, and discharge
Their heaviest arms, in distant war, till night,
In sullen state, her starry wings unfolds,
Taming the murderous rage of warring hosts.
  Leipsic scar'd inmates from deep cellars rise,
Or from high domes descend and mourn their plight:
With famine, conflagration, butchery near—
The wife and children hang upon the sire,
And he, dismay'd, can lean on nought but Heaven.
The streets are strew'd with wounded and the dead;
Fair beardless youths, still uttering childhood's cries,
The father's hope, the mother's pride, forlorn,
On the cold stone, in chilling darkness, groan'd
Their gentle souls away. Victims more fair
Were never crush'd beneath War's gory wheels:
With hearts of men, of heroes, they had crown'd
With mournful glory youthful beauty's brows,
And well their country's lofty valor prov'd.
  Napoleon to the troubled town retires—
With weary mind unnumber'd ordérs gives—
To bridge the streams, defend the walls, assist
The wretched wounded, and his troops withdraw
In darkness from their well defended ground.
His marshals gather round him covered o'er
With dust and blood; their eyes the crisis speak,
And anxious turn upon th' imperial guide,
Who thus begins: Retreat is now decreed:
Unconquer'd yet unconquering have we bled:
Mehrfeldt and Austria give me hope no more;
On well stor'd Erfurt we direct our powers.
Our main supplies were ordered on Torgau:

Our ammunition, near exhausted, but
Two hours can feed the battle's fire; our troops
Want bread; Bavaria threats our road. 'Tis plain
Another day must not behold us here,
Thus hemm'd by thrice our numbers; but we scarce
Can half our forces o'er this river urge
Ere morn on Leipsic's walls will bring the foe.
You, Poniatowski and McDonald, have
The perilous honor to protect the rear.
May not your corps the southern suburb guard?
(He asks the Polish Prince, who thus replies:)
  Ah, Sire, few soldiers to my corps remain;
But doubtless we will hold our ground; for all
Are ready in their country's cause to die.
  From midnight, till the blushing morn disclos'd
Th' uncommon movement, pour'd retreating Gaul
From the red field, through Leipsic, o'er the streams,
Unharrass'd by the foe: but with the day
On Leipsic's suburbs rush'd the federate powers.
McDonald on the north the town defends;
Poniatowski on the south. On either shield
Fall ponderous strokes, and loud the battle grows.
Commotion frightful, heaven convulsing shouts
On all sides rise; gigantic Terror frowns;
The volleyed ruin sweeps whole bands away;
Fall'n thousands writhe beneath the laboring war,
And wild the furies of the conflict rave.
A thousand thunderers roar'd at Leipsic's walls
That shook her base; her reeling turrets burn'd,
Glaring on Gaul with threatening aspect dire.
Her troops thick crowded o'er the narrow bridge,
In hideous uproar, like tumultuous floods
Through straiten'd pass loud growling, foaming high.
  The while, the Gallic Emperor Saxony's King
Releases formally from th' engagements made
With France, the farewell scene was sudden clos'd
By peals of musketry, that loudly told
Th' allies had forc'd the suburbs, and now fought

From house to house, and hand to hand with Gaul.
The anxious Queen and King besought him quick
To mount his steed and save the soul of realms:
Scarce had Napoleon fled the war-rack'd town
When in it rush'd the nations—on they came
Like torrent waves; no time was left their foes—
Confus'd and wild, and unprepar'd, they hied.
Swift, from the north, along the river press
The Swedes and Prussians; from the south, advance
The Austrians; from the east, all Russia drives;
E'en Saxony's troops, quick shifting sides, discharge
Their arms against the French from Leipsic's walls;
There plac'd to aid the troops they now annoy.
Their conduct Blucher thus regards with scorn:
  Lo! help is rife when weights are downward roll'd—
Conciliate victors by a treacherous deed!
A most substantial favor to our cause,
To shoot at foes, our valor made to fly!
  His words are lost in sound all sounds above,
As Heaven and Earth had met in dreadful shock,
Quaking and thundering. In the clouds up hurl'd
Flies the dense peopled bridge, in fragments torn.
The crowds, just entering on the vanish'd road,
Impell'd by pressing masses, far behind,
Long time, in darkness and confusion, fall
Down the rough precipice, in watery graves.
Some twenty thousand, by th' untimely blast,
Are captur'd; others try to cross the streams:
McDonald plunges in th' obstructing waves,
Swims the corse-laden floods, and France rejoins.
  Meantime the Polish Prince, near Borna's road
Contending, saw him midst surrounding foes,
Hears Pleisse's bridge untimely blown away,
And thus exhorts his friends: Behold our plight!
Unhappier far than if we strew'd yon field.
Heavens! who shall view me, while possess'd of life,
And while our country is not quite o'erthrown,
Surrender'd to my foes? Hope, Valor calls—

Come, with the lightning's fury, let us plunge
Through yon obstructing host, and make retreat,
Or nobly perish. Though oppress'd with wounds,
Still Cuirassiers, what yet remains of me
Shall lead the desperate onset; swift advance,
You who love glory more than shameful life,
And emulate your long victorious Chief:
If we succeed, the act will honor give,
And if we fail, in great endeavors fail;
Our friends shall never blush to tell the deed.
Nor merit leans on Fortune's frowns or smiles:
In dark adversity it glorious shines;
Prosperity gains lustre from its beams,
And on it Death exerts his rage in vain.
He spoke—his listening warriors look'd applause;
Superior valor, midst them, towering burn'd;
Their eyes reflected his enlivening light,
With bold intention fraught. They sudden drive,
With fiery steeds, against the Russian lines;
Poniatowski foremost on a bristling grove
Of shining bayonets rushes in a shower
Of whizzing bullets—drops his blasting arm,
Pierc'd by a winged death in thunder hurl'd—
Still onward striving with his valiant band,
He gains the Pleisse, plunges in its waves,
The admiration of his vanquish'd foes;
For much he seem'd a fiery tempest fled,
The winward groves in smoking ruins laid.
Hard struggling he attains the farther shore—
His faithful steed was buried in the waves;
He mounts another, to the Elster hies,
Its banks already lin'd with swarming foes,
Down the deep stream he dashes, and no more
Attains its surface; fate fast binds him down
In watery grave, and cold he slumbers there.
Illustrious warrior! oft shall memory dwell
On thy great actions. Admiration haunt
Thy glorious life, and Elster roll in fame,

That quench'd thy spirit in heroic blaze.
  Fleet Czernicheff, with Cossack bands, precedes
The flying French; their scatter'd host assails;
Each bridge removes, and fills their way with plagues.
And when the tenth revolving sun beheld
Their dismal flight, in strong position, Wrede
At Hanau with twice thirty thousand arm'd,
Their homeward course, with hop'd success, oppos'd;
Yet not dejected, their great Emperor guides
The furious onset, rousing thus his chiefs.
  We fight no more grandeur; but to save
The relics of our greatness, the remains
Of triumphs brilliant. Fortune's evil star
Hath shed malignant lustre on our arms;
She hurls us from that height to which we rose
Lur'd by her smiles. A darker cloud impends
The nations in pursuit, and Wrede before,
To fight or perish is our doom. Behold!
Bavaria's treachery, and vengeance near!
Though sure of nought, of nothing I despair:
We still have much to lose and much to gain:
Renown shall not forsake whom Fortune leaves;
And though we perish glorious be our fall.
Then, with protended bayonets, each his train
Against th' audacious enemy lead, and soon
Our might shall vanquish his obstructing powers,
And France, victorious, cross their gory bed.
Fierce on his right begin th' important fray;
Let all the artillery at one time displode,
And when the field is wrapp'd in smoky gloom,
Swift, with our heaviest force, his left assail;
Thither the torrent of the conflict pour—
There, bold Lefevre, with your cavalry plunge;
And thither, Ney, impel thy conquering tide.
  He ceas'd; his generals quick their shatter'd bands
Array for fatal fight; himself sublime
Along their front strode with imperial air,
Infusing in his host heroic fires:

Is this our glory's grave (he loud exclaims),
Approach we to the tomb of all our power!
I hope in you no funeral train is led
To such sad burial. Spread your banners now!
Your friends and parents stretch their pleading hands,
And ask their safety from your noble deeds.
Now, now 's the time—yon host must fly our arms,
Or we abandon France and all her joys.
Be firm, your country sees—make known her trust
Is not in cowards; but Marengo's race.
By braving death you drive him on the foe.
Advance! the victor of a hundred fields
Shall guide your rage o'er prostrate legions slain.
  He said; in nitrous clouds and iron storm,
They rush infuriate on Bavaria's host;
Then dire the din of warring nations rose,
Flames, furies, terrors, raging through the field;
Trees, men and domes in mingled ruins fell,
Torn by huge iron globes in tempest hurl'd.
The ground sad groan'd, with vital fluid stain'd.
The mountains trembled on their base profound,
And shrieks and shouts re-echo'd through the skies.
Long time fell Havoc triumph'd; France, at length,
Her column-scattering bayonets dripping gore,
With furious might dispers'd th' opposing foe,
Ten thousand of whose dead bestrew'd the field,
And mov'd on sternly o'er the sheltering Rhine.

BOOK XII.

ANALYSIS.

Napoleon, inclining to peace, struggles with Pride—is reassured by Valor. At the suggestion of Policy he levies three hundred thousand men. Declaration of the allies. Address to the Senate and reply. Last interview with the Empress. Battles of Brienne and La Rothiere. Brief notice of events to the time of his taking position in the rear of the allies. Intrigue, seeing this step, urges Schwartzenberg to march to Paris and effect a revolution, and detaches Marmont and Augereau from Napoleon. He abdicates the throne—takes leave of his guard, and departs for Elba; on his way thither, the Deity, at the prayer of Wisdom, decrees that he shall reascend the throne of France, and teach the world the folly of despair.

FLED from the wasteful rage of Europe arm'd
Napoleon in his Capital appears.
His shatter'd armies on the Rhine remain
To guard th' inviolable soil of France.
Freed Holland's orange banner waves again;
All Germany rejoices, disenthrall'd:
To Rome is Pius, Ferdinand to Spain
Conducted from long durance: Fetters fall
From Kings and nations: Still untam'd, Gaul's Chief
Prepares to smite his foes on every side—
Who, dreading much his skill and power, propound
To own him King of France, and sheath the sword,
Crimson'd so long by unexampled strife.
While yet he meditates with wise intent,
Of holding sweet communion with fair Peace,
Though shorn of much dominion, Pride begins:
Will the great conqueror, to his glory blind,
Relinquish tamely what he earn'd so well—
Nor boldly seek to gain that dazzling height,
Whose brightness hides the woes of humbler days?
Though peace you need hold Italy and the Rhine,

For thee my face shall then no blushes wear.
  She ceas'd; the Emperor answer'd: Wouldst thou rule
As erst in Moscow? Wisdom there, though late,
From thy disastrous counsels tried to save.
Thy sway was such her heavenly voice displeas'd;
Yet, but for her, Napoleon had no more
Directed armies, nor his France beheld.
Much inauspicious then thy presence seems,
Presage of ruin, or my period dark.
  None is so great but he may bow to Jove,
Rejoins the haughty power, and upward flies,
Sweeps through the murky clouds. Fame's crystal gates,
In music opening, through the shining way,
With lofty mien and graceful step she moves:
Indignant then before the burning throne
She loud begins: Thou Minister of Jove,
Who guid'st his lightnings, grant Napoleon hurl
Destruction on the nations, till his power
Be as of old, or they th' Italian realm
Resign to his dominion. Why should he,
So late thy favorite feel thy direst frown?
Remit thy anger, hear a great man's prayer
Amidst calamity; nor hear unmov'd;
Or fear'st thou his beneficence to man
Will rival thine? E'en while he breasts the war
Of Europe's Aristocracy he scans
The maze of politics, and Justice arms
With ready law; rears sciences and arts,
And leads Improvement with a father's care,
O'er every obstacle, through all his reign.
If at his throne thou driv'st the tide of ill,
And doom'st his ruin, O direct some ball
Through his bold heart, and end with him my pain;
Let not the great in power, the grand in soul,
See meanness on his noble ruins prey.
  Thus she; and Valor thus, with scorn, remark'd:
Thy mad suggestion suits not his firm mind:
True greatness trembles not at Fortune's frowns;

But braves life's ills; Philosophy divine,
A stranger to thy counsels, is its guide.
If all his realm be faithful to his cause,
By valorous deeds he may retain his power.
  He spoke; meantime the many-color'd dame,
Arch Policy, the Emperor thus address'd:
  Is war the worst of ills? Think, ere you act,
What force your deeds will have on future days,
Their tendency and virtue: Fickle France
Must, like a child, be led by pleasing toys,
Or drove by rod severe. Hard is the task
To combat Europe; but more hard to hold
The reins of empire on a tarnish'd throne.
If, at Manheim, diplomacy is tried,
Be England's naval claims in question brought.
'Tis not for peace, but war, thy foes would treat:
I counsel, then, that thou new armies raise,
And put in vigorous action all thy means:
This course will much affect th' allies; 'twill show
Twixt thee and ruin many a bloody field.
  She ceas'd—he thus: By what is now propos'd,
I doubt not that th' allies attempt to gain
New matter for objections to our sway,
And make us odious in the public eye;
For kings and people, most inveterate foes,
Forget their jealousies in hate to me;
The first, adroit, deceive, to make the last
Against their champion lift ungrateful hands.
Yet, such is our desire for peace, we hope
Though met to trifle they will serious treat,
As France imposing attitude assumes.
Besides, if we the offer'd bases take,
Th' intended manifesto of th' allies
Will of it's main foundation be depriv'd,
On which to blame us for the future war;
These give to France the Alps and Rhine for bounds:
I readily accept them; nor the deed
Shall make the enemy deem we feel too frail

To guard what he agrees we may retain,
(Our gathering conscripts such belief will bar ;)
But show the world our wish to sheath the sword.
  He spoke; to arms three hundred thousand call'd
Against his fate in great attempts to strive.
The nations then, before the world, declar'd,
On France they warr'd not; but against the power
Which, hapless for herself and half mankind,
Her Chief had exercis'd beyond her sphere;
Their use of victory was to offer peace
With greater power than erst her kings possess'd,
And give her freedom, as to Europe's states;
For they desir'd her to be great and strong,
A mighty link in th' European chain.
To equalise the strength of states, that France
Might not afflict them more with war, they strove;
Nor, till that end was gain'd, would quit the field.
  Thus they; then with vast armies cross the Rhine,
The while Gaul's chief his Senators address'd:
  Exalted late by victory, future times
Wore fairer face than now: False friendship's sting
Has made our triumphs vain, and brought us here
To seek resources to maintain the war.
New sacrifices we regret to ask
Of our lov'd people. Wishing to repose,
We treat on bases, offer'd by th' allies,
For peace, bliss by us so oft conferr'd
On luckless nations, in our prosperous days.
If this should fail 'twere through no fault of France;
Nor she defers the meeting at Manheim,
Where 'tis propounded to compose the feud,
Which twelve long years has bath'd the world in gore.
As fortune n'er seduc'd me I shall prove
Superior to adversity. Our arms,
With your support, may still resist the foe.
Kings I enthron'd, who now desert our cause.
Denmark and Naples, only, faithful hold,
Of our allies. How much depends on you!

Be firm and active, and this gathering gloom
Will fly before the brilliance of our deeds.
  Thus he, three days before refulgent Sol
From Capricornus made the worlds rejoice;
He quaffs th' all healing balm, domestic bliss
Ten days, ere thus the Senators replied:
  We come to offer tribute of our love
And gratitude to whom our country owes
Her proudest days. Thou ample pledge hast given
Of thy desire for peace, and acted from belief,
That power is stronger, limited; that kings
Should always try to work their people's good,
And first in toils, as first in honors, stand.
  The French, united under thee, will not
Permit the foe to triumph. May our Emperor strive
With ardor, worthy his exalted name,
To conquer peace, and sign the world's repose!
With martial glory sated, France beholds
(Unhappy laboring on this troubled sea)
The shore of peace, with longing wistful eyes.
There, in thy reign she hopes, in bliss to grow,
And with her steel improve the fruitful glebe.
  They spoke. The Chief rejoins: While peace we seek,
The foe invades Brabant, Alsace, and Bearn.
Man's bliss is all my prayer: My heart recoils
From scenes before; but firm we must contend:
We fight for safety, not for conquests lost.
  Events now loudly call'd him to the field:
Invasion's wave, outspread from Marne to Seine,
Towards Paris roll'd. Victor, Marmont, Mortier,
And Ney, with fifty thousand, fled before.
The rustic population, steeds and wains,
Loaded with young and old, in terror fly
Th' impending danger. Paris, startled, sees
The crowd, and learns the enemy comes so strong,
He masks the frontier fortresses, and moves
O'erwhelmingly towards her sacred walls.
  The Emperor in the Marshals' hall convenes

The officers that rule the National Guard.
Amidst them, with his Empress, and his son,
Borne on the nurse's arms, he grave appears
Pale with the cares of empire, and thus speaks:
  France is invaded: Forth to head our troops
I march—and by their valor, and God's aid,
Beyond our frontier hope to drive the foe:
But should his arms approach our capital,
The town, the Empress, and the King of Rome,
My wife and child, I to your care confide.
Act well your part—my own shall be perform'd.
He spoke with feeling-shaken voice, and tears
Were seen to course on rigid faces stern.
And having ordered all things for defence,
Louisa regent made, and Joseph plac'd
As president of her Council, when the fifth
Bright morn from cold Aquarius spread her wings,
He bids his Empress thus a last adieu;
For they on earth were doom'd to meet no more.
  I go, Louisa, to the tented field;
Not as of yore: oft to the battle's front
I now must rush to turn the tide of fate;
If there the hand of Death should end my days,
Let France accede to terms th' allies propound,
If unabridg'd they leave her old domain.
With me the bar to their acceptance dies,
As fail the means, t' enforce her present claim.
The remnant of our empire sacred keep,
For him in whom our mingled graces shine;
Be him thy constant care. Take counsel oft
Of those whose fortune on thy power depends.
Weigh well their different views and arguments,
Which understood, perform as fits thy weal,
With due dispatch, and in the fortunate time.
Step not, through haste, in darkness; judgment slow
Is yet efficient—indecision springs
Of thought deferr'd, or unexerted mind
To suit th' occasion, not the steady march

Of cautious sense, which comes to firm resolves.
I know my Empress will unceasing pray
For my ascendency, although her sire
Rules hostile hosts. Prosperity gives friends,
And flatterers vile, adversity them tries!
Winnows the chaff; one that withstands her gale
Is worth a world of those she blows away.
We now may learn on whom we can rely:
The genuine patriot shines in trouble's night:
Carnot and others have assum'd their arms:
The Emperor's foe is still his country's friend,
And much priz'd Antwerp to his care is given.
Superior to misfortune I will move,
As Sol majestic smiles above the storm.
Though fate deny our claim may we deserve
The praise of fortitude! My part well done,
I yield: They are not deem'd unfortunate
Who cheerfully resign to Heaven's decrees,
And those o'er fortune are above all thrones.
Our foes shall purchase at no common price
Our overthrow, though less our force than theirs.
Though conquest shun my sword, I'll win renown;
Though dies the sceptre, still the man survives,
And shows his greatness needs no aid of power.
The Emperor thus; and thus his queen replies:
Belov'd Napoleon! well Louisa knows
Thy mind is proof against misfortune's storm.
Even now I view thee fallen from great height—
Yet steadfast in good purpose, and sublim'd
By valorous hope. What boots it that thou gain,
Or lose in war? Thy merit beams the same,
Or Fortune frowns, or smiles: still fame attends
Thy various plight, and still the world admire.
May Heaven dispose our offspring to pursue
The fame his parent won, that sire and son,
In matchless glory, go to future years.
What solace thence my fading days would know!
What kind ideas animate my shade

Beyond the grave! Though that dissolves our cares,
O, can a mother's fondness cease to burn!
But strange commotion must the world endure,
Resign'd to Ate and Erinnys dire,
If chance he find to go his father's ways;
Which ward, O Heaven! and give the nations peace.
Chief him direct in Lucien's harmless course,
To court the Muse, to give the canvas life,
And woo philosophy, whose sons renown'd,
In undecaying glory, walk with time,
Diffusing virtue's seeds through every age.
  Sad is my state, but taught by thee to bear,
With humble dignity the ills of life,
I will not grieve, but go where duty calls—
Protect our empire and its hopeful heir.
Hard are the duties of my royal sire;
Alas! the Emperor, not the father wars
On his Louisa's lord. Ill fated kings!
Their hearts are crush'd by national interest's wheels:
I see the sacrifice, and can but mourn.
  Remember France and me, nor rush on death—
It ill becomes the sovereign thus to fall.
Alas! what miseries might our realm o'erflow,
If thou wast dead! perhaps destruction come
To half thy labors, and the stifled tide
Of faction burst the bounds thy genius gave,
With ruin fraught to all thou now hold'st dear!
  Thus the fair queen; her mighty lord imprest
A tender kiss upon her blooming cheek,
And, bearing battles, sought the tented field.
It seem'd to her she ne'er should see him more,
And dropp'd some tears, as from her presence pass'd
The hero breasting Europe's realms in arms.
  He now scarce seventy thousand troops array'd,
Though thrice that number of his foes converg'd
Toward Paris: on the invaders' right, where rul'd
Frederick's great pupil, ere thrice Europe bath'd
In day and night, he furious onset made,

Out rushing from a shadowy forest's gloom
On Brienne, of his youthful toils the scene,
When science' starry heights he scal'd. Short time
Had Blucher for escape; he down a stair
And through a friendly postern led his steed.
But Alsufieff the sudden shock withstands:
His Russians, bleeding, breast the angry blast,
Midst flaming domes; while Blucher snatches swift
His threaten'd army from the man of fate;
Who, compass'd with fierce Cossacks, hand to hand,
For life and empire with the Scythians fights
That boldly charge his rear: the bolt was rais'd,
Whose stroke had laid the spirit of the war;
But thou, Gourgaud, with Death, unnerv'd the arm,
That imminent o'er the fate of nations hung.
The hapless town in smouldering ruins lies—
Lefevre falls in everlasting night—
Brave Blucher to Rothiere his host withdraws;
While thither Schwartzenberg approaches fast,
Warn'd by the battle's thunder. Midst the fray
Napoleon marks the oak beneath whose shade
He in gay youth read Tasso's deathless song—
Ere from life's humble vale his glory's sun
Throne-withering rose—before imperial cares,
The fate of millions, labor'd in his breast.
When morn had thrice her golden splendor shed,
Th' allies, with armiest vast, on La Rothiere
For battle bristling, thus the Prussian chief
Directs the nations to the mighty fray:
Lo! thus far we have penetrated France,
Long deem'd invincible; triumphant long
By our disunion; but her glory fades;
Adversity's drear winter kills her joys;
She gave the nations to detest her sway,
Great monarchs their pre-eminence to mourn,
Till lost to mutnal jealousies they join
Determin'd to subdue her warrior king.
Hard was the combat which destroy'd his power

Beyond the Rhine, and glorious to our arms;
More glorious will it be to crush him here.
Much will he strive to oppose our way; but well
Our host must combat, nor their laurels stain,
So bravely won in Leipsic's bloody field,
Yon steely barrier, to our course opposed,
Before Sol's farewell gaze skirts night with gold
Must ruin'd strew the field, or scatter'd fly
The victor terrors of our raging arms!
  The corps of Sacken in two lines will move
From Trannes towards Brienne, by Dienville's road;
Part towards Rothiere; the force of Guilay form
Reserve to that, and Alsufieff's to this;
The Russian guard will be support to all,
Plac'd on the heights, twixt Trannes and Eclance;
From which the Prince of Wirtemburg will march
On Chaumenil; there from a wood dislodge
The enemy's force, and junction form with Wrede,
Who thither from Doulevant is marching fast
Be all your movements rapid, and th' attack
Resistless: 'tis not life, but victory most we prize.
  Thus spoke the chief; his mighty forces mov'd
To the dread onset. France held La Rothiere,
Dienville, Chaumont, and intermediate plains.
Here first the combat rag'd: loud roaring guns
Began destruction; shelter'd by their blows,
Wirtemburg's Prince impetuous leads his host
Against the French; the French fierce battling reel,
Their gleaming arms hoarse bray, besmear'd with gore,
Laboring in slaughter; deadly bullets hiss;
La Gibrie trembles under iron showers;
Wrapp'd in a night of clouds Mars round her storms,
And Death stalks ghastly through her shatter'd paths.
At length Mortier, high coursing midst the war,
Turn'd his torn bands against the rushing foe:
Loud ring their arms; musket on musket breaks,
Bayonets and swords thick clash; men tumble round;
Soon fly the nations through the groaning town,

France thundering on their rear. This Blucher mov'd;
He quickly reinforc'd the royal chief;
Who, charging swift, the gory town regain'd.
  The while Napoleon threats his enemy's flank;
But well brave Blucher knew his greater power;
Nor chang'd his early purpose to o'erthrow
The Gallic centre. Great spectators came;
Te Russian, Prussian and the Austrian kings:
Glad in their presence to fulfill his plans
The veteran chief conducts his ardent powers
On La Rothiere. Him Sacken bold attends.
And now tremendous grows the rage of fight,
Th' artillery thunders, levelled muskets burn;
In squadrons deep the cavalry rush amain,
Like tempests sweeping o'er the foamy waves,
And mournful ruin strews the ample field.
Resistless pour the nations; France recedes,
With flaming arms, before the deadly blast.
To prop the fight, Napoleon midst his guard
High moves, conspicuous as the moon new risen
O'er orient hills, when snow invests the land,
And silvery ice the trees, and cloudless heaven,
Bespangled thin with stars, smiles o'er the scene,
And thus bespeaks them: lo! th' occasion calls
Our army's bulwark to the field of fame!
Myself will lead you on yon boisterous powers:
This breast shall foremost in the combat stand,
So long detested by the foes of France,
Victor so long o'er potent states combin'd.
Advance! Our country looks to us in tears!
  He ceas'd; their answering shout th' battle claim'd.
As clouds on wings of whirlwinds traverse heaven,
Following their Monarch, rush'd they on the foe:
Then stormy conflict rag'd, shouts, screams and moans
Resounded—double night o'erspread the field;
Discord assum'd her direst form, and Mars
Inhuman rav'd amidst the thickening gloom;
For now the sun had left the western skies

To cast his burning eye on happier lands.
Napoleon's steed in thickest battle fell,
Pertus'd by ponderous ball; the Emperor rose;
Midst vulgar warriors urg'd the dreadful fray;
Midst falling thousands, facing death, he stood,
And in his troops thus breath'd heroic fires:
  On, fellow-soldiers, fortune helps the brave!
Let not our country mourn our valor lost,
So oft triumphant o'er these foes, who dare
Invade that France whose arms have awed the world!
  Where'er he wends tremendous conflict grows;
His legions rush infuriate, dire and wild,
Scattering destruction like heaven's fiery bolts,
Hurl'd from the dark abode of storm, when winds
Tumultuous drive the thundering night along.
On other steed he mounts and high careers
Through the wide uproar. Mighty nations reel
Before the army by his presence fir'd.
Night veil'd the horrid field; but Blucher rous'd
His bleeding forces to maintain the strife;
Leading the van. Again the dreadful shock
Of furious armies tragic scenes disclos'd:
All La Rothiere was wrapt in warring flames
Alternate with thick darkness. Havoc there
With maw distended, drove with fearful speed
The dogs of slaughter round the laboring fight,
Terrors and furies screaming in their course.
  At length the French in midnight's gloom reign,
Withdrew their legions from the direful fray,
Which swallow'd thousands of the bold and brave.
  There fell Bouvier, of valient men the pride;
Heroic patience, persevering zeal
Were his; bereft of hands by Russian frost,
He yet bore fatal sword; fronting his band,
And midst the tempest of the fight he died.
There Mowatt perish'd in his glory's bloom;
Beneath the tempest of his arm war groan'd
And stormy battle wheel'd; like some tall oak,

Whose broad unyielding arms made whirlwinds moan
Their vain assault, by thunder prostrate laid,
He fell, transpierc'd by balls. No more his peers
In doubtful fray on him turn hopeful eyes:
Their rock of fight is scatter'd in the dust;
Nought lives of Mowatt but an empty name.
As wild winds prostrate forests, Discord laid
Unnumber'd thousands on the crimson ground:
Fair youths, rejoicing for the days to come,
And seniors, careless of Hope's flattering tales;
All ghastly wan; no more defeat will grieve,
Nor victory glad their breasts, in death clay cold.
Unhappy France, whose frown made nations mourn,
And thou, among whose courtiers kings were seen,
Must meet the doom rash enterprize provokes,
And teach the strong to reverence Justice' bounds,
All sacred, nor them pass, though Avarice tempt,
Hope promise, and Ambition's voice conceal
The present ill with views of future good.
The French repass'd the Aube, and fir'd its bridge.
At Chattillon ambassadors now meet:
For Prussia, Humboldt; France, Vizenza's Duke;
For England, Stewart, Cathcart, Aberdeen.
In Razumowski Russia there appear'd;
In Stadion Austria. These, for peace, demand
That France relinquish Belgium, and resume
Her ancient limits. Caulaincourt's despatch,
Divulging the hard terms, her Emperor reads
In trouble; Maret and Berthier, with zeal,
Urge their acceptance. He to peace inclines,
Thus pondering silent o'er his luckless plight:
Alas! to circumstances all must yield:
Sol's fires unfed must fail, and he in gloom
Midst faded planets mourn. My throne, ill arm'd,
Will cease t' exert a vivifying power,
And I, in grief, shall look o'er blighted France.
State after state, lopp'd by the arm of Jove,
Has from my Empire pass'd. When I assum'd

This purple, full of thorny cares, France held
The Alps and Rhine, her natural limits; now
E'en Belgium fast is crumbling from her side.
Can I to this assent? The Bourbon might—
Then let him be restor'd. But where shall I
Find rest and safety? Did not Fox say well,
That kings, restor'd, forgive not those who fill'd
Their thrones? May monarchs that to me have bow'd
Beyond the Rhine, not wish me far remov'd,
When Russia threatens? When their subjects mourn
My power's declension? Hannibal affords
A mournful illustration of the snares
That compass helpless greatness. Distant realms
Gave him no shelter from the shafts of Rome:
She fear'd his mere existence. Can I hope,
Untroubled, life's sad pilgrimage to end?
Or that the world hath place of rest for me?
O come, kind grave, your dark embrace shall hide
The ingrate's meanness, and the flatterer's praise
From my tir'd senses. Patriotism calls
All France to arms; but calls, alas! in vain;
I stand, a head, upon a shrivell'd trunk,
Its vital heat, its patriot warmth decay'd
So much, the insults of barbarous hordes
Scarce stir the national blood; as Nature's self
Were chang'd, attraction and repulsion lost,
And toil-worn totter'd on dark chaos' verge.
  Naples has left our cause: Eugene can send
No succor o'er the Alps to Augereau.
Denmark obeys Necessity, and leaves
My failing fortunes. Wellington invades
From Spain, and thrice my numbers threat my rear,
That now, in mass resistless, onward pour,
Too well instructed in my rules of war.
Still, I shall wait till morn, ere I direct
Th' acceptance of the odious basis. Sleep!
Drown in your balmy tide my cares. Thus he,
Down lying careless on the grateful bed,

And straight in slumber's downy arms repos'd.
  But, ere day dawn'd, returning scouts made known
To th' wak'd Emperor, that th' opposing powers,
Though taught the advantage of each other's aid
At La Rothiere, and at Brienne its need,
Had separated; Schwartzenberg in front
Remain'd; but Blucher to the Marne had led
His army, and towards Paris by that vale
Approach'd. His eagle eye detects the fault—
And quick bids Oudinot and Victor face
The Austrian left; while he the country cross'd,
In swift pursuit of Blucher; nor responds
To Caulaincourt's inquiry. Hope had now
The ruin promis'd of Silesia's host:
Accomplishing his destiny, he heeds
The Syren's voice, and leaves th' ambassador
To grope in darkness, till the sword may give
The needed light. He urges on his troops
Through pathless tracts, woods, ditches, snow and fens,
Towards the road, where Blucher's host, disjoin'd
In three divisions, march'd on Paris—sure
That Schwartzenberg Napoleon well employ'd.
At Champaubert he on the central corps,
By Alsufieff commanded, headlong fell,
Like lightning from Jove's hand and quick subdu'd.
  The voice of fight made Sacken and De York
Retrace invasion's road, from where they view'd
The spires and smoke of Meaux, to Montmirail.
There, Gaul's impulsive Emperor them oppos'd:
He bids Marmont obstruct gray Blucher's march,
While he in torrent sweeps their hosts away.
  As foaming billows thunder on the shore,
His valorous legions on the Prussians fall;
As meets the shore the shock of boisterous waves,
Th' astonish'd Prussians meet the fearful charge,
And horrid swells the fray. The Emperor fans
The battle's fires; tempestuous round he drives,
And lightens through the gloomy files of war.

Mars, gorgon-rob'd, and Discord hot from hell,
With blighting breath, hard laboring, shake the field;
Dire on Marchaise the storm of combat rag'd;
Thence thrice by bayonet point, the French were driven,
With odious carnage; and the Prussians thrice
Retreated thence, in wild uproar; at length
Half fall'n, they fled, hard press'd by thundering Gaul.
They cross the Marne, involve its bridge in flames;
Towards Chalons retreat: Mortier pursues
O'er the deep stream, his Emperor close behind,
Till night invests the land, and morn appears
In rosy stole; then glad, Napoleon learns,
That Blucher, ignorant of his centre's plight,
Is, with swift steps, advancing to its aid,
Driving Marmont before on Montmirail.
He bids Mortier pursue the routed powers,
While he, from Thierry, to Ragusa's Duke,
With all his guard, returns, and sudden falls,
With cavalry strong, upon th' invading foe:
Vast squadrons gallop'd on his bristling lines.
Brave Blucher, midst the iron tempest, forms
His troops in quadrates, and retreats in gore
O'er many a bloody league, till, at Chalons,
He joins the corps of Sacken De York.
There Gaul must need permit him to repose;
For Schwartzenberg approaches Paris proud.
Him t' oppose the watchful Emperor hies;
But leaves Marmont t' observe the Prussian chief.
E'en now his Fontainbleau hears hostile arms:
But, ere two days, on Nangis he descends.
There, driving Oudinot's and Victor's bands
Before, towards Paris proudly march'd th' allies.
  Impetuous on them, like a tempest dark,
That sweeps the heaven and earth, and rolls the waves
Far off their wonted shore, Napoleon rush'd
In the strong panoply of valiant hearts.
His foes amaz'd, exclaim: Can this be him,
And these the troops, who late on Blucher warr'd!

Has not some Angel, Guardian of the land,
Borne hither its arm'd sons in gloomy clouds?
What active valor animates the Chief!
With half our numbers he defeats our aims!
And loud the battle rages; slaughtering guns
Pour ruin forth, and strew the field with death;
Squadrons encounter squadrons, fury wing'd;
Steeds rear and plunge, arms clash, disploding burn,
And horrid tumult many a furlong reigns.
The dread commotion fills an empire's bounds;
Pyrenee calls to Alp, and Alp throws back the roar.
Soon fly the nations; by dire terrors driven,
They cross the Seine, France thundering on their rear.
On Montereau then rolls the storm of fight,
Where Wirtemberg's brave Prince th' allies controll'd.
Short time he stood the rage of furious Gaul;
Conducted by her King of mighty name,
Like torrent floods, or burning winds, she drove
O'er many a league her potent foe far off
Th' vicinage of her Paris, beyond Troyes.
  Nor twice seven rounds had made the orb of day,
When Oudinot and sage McDonald, left
To check the numerous host of Schwartzenberg,
The indefatigable Chief of France
Returns to oppose the vast Silesian host—
O'er Aisne's stream his war-worn veterans leads:
Then on Craone loud storm of combat rose;
De York and Sacken, after peerless fray,
Flew his fierce presence, and the deadly field,
O'erstrown with thousands, and at Laon took
Position strong, defying their great foe.
  Nor had Hyperion twice drove round the day,
Ere Gaul advanc'd beneath the fog of morn,
To renovate the angry flames of fight.
Twice forty thousand men her banners bore.
Gleaming in steel, and tipt with wavy plumes,
These led by skillful chiefs, at once begin
The mournful fray, thundering amain; nor less

Th' assail'd Silesians. Wide around, the lands
And skies were wrapt in flames and smoky gloom;
Earth trembled under raging squadrons, bent
On havoc vast, and tiers of thunderers huge,
Spouting big cataracts of fire and death.
All day th' earth-shaking battle rag'd, and night
Faint truce impos'd. Twice Sol meridian blaz'd
On the great conflict, and twice left the field
Groaning in darkness. Blucher scarce sustain'd
The deadly shock, save where warr'd Sacken and De York;
There, as the dismal day hung in the west,
Veiling his radiance in the misty air,
France from their death-dispensing front recoil'd,
Deep fraught with ruin—unpursu'd, for sore
Her foemen tarried on selected ground,
O'erspread with ruins of the form divine.
  Now Discord and her demons, wrapt in clouds,
Roll'd up the cone of night with stormy sound,
And, as they soar'd, thus sung the hideous crew:
  To see Napoleon bound from host to host,
O'er floods and hills, deep snow and miry vales,
Against such odds contending, fills with joy,
As when the Titans cast the hills at Jove,
And he and Nature on the rebels fell:
One storm then wrapp'd the globe, that quak'd and rock'd
Beneath gigantic forms, reeling before
Th' Almighty's blows from clime to clime; each step
Passing broad zones. One hand the frigid swept,
The other, in the torrid, seiz'd an isle,
Or mountain huge, and hurl'd it through the heavens.
Th' abruptions vast made vales for watery worlds.
With smiles, th' Eternal their presumption sees,
Assists the upward flight of mountains; gives
Auxiliar strength; dilates, in central caves,
Th' imprison'd air, that breaks Earth's ribs, and sends
The Moon from out her bowels, ne'er to fall,
But wheel forever round the fearful scene,
And, constant, at her shatter'd parent gaze.

Seeds, from the gloomy deep upthrown, now felt
The vital heat. New forms of being rose.
Th' internal fires broke out on every side:
Etna to Cotopaxi call'd in groans.
Far Hecla loudly roar'd, and audience claim'd,
Midst deep-ton'd thunders, and all heaven on fire
With quivering lightnings, bursting from thick clouds,
Borne by rock-tossing winds, that forests bore
In rustling uproar on their thundering wings.
At either pole storm'd Winter, and between
Blaz'd thunderbolts, and floods and tempests rag'd.
Whole oceans bounded from their beds in foam,
Like tigers from their lairs, unnumber'd leagues
Above the highest mountains, in their course
Sweeping whole continents. The giants toil
Beneath the tempest, staggering to and fro:
Now in th' Atlantic, now in India's deep,
On Labrador's and then on Falkland's shore
They trod, and shook the globe; as when a tar
Leaps quick from side to side, on some small boat
And shakes and rolls it with the shifting weight.
At length, th' Eternal hurls a comet huge
Unnumber'd miles along the crashing earth,
That sweeps the rebels from her stormy face
Far east, toward the region of the Sun.
Earth on her axis, still the impulsion feels;
Her surface smouldering, with the attrition glow'd,
Her woods were charr'd and swept to beds of coal,
Quench'd by the fall of mountains, interchang'd:
While ocean boil'd and raging roll'd in flame.
  The spirit of the Titans still remains;
Still man against himself and Heaven rebels.
Unhappy being! for our sport he dies;
To get a bauble plunges worlds in war;
He runs on death to win the praise of fools;
His right determines by contention dire.
He millions pays that knaves may thousands gain;
His conduct proves. with him unnumber'd lives

Can not outweigh a phantom; wo of realms,
And death of myriads scarce suffice to test
A statesman's scheme to seize his neighbor's gold.
The will of one makes many millions mourn,
Since in societies the race have joined.
What hopeful prospect rational man presents!
Obtruding Wisdom, not maturing Time,
Nor Christ's pacific lore shall change his ways;
Rejoice, then, dark companions; Earth is ours;
We still shall quaff the gore of battle-fields,
We still shall hold communion with mankind,
Inspire their counsels and direct their deeds.
Rejoice, O Sovereign of th' infernal world;
Thrice louder let the blazing tempests howl,
In joy of our great prevalence on this globe,
Of all the planets most to us endear'd,
Its tenants more to wo than bliss inclin'd.
Ah! could the souls, that wander on the winds,
Their great discoveries tell, our sway would end;
But all their organs moulder in the grave,
That may win audience of material forms.
Roll on, contention's years! Ye gladsome days
Advance, when warring hosts, pour'd from the north,
And from Napoleon's fall, shall glut our shrine.
Thou, Wisdom, source of peace and human bliss,
Reside with man no more, nor harm our reign.
  Thus they, in darkness, and now morn advanc'd
With blushing cheek and golden tresses fair,
Showering new life along the brightening world.
  Upon Soisons the frustrate French retir'd;
Which, garrison'd, they speed to Rheims; St. Priest
There held position. Nor had Phœbus thrice
Blaz'd o'er the world, when Gaul against him drove
With thunders, bayonets, flames and iron showers.
Long, with disastrous violence, rag'd the fray:
At length, th' allies resign'd the mournful field,
Where early fell their chief, by cruel ball
Hurl'd headlong from his prancing steed on heaps

Of dying mortals, quivering, cold and pale:
Like a fair rose, torn from its parent trunk,
That, faded, withers on the sultry plain,
Its living red and grateful fragrance gone,
The lifeless general lay with kindred dust.
Unnumber'd captives victor France retain'd.
Much Schwartzenberg the wasteful conflict mourn'd,
Which broke a needed link in hope's bright chain;
But when seven suns on St. Priest's grave had shone
In front of Arcis came the Austrian chief,
Frowning defiance on Napoleon's power.
And now Necessity thus Wisdom moves:
  Gaul's Emperor, reaping error's fruit, demands
Thy aid. On him much rests. Fair Science mourns
His wo; but Inquisition whets her fangs
And views, with ghastly joy, his tottering power.
His genius shines out cloudless at my call;
But force must be oppos'd by force; he stands
Too weak to cope with either hostile host.
Shall he the frontier posts or Paris seek
T' increase his army? Help him backward turn
The tide, that threatens France and liberty.
His late bad counsellors around us mourn:
Ambition asks of Prudence glory's road;
Pride views her faults, and sickens at the sight;
E'en Vanity laments; Conviction holds
Such dazzling reign! Thus Need, and Wisdom then:
  For him 'twere best to march to Paris—curb
The factions there, and fight before her walls.
To threat his foe's communications would
Best serve his country—whom he seeks to serve.
Who risk'd his life may risk his crown for her,
And to the patriot sacrifice the man.
  Thus she; Ambition reassured, begins:
I blame myself no more, for having turn'd
His thoughts from Chattillon to Blucher's host,
When pondering the power-palsying terms of peace;
For now Captivity, with menace stern,

Looks on the federate sovereigns; proud success
Smiles on his trophied Eagles, and Renown
Lifts her loud trumpet to astound the world.
Yet, since diplomacy no longer aids,
I fear hope flash'd to light him to the tomb;
That e'en success, to urge his fate, was given;
That five successive victories only prove
Europe unsafe, with France in hands so brave!
Vain dread—the frontier fortresses will yield
The needed reinforcements—harder terms
Will not be ask'd of Austria's relative
Than were required at Chattillon; besides,
The lily cannot bloom in Austria's sun;
For thus Louisa's father has declar'd.
  She ceas'd, and Wisdom darts, like ray of light,
From Need's rough dome along th' expansion blue,
Mid frolic breezes wafting silvery clouds—
Descends on Arcis, and the Chief bespeaks:
  Here Schwartzenberg approaches, Blucher there;
March quick between them, and attain their rear;
There war, while Marmont and the national guard
Defend fair Paris, and the federate kings
Shall not escape, if thou victorious prove;
But owe again their forfeit crowns to thee.
  She spoke, he pass'd the Aube, towards Vitry march'd,
But first on Schwartzenberg's gigantic host
Infuriate rush'd; with boldness weakness hides.
He gains their rear, and much th' allies alarms;
On him the look, as pious pilgrims view
A lion, intercepting their return
To populous caravan, which slow proceeds
Through the pale wilderness to Mecca's shrine.
  Deceit and sly Intrigue long time had rode
In gloom, avoiding day, accompan'ing night
Over vast continents, and lonely seas;
But now the twain remit the dark pursuit
To circle France: Observing Fortune cast
A doubtful radiance on her Empéror's throne,

Her lowering changeful face, they thought, design'd
Great revolution in th' affairs of men;
And thence took courage: Wellington they saw
Advancing far in Gaul, compelling Soult
From field to field in gore; and Austrian force
In Lyons, and th' allies, with numerous hosts,
Twixt Paris and Napoleon interpos'd.
Intrigue, assuming Borgo's form and air,
Thus timely Schwartzenberg address'd: Why not
A revolution, as a treaty, make?
For know, the nation's not the Emperor's weal
Employs the most distinguish'd sons of Gaul:
Corruption throws her soul-debasing darts,
And Patriotism toils to blast his power:
Both Honesty and Fraud conspire his fall!
By venturing all you venture nothing still;
To Paris then—be War himself dethron'd—
Nor heed Napoleon threatening in thy rear.
She ceases—flies to Paris—takes the form
Of Talleyrand—the Senate moves, and shows
Rebellion is not treason, when the force
Of banded Europe justifies the deed.
Then to Marmont departs and thus begins:
Oh Chief! behold two hundred thousand foes,
Foes, not of France, but of the man you serve,
Approach our Paris; canst thou stop their march?
Thy late attempts against their van were vain;
Why sacrifice thy troops for him, whom France
No longer deems her Emperor? Then remit
Thy hostile toil; with warlike honors yield,
And let the nations glad the world with peace.
She spoke, and thus the war-worn Chief replied:
One who for Gaul has bled and toil'd so long,
When Paris' barriers by th' allies are forc'd,
May sacrifice the Emperor to the state;
E'en Patriotism will command the deed,
When loyalty to him is perfidy to France.
Thus he; then swift to Augereau, the power,

With like intent, discourses, and the Chief
Makes like reply. And now eight times had Sol
From Aries cast his vivifying beams,
When Schwartzenberg, near Paris' walls appear'd;
There thrice three hours rag'd battle, scattering death,
Wielding his thunders and tempestuous showers:
Marmont, with slender force, and valor great,
The torrent breasts; at length, to save the town,
He truce obtains; in Paris stalk the kings.
  Meantime to Fontainbleau Napoleon comes,
A day too late to keep his tottering power.
Still jovial, undepress'd, his host reviews—
Bids Ney, McDonald, Caulincourt defend
His dynasty before the victor kings,
And do the best for France, nor him regard:
Th' ambassadors depart, and urge his views:
While yet they speak, the march of Marmont's corps
Within the lines of the allies is learn'd:
The weighty fact the sovereigns move to claim
An unconditional abdication of the throne.
The Senate straight decree his reign has ceas'd,
And call the Bourbon to the helm again.
The flatterers groping for the stronger side,
Soon see a fiend where late an angel stood.
  Th' ambassadors to Fountainbleau return.
Ney in his palace finds the fallen Chief,
And thus bespeaks him: Sire, 'tis vain to seek
Thy dynasty's continuance: Force prescribes
Our movements now: 'Tis wise in man to yield
To what his efforts cannot overcome.
Marmont has quit thy cause, on plight thou live
In circumscrib'd domain; his corps has pass'd
Within the enemy's lines: This luckless deed
Came to the sovereigns' knowledge while we urg'd
The object of our mission; straight they claim'd
Thy unconditional abdication; next
The Senate snatch'd the sceptre from thy hands!
For revolutions never backward move:

All seek power's rising sun: So fates adverse
Darken our path. Thus he; Napoleon heard,
With indignation fir'd, and quick replied:
  Great boon, indeed, Ragusa's Duke has given;
He takes my gold, yet kind, the dross returns,
Grateful, perhaps, for all my favors past!
Can I such gifts accept from less than Heaven?
The Senate equal obloquy deserve:
If (as is charg'd) I have despis'd mankind,
Their recent conduct proves the opinion just.
As vines embrace the oak they round me twin'd
While revolution's tempest shook the land;
To foreign branches now they fondly cling,
Regardless of the trunk up which they rose.
The soil whence came my tempest-braving power,
Was France and God, it never came of them,
Who now so modest grant another's throne.
  All is not lost; I might to Italy march
With yon brave host, and yet the crown retain;
Or, concentrating all our forces, show,
More Capitals than mine in hostile hands,
Or, back returning, glut our soil with gore
Of foes and traitors, and our sway resume;
But the sole obstacle to earth's repose
I bide no longer: Be the throne resign'd
By me and all my race; e'en life itself
I will upon my country's altar pour
To make her happy. Thus the hero spoke.
His abdication swift to Paris flew,
And on its pinions smil'd all bounteous peace.
  To him the sovereignty of Elba's isle
The arbiters of Europe straight assign,
That ocean's vast embrace may far detain,
Divested of his king-alarming power.
  When twice ten suns had budding April grac'd,
Th' unthron'd Napoleon leaves his Fountainbleau,
Addressing first his guard: Brave men, our doom
Is to be separate; Heaven's o'erruling power

Has so ordain'd; but though with you no more
I tread the tented field, yet will I trace
Your ways, observe your conduct, and enjoy
The dear reflection, that ye once were mine,
And I was yours. Know that ye have my love.
Your actions much deserve. All I cannot embrace;
But will your general, with respect to all.
  The Emperor thus, majestic in his grief,
While mourning thousands heard bedew'd with tears,
And sorrow cast a sullen glory round.
Cambronne advanc'd from midst the weeping train;
Him the great chief, with mournful grandeur, held
To the bold breast long fraught with Europe's doom,
The soul-born tears slow trickling from their eyes;
The trophied standard then embrac'd sublime,
Great triumphs blazing on th' imposing scene;
So bade adieu to victory's eagled sign,
And into exile took lamented way,
Pursu'd by Gaul's proud genius, and the tears
Of millions griev'd. Britannia's bark convey'd
Th' unconquer'd hero to the destin'd isle,
O'er the wide rolling deep; and as he sail'd
Fair Wisdom comes resplendent from her skies,
To him sole visitor, and thus begins:
  Thou fall'st not with thy throne, more than the hill
With its tall forest, when before the gale
Wide countries reel, and from each mountain's brow
Is torn its verdant cloud; still mild and bald
It stands indifferent midst the tempest's rage,
And soon resumes its wonted youthful green.
From this position every fault appears,
Which lopp'd thy power; with vexing clearness shines
The better course neglected, which pursu'd,
Napoleon still had been the king of kings,
And still triumphant o'er his foes, as now
Triumphant o'er his miseries; nor I blame;
'Tis luckless, not reproachful, to be wrong'd;
'Tis not in man to shun perfidious wiles:

Night-shrouded fraud eludes the hero's sword,
And fatal crime abuses Wisdom's trust.
Thy part was well perform'd: it now remains
To bear with patience what thou canst not shun,
And from adversity snatch living crowns,
Of which nor fraud nor arms nor Fortune can deprive.
  Thus speaks the power divine. The chief replies:
I know too well that life all things outweighs,
That all its dignity is virtue, and its pomp
A trifling ornament to lay it down
In grief for sceptre's pageantry and power.
They pain their kings when kings their people bless;
Such labor honest sovereigns must perform!
Let thrones attract the bubble-chasing world;
For such I am not weak enough to die;
Nor eager as to suffer France to bleed
At every pore to keep my royal state.
  Yon isle is not too small for happiness;
Nor shall renown forget Napoleon there:
His pen shall tell the deeds of former days,
Delineating his laborious life.
Of what is done 'tis better to dispose,
Than let it perish while performing more.
  He ceas'd, the fair one mounts her native skies,
Involv'd in golden clouds, and near the throne
Of Heaven's eternal Monarch, thus begins:
  Omnipotent Creator, deign to hear
Thy Wisdom's voice of things in Europe's realms:
When angry late, thou saw'st her kings conspire
'Gainst human rights, while thunders rock'd thy throne,
And darkness round thee roll'd, thou badst me guide
One gifted man to peerless height of power
In that great state awak'd to Freedom's charms,
And him endue with mercy to forgive
Those he might conquer: Great Napoleon rose
From that high mandate, and the thrones around
Long trembled at his arms; war, glory-plum'd,
Trampled the nations low, and sham'd their kings,

Though not destroy'd: at length, in pride of power,
He strove to vanquish Russia; in her clime
Victor he march'd, and had her king subdued;
But the unlucky passions rul'd him there,
And I, delay'd by Heaven to stop their sway,
Till hoary winter scowl'd with gathering storms,
Scarce sav'd him and his host from icy graves;
For soon benumbing algor, tempest-borne,
Chill'd the wide land, and heap'd with silvery snow;
Then congregated nations on him warr'd;
He lean'd on interest, duty, nature, all in vain!
Nor I could aid, e'en when in France he brav'd
The rage of conjunct states; for treason there
My plan defeated—and the hero falls
From his proud eminence of imperial power—
Lo! how magnanimous, he bids not blood
To flow in civil strife, to save his crown:
For France and glory may her children bleed—
But not her sceptred servant! such his thoughts,
While he resigns the greatest throne of earth,
And seeks repose in Elba's humble isle.
Too well he knows the worth of regal power
To deem it needful to the bliss of life,
Or listen to the voice of wounded pride;
Let me intreat, then, that he reascend
The Gallic throne, his wisdom to reward,
And teach the world the folly of despair.
For mortals marvel that he fall and lives,
Condemn the patience which on misery smiles,
And measuring (vain attempt) his soul by theirs,
Blame conduct past their comprehension great.
  Thus spoke th' immortal fair; the starry hall
And dazzling throne seem'd listening to her voice,
When from a cloud of living gold, sublime,
Jehovah blaz'd insufferably bright;
The conscious ether glow'd; on Wisdom shone
Superior majesty, adorn'd with rays
Of Heaven's approving smile, as thus he speaks:

Virtue shall be rewarded and thy sons
Shall know our bounty: we thy prayer approve;
Though fate forbid Napoleon keep the throne,
Till death relieve him from terrestrial woes,
He, ere two summers shall have spent their rays,
Shall reascend, but transient time endure
Its labors, that mankind may wisdom learn;
Such is our will, and such the hero's doom.

THE FATAL DISUNION

AND OTHER POEMS.

THE FATAL DISUNION.

THE "Fatal Disunion" alludes to the history of the United States until the introduction of Joseph; and afterwards to the supposed consequences of their political bigotry. Lucius may be considered the leader of the Federal, and Curus of the Democratic Party. It was written during the Hartford Convention: is intended to show the liability of man to work his own ruin; the tendency of infatuation, and the danger of disunion among ourselves.

ANALYSIS.

A Father* having done much for the benefit of his family, whose residence† and history are described, desirous of continuing to them his blessings beyond his life, advises them to obey their Mother,‡ remain united, attend to each other's welfare, and guard against certain vices. His counsel is applauded. Agreeable to the will of the mother, a leader or overseer of their State is elected for four years, by the name of John,‖ who retains his power till suspected of designs against their liberty, which draws on him reproach. Tom§ is elected in his stead; who rules with more art, but less to their good; resigns in good season, and is succeeded by Joseph,¶ a man of moderation, in whose reign the hostility of discordant factions occasions sad disregard of the monitions and government of their parents—the litigants clamor against each other; the party in minority rejoice at the misfortunes of the State, alleging them to the incapacity of the rulers, and form an alliance with their natural enemy, who invades their dominions on pretence of attacking Joseph; he, seeing the threatened danger, implores their assistance in repelling the foe, together with the Mother; their endeavors proving fruitless, she retires to a neighboring mountain, and there weeping, dissolves to a sulphureous stream. Joseph, with his faithful few, combats the enemy; is overcome; the invaders pursue their victory, de-

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* Washington. † The United States. ‡ The Constitution.
‖ Adams. § Jefferson. ¶ Madison.

stroying in their course the joint property of the discordant brothers, and take, notwithstanding the traitorous treaty, the defectious alike with the vanquished captives, after witnessing the destruction of their native seats.

A LOFTY building stood in happy lands,
Of noble frame, and reared by Valor's hand;
Twice nine fair columns grace its front sublime,
Founded on bases that should rival time,
Bearing memorials of the patriots dear
That give to deathless fame their great career,
Whose exit Virtue still regards with sighs
While pious sorrows dim her radiant eyes:
Bright Honor decks their tombs with ceaseless care,
And Admiration dwells enamor'd there.
An ample field the lofty pile surrounds,
And lakes and oceans mark its utmost bounds;
O'er which Bellona from o'er waters far
Once furious rushing wag'd destructive war;
The country's father then great efforts made,
Forth rushing, stain'd with hostile blood his blade.
Reliev'd his people, won the victor crown,
And lives the dearest object of renown.
Ere rose the temple in despair of aid,
Wept liberty, the all-endearing maid.
But when the brilliant pile stupendous rose,
Secure from greedy kings and traitor foes,
The nymph triumphant heavenly charms display'd;
By laws protected which the virtuous made,
Assum'd high sway; her flag o'er navies hung
In every clime; her songs of triumphs sung,
And promis'd her dominion to maintain,
Until imprison'd in death's cold domain.
The chief constructor of the beauteous dome,
Illum'd with love and hope of heaven to come;
Beholding death approaching, and the grave,
His children summon'd, and this counsel gave:
Your watchful sire will soon be lifeless clay,
Oppress'd with age he goes the downward way;
By hard toils form'd and with experience wise,

'Tis deem'd his duty to his sons t' advise:
Then with well-heeding mind to him attend,
And learn the dictates of a sire and friend.
  In human breasts an erring fury dwells,
Which often virtue, often reason quells,
But statutes most, or some o'erruling power
Whom all should sanction, if not all adore.
Then let your mother, author of your state,
Whose love and wisdom shine supremely great,
With unrestrain'd dominion o'er you sway,
And all transact as she directs the way.
To do her will let ev'ry one unite,
Nor be deter'd by jealousy nor spite;
Nor private int'rest, which the mean controls,
And drags in snaky paths their little souls.
  When foes harass, and dangers low'r around,
Let all united guard their native ground
By her direction, whose superior cares
Arise from wisdom of maturer years.
  As sacred union only can sustain
Your future bliss, this carefully maintain:
The rods so hard to break in bundle tied,
Are snapp'd with ease as you the mass divide.
To that let all your laws and deeds agree,
As various limbs to form one kindred tree;
As streams from various courses mix and pour,
More straight and forceful than they flow'd before;
Let each with all in union's strength combine,
And sectional aims for general good resign;
And who but hints that union to destroy,
Deem him your foe, or in some foe's employ.
But e'en the best of things in human use
May be perverted to intense abuse:
And if a few whom local interests join,
To blight the freedom of the rest combine;
Let such not in the sacred Union's name
Demand submission to their deeds of shame!
When power through all is equally diffused

'Tis less obnoxious then to be abused;
But if concenter'd on an interest, then
It saps the virtue of inconstant men
Who purchas'd by that interest soon resign
The peoples' right, who fear no ill design,
Till reft of all of freedom but the name,
Find citizen and slave to mean the same.
  Most nations lose their liberty by sleep.
Unceasing care, alone, the bliss can keep.
Tyrannic thieves somnific portions deal,
Till those who see not must confess they feel
Severe exactions, which their substance draws,
By what they think their own enacted laws.
O'er all your actions hold untrammel'd sway,
Nor by alliances be led astray;
Nor love nor hatred of your neighbors swerve
You from the rules which best your interests serve.
In times of peace, for times of war prepare,
To spread the means of knowledge be your care.
Let Virtue with Religion's aid advance;
Be just; for Justice will your power enhance;
She reverence wins, nor brings distrustful fear,
But Vice in power implies a danger near
To both yourselves and neighbors; trust not then
With grave affairs, but wise and honest men;
Their life and conduct ever strictly scan,
For as the private is the public man.
Trust not the weak, though honest, for a fool
Too soon of cunning knaves becomes the tool;
These make well-meaning statesmen undermine
The structure whose protection they design.
Unblest by wisdom, Honesty may will,
But greatly forward knavery's projects still.
The public good to private interest yields,
When Lobby force the legislation wields.
  Against infatuation always guard,
And liberty and peace will well reward;
For she, dire monster, happy States o'erthrows,
And spreads around the world devouring foes.

Against her reason and mild virtue war,
And with her adjuncts, pride and ignorance, jar:
But she, victorious in a vulgar throng,
Extends her form, and sweeps the world along.
  In proper friendship with your neighbors live,
Improve with industry what heaven may give.
Upon each other mutually depend,
And all unto each brother's wants attend;
That blissful glory through my race may flow,
And glad my spirit in the shades below.
  With grateful hearts the rev'rend sire they hear,
His hoary locks and kind advice revere,
Declaring loud before attesting Jove
And all the pow'rs that rule the realms above,
To heed his lore, their mother's will obey,
And only act as she directs the way.
  Soon, Time the father to the tomb conveys,
To whom proud monuments his children raise.
Dark vesture round the shining temple spread,
In mournful splendor for its patron dead;
And through its num'rous halls and blooming plains,
Rais'd lamentations loud, and dolorous strains:
  Then safe directed by parental hand,
All cultivate their patrimonial land:
Between each column of the federal dome,
A door unfolding op'd to each a home:
Where each a common family maintain'd
In local bliss; domestic rules ordain'd,
And furnish'd laborers for the general weal,
Distinguish'd for their greatness or their zeal.
  It was accordant to the parent's will
That sub-directors should her laws fulfill,
While she supreme in quiet glory reign'd;
For that her children call'd, and thus ordain'd:
  Illustrious offspring, by my guardian pow'r
These rules are form'd which in remembrance store;
Perform their full intent, secure from blame,
And emulate your mighty father's fame,

Who pass'd a radiant life to human good,
And vanish'd guiltless of his country's blood;
Who rais'd this temple, gave it charms divine,
And bade me govern our transcendent line.
Select a ruler from your virtuous peers,
Who safe shall lead your four revolving years;
Direct the manner to adorn the field,
With pleasure to my sacred precepts yield,
Deliver true description of his deeds,
And honest prove of all the States' proceeds.
  To whom let ev'ry one prefer his pray'r,
And sure expect a second father there.
But if invidious to your rights he reign,
Appeal to me, that he from wrong refrain;
Who, if rebellious, then persists to wield
A grievous sceptre, or neglects the field,
Shall never more by our assent command,
Disgrac'd and banish'd from his native land;
A parent's heavy curses on his head,
His life shall darken, nor forsake him dead.
  With high concern attend to justice' scale;
In all elections let the just prevail.
From them you need not fear reproach or harm;
Mere justice more than force will foes disarm.
  Thus speaks the parent, loud applauses rise
Through all the dome, and echo in the skies.
The question offer'd, which of all the train
Was most endued with faculties to reign?
Some altercation rose, and vain debate,
At length to John was given the reins of state:
A person fit in sovereign rule to shine,
The second glory of a radiant line:
But soon, alas! the libellers began,
As shone his merit, to condemn the man:
But he, regardless of their malice, sway'd,
And for their comfort ev'ry one obey'd;
His high commands with secret awe were heard;
Due order through his government appear'd.

The fields were bright with cultivation's charms,
By his attention shielded safe from harms.
The beasts of prey seem'd conscious of his pow'r,
And shunn'd his province in the midnight hour.
He liv'd respected by the neighboring lords;
Return'd their insults with avenging swords:
But rivals clamor'd he too long retain'd
The envied sceptre that his merits gain'd.
For short it suits in patriotic zeal,
To shoulder honors for the public weal;
Round fame and riches dwell a gloomy throng,
That ever charge the fortunate with wrong;
Or just, or vicious, slander toils the same,
And who is prosperous long, is charg'd with blame.
  A flood of stigmas, dark as night, arise,
Rage round the land, upborne on wings of lies.
While dark the cloud of defamation low'rs,
John's reign expires; on Cam devolves his pow'rs.
To prove accordant to the people's will,
And be the object of indulgence still.
He laws ungrateful to the mass repeal'd,
But form'd no better, though defects conceal'd;
At once his mother's joy, his brother's pride,
All lack of prudence public love supplied;
For though the beasts their flocks and grain despoil'd,
Through his neglect, his fame was still unsoil'd.
In him his votaries blind such faith repos'd,
Calm reason's voice had not his acts oppos'd;
E'en truthful libels caus'd more love than hate,
A certain signal of the wisdom great,
That taught him to no longer seek to sway,
Than twice four years, and with the rest obey.
  Then from his family was Modon chose,
A worthy man, though he had many foes.
A just dominion o'er them long he held,
While all the fields were duly fenc'd and till'd.
But party interest raising causeless hate,
And all the messengers of evil fate,

At length began an inauspicious reign,
The wo and poverty of many a swain.
The monster, Discord, clad in darkness, rose,
With hideous sceptre spread devouring woes;
Through all the dome the frightful fury storm'd,
While various passions many a face deform'd.
And thus to fill the weaker swains with rage,
The artful leaders war loquacious wage.
I, Lucius, in the arms of freedom born,
Dare all my rights assert, and rulers scorn;
Against their pow'r my liberties defend,
Though they or I to blackest hell descend.
What mean complaisance to the shapeless thing,
Gaul's substitution for the murder'd king!
For four long years must Modon still remain,
To rule our ways, and all my wrath be vain?
No, heaven attest, if yet elections fail,
The northern sword shall o'er the south prevail:
Or hence withdraw, and evermore disown
The unblest pow'r of this elective throne.
For why, subservient to the whole, should we
Obey a man who scarce pretends to be
Acquainted with our plight, or northern fields,
And, ever partial, to his neighbors yields?
Are there no worthies in my local train?
Have then we not a person fit to reign?
No, not while tenants of the southern side,
With lies delusive simple swains provide;
They still my father's holy precepts shun,
Whose day was clos'd ere deed of fraud begun.
With dark collusion, and a flood of lies,
On John they warr'd, on John the great and wise,
Who all the virtues of our sire possess'd,
Controll'd with justice, and his people bless'd.
Thus he, vehement; Curus thus replies:
Cease, rebel, cease, what boundless ire supplies,
That poison tongue, intent on spreading woes
Through all our mansions, making brothers foes.
Ev'n now, methinks, I see thine evil hand,

Spread black destruction o'er our native land;
Cast flames and terrors through this boasted dome,
So long our pride, and sign of bliss to come:
Is it for this the mountain nymph displays
Her heavenly charms and fills with joy our days?
Or has the King of Heaven, by kind decree,
On us bestow'd the bliss of liberty,
That all who lifted by undue conceit,
To deem him fit to fill the regal seat,
Should war on those whom merit made to sway,
And teach the simple swains to disobey
The holy counsels our great father gave,
Our happiness to form, and state to save?
To our good mother only lies appeal,—
The sacred guardian of the public weal
Will soon redress, if real your complaint,—
For she on all imposes just constraint.
But see the commerce, flocks, and heaps of grain,
Declaring Modon's kind and prudent reign:
Divest thyself that malicious mind,
If evil frailties may forsake mankind;
Pray heaven to alter thine infernal will,
Love harmony, and be a brother still.
Be just and meekly moderate, wise and great,
For such are rulers of a virtuous state;
While those who on insidious arts depend,
And discord spread, in foul disgrace descend;
Long maledictions dark'ning on their name,
They live despis'd, condemned to damning fame.
Then Lucius, with disgusted mien, rejoins:
How easy 'tis to charge with ill designs,—
When your arch tongue accustomed to deceive,
Would make the wav'ring credulous believe.
'Tis *thou* who seek'st the ruin of the state,
And thy compeers; but transient is their date;
A time will come, when Modon rules no more,
But lives dependent as he liv'd of yore,
A humble shepherd, ne'er again to say,

Go, manage thus, and we submiss obey.
The flocks no more the prosperous air retain,
As in the days of John's auspicious reign;
Who faithful to his parent's precepts stood,
And always labor'd much for human good.
'Tis meet a ruler from the northern side,
Should o'er the whole, and near our halls preside;
To that our int'rest, yea, our honor, calls,
Or to my lot or his the sceptre falls;
But if I sway, I sway by suffrage free,
Nor brook insults, nor want advice from thee.
Would'st thou rebuke, or better ways commend?
Then early to thy own defects attend,
Which banish'd, venture to assume the sage,
Advise mankind and mend a vicious age.
Thus Lucius speaks, and Curus thus replies,
While from their votaries ireful shouts arise;
To what dire length will thy mad fury go,
And with thyself involve the whole in woe?
Avaunt, dark monster, leave thy native land,
Unworthy as thou art to join the band
That annual walks, adorned with fragrant flow'rs,
Around our teeming fields and shady bow'rs.
To dread Cocytus' frightful brink retire.
There, with thy votaries, glut thy fell desire;
And with the furies that infest thy soul,
Complain, disturb, and rage without control.
To hell's dire monarch and Erinnys tell,
How in disgrace their faithful agent fell;
Go, and no more, inspir'd by lust and hate,
Molest the members of a virtuous state.
While thus they jar, a messenger appears,
From western fields, and thus express'd his fears:
Our country's prospects, once with hope so bright,
Are clouded now by dangers that affright;
Alas, unnumber'd savage tribes combine,
Who general slaughter of our friends design.
Thus, while you vainly tarry in debate,

Our homes and lives are in precarious state;
Perhaps ere long the Albion king may come,
And while we wrangle, fire this stately dome.
Or take us captive in ill-fated hour,
Our lives dispose of, and our wealth devour:
Then quit your rage, be brother-friends again,
And all the welfare of the state maintain.
  The reckless Lucian throng receive with sneers,
The dismal tale, and ridicule his tears;
And thus Clyanthus, of the evil band,
One disappointed of undue command,
Malignant speaks: What now of Modon's reign,
The mighty guardian of the valued plain?
It will transpire as I presag'd before,
Who now has flocks will soon have flocks no more;
Who now of plenty and renown can boast,
May shortly say the same was early lost;
Since Modon governs, whose few acts betray
His total incapacity to sway.
  Thus aggravating ev'ry ill event,
Are all the shafts of rage and envy spent;
The bad, themselves to raise, devour the good,
Like tigers fattening on their victim's blood.
  An Espialtes now informs their foes
Of civil discord and domestic woes.
(A meddling fiend who fondly pleas'd the great,
And at his brother's cost, a foreign state.)
But him the savage king, with wrathful breast,
Receiv'd, and thus the trait'rous fiend address'd:
  I knew thy tidings ere thy hateful soul
(That mean subservience and foul lust control,)
Conceiv'd the base intention of this deed,
By which your kindred or near friends might bleed,
Or groan in slav'ry till by death convey'd
From scenes disgusting to eternal shade;
For I sly emissaries round them keep,
Who watch them while they unsuspecting sleep,
So needless is thy tale—for soon I go

To waste your state and strike the dreadful blow:
But thou, detested wretch, remain a slave,
Curse thy black deeds, and dig thyself a grave.
Soon Modon hears the foeman's trumpets sound
On distant hills, and calls his friends around,
Thus speaking: Whence shall we due forces draw,
To check the foe and shield the public law,
Since discord with relentless fury burns,
Confounds our plans, and half our hopes o'erturns?
Must this bright mansion, pregnant with delight,
Lose freedom's beams, and sink in mournful night?
The happy dynasty our sire begun,
And all the honors by his valor won,
At once, in evil day and dismal hour,
A helpless victim fall to savage power?—
Oh Heaven forbid! let kind entreaties move
The rebel faction that themselves they love;
Lest, all devoted to a doleful end,
They see but incense to their rage attend
In our great danger—and deride my wo
'Till all our mansions flame before the foe!
Then Ormus thus replies: Two friends we boast:
Bravery and Patriotism are not lost:
They still inspire a small but virtuous band,
Who bold will combat for their native land;
And if victorious in the dreadful field,
Would fierce return and make the rebels yield.
But first entreat them by our parent's aid,
The matchless beauties of the sacred maid,
And holy precepts which our father gave,
Who travell'd glorious to the peaceful grave.
Then Modon swiftly at their sev'ral doors
Depicts their peril and their aid implores—
When all launch forth their warriors to the plain
But six (the northern) families remain;
To them he prays, appeals, and pleads in vain.
The guardian mother then in wild despair,
Forsakes her mansion with dishevell'd hair,

And tears fast flowing down her face divine:
Now traits of anger, now of pity shine—
While she recounts the num'rous favors shown
To those who, base, her tender cares disown:
While she recounts the lore their father gave
Their happiness to form and state to save;
The heavy curses that would swift pursue,
And make them long the fatal error rue;
But fruitless urges—Lucius thus replies:
Respected mother, are we not too wise
To join in war? Convinced that bliss is peace,
We would that this unjust contention cease.
'Twas mad imprudence on our kindred's part,
To vex the strong from peaceful rules depart,
And give a parent this vast load of grief,
For which we mourn, but cannot grant relief—
Since solemn treaties we should not invade,
And such, as neutrals, with the foe we made.
Firm pledg'd our honor, sacred to maintain,
Before the Ruler of the aerial reign;
And will a mother, duteous to her young,
Against their God and honor urge to wrong!
The parent heard and sigh'd with mournful look,
And thus indignant to the rebel spoke:
O words ungrateful to a mother's soul!
Thou speak'st insulting and against control,
First counter to her holy precepts run,
You bar repentance with the injury done,
Fly, traitor to thyself and country, far
From fields of glory and defensive war!
Go with my curses—may dread dreams devour
Thy rest, and spectres haunt thy midnight hour.
For this rebellion, from my seats I go,
Oppress'd with sorrow and o'erwhelm'd with wo;
A deep, ah! mournful gloom shall shroud my course,
While fated troubles sting thee with remorse;
While groans distressful burst along the air,
And clouds look angry with the souls they bear,

Untimely by thy hideous treason hurl'd
From this once favor'd but now damned world.
Devourers dire shall waste yon blooming plains,
And all your race be held in slavery's chains;
This dome shall soon in angry flames expire,
Ah, filial hands will light my funeral pyre!
But oft in sadness will my shade be seen,
And call'd of former days the blissful queen,
While oft these words are heard: "Too late our prayer,
A parent's loss, and guilty wounds we bear;
Oh must we living be sore-burden'd slaves,
And fame with infamy o'ercloud our graves!"
  Now Modon with his faithful few departs,
With wise harangues pours courage in their hearts;
And soon approaching near the intruding foe,
From mountain high surveys their force below,
As numerous as leaves that strew the vale,
Or snows descending on the wintry gale—
The unexpected numbers come to sight,
Destroy his hopes and whelm his soul in night;
His followers pause; in solemn silence stand;
Behold the foe, and mourn their native land,
Till Ormus thus the still amazement ends:
How dire our plight, what fearful cloud impends!
A savage foe before, a pest behind—
To which should be our last great rage confin'd?
If on the former we infuriate fly,
Our fate is certain—to be slaves or die!
In slavery or in death, while that first cause
Of all our woe a pleasure from it draws?
With force superior why should we contend,
When justice calls, her glory to defend?
Then leave the foe—against the rebels turn;
Fierce through their mansions let the combat burn,
That they and we alike in ruin fall,
And death and slav'ry be the doom of all!
  When Modon thus: They well deserve the fate,
Adverse to counsels of our parents great:

But leave revenge to Heaven's omniscient Power—
The friend of virtue will their peace devour;
Though slow to anger, he will timely send,
Of evil actions the reproachful end—
Unnumber'd mis'ries, conscience fraught with fears,
Self-accusations and repentant tears.
If we be vanquish'd in the stormy field,
Their future destiny with ours is seal'd;
The law of nations is the law of pow'r,
The greater kingdoms will the less devour.
If disunited states reject their sway,
Part follows part till all is swept away.
Our luckless brothers, by the furies driven,
Involve the whole and urge the wrath of heaven.
Of us secure, the foe will not withhold
His conquering sword for treaties, bribes, and gold;
But they will captive from their lands be torn
To serve the men whom erst they hold in scorn.
  Thus Modon speaks, when all consent to move
Against the foe, and each his valor prove;
And swift they rush to fight; loud shouts arise,
Thick flash their weapons; darkness blots the skies.
The neighboring mountains quake with dire alarms,
Resounding with the odious din of arms;
More loud than when the vex'd Atlantic roars,
To curian winds against the coral shores;
Or when through gloomy heaven the thunder rolls,
Awes the wide world and shakes the distant poles;
With horrid toil the valiant warriors bend,
And grac'd with streaming wounds to death descend:
Their chief in front a crimson sword displays,
In hottest combat Cam and Ormus blaze,
Alike determin'd not to spare or fly;
But live victorious, or with glory die.
  The contest long in dreadful poise remain'd
The savage king at length the victory gain'd—
Nor stopp'd; but forward like the boreal storm
Or raging whirlwinds that the deep deform

Pursues success; pursuing which, destroys
The fences, herds, and seats of former joys;
And soon profanes the Temple's hallow'd floor,
Its riches sacks, and bids the flames devour;
When from their mansions all the Lucian train
Forth rushing, of the barb'rous act complain—
And Lucius thus: Behold, O king, our home
Is form'd by part of this extensive dome;
To burn the halls of vanquish'd Modon, all
The wealth and shelter of your friends must fall
In sad combustion—our distresses heed,
A gen'rous tribute shall reward the deed;
To our last treaty's solemn voice attend,
Let that protect us, and our sorrows end;
By that, as neutrals, if we would remain,
A splendid commerce through thy wide domain
Thou promis'd long should last and safe to guard,
Now heed our state and give the full reward.
  The king, regardless of his prayers and cries,
At all his miseries laughs, and thus replies:
  But Modon's tribes are those on whom I war,
The same with whom yourself was wont to jar;
Can passion only men of sense divide,
When all their interest are so near allied?
Perhaps the trust was not perceived before,
Then thank the fates you're wiser than of yore.
Can you in Modon's foe expect a friend?
What wounds the arm must sure the head offend.
If you'll transpierce a stone of various hues
And only one of all its dies pertuse,
I'll use endeavors to protect your wealth,
Take none by open warfare, none by stealth;
Else all must go; but thou, of home bereav'd,
Wilt in my real a menial be received.
  The arch king thus, while Lucius heard in tears,
The folly mourning of his former years;
Then to his friends in frantic fury hies,
His friends salute him thus, with dismal cries:

Where now is Modon and his valiant band?
The once great bulwark of our native land;
By acts presumptuous we from him withdrew,
Which sowed the seed from which this evil grew;
And thou the cause! oh, could'st thou be so blind!
Once prescient deem'd, and skill'd in human kind!
O, had we listen'd to our parent's will,
This dome had shone in peaceful splendor still;
Our shepherds fondly sought the flow'ry plain,
And we not seen our gen'rous kindred slain;
Or thou hadst never been—thy syren tongue
To list'ners fond no fatal ditties sung.
  Thus they sore griev'd, and Lucius thus replies:
I see my follies; but too late made wise,
Cannot redress—for chains or death prepare!
Against such mighty foes 'tis vain to war;
Our solemn treaty should abatement plead,
Yea, have averted this ungrateful deed;
But now we 'wait a tyrant's hard decree,
A curse, O parent, for the loss of thee;
In various forms thou haunt'st me while I sleep,
O that I slumber'd under mountains deep!
This conscience banish'd, and my suffering peers
No more approached me, grac'd with scalding tears.
  Thus he and all exhibit deep regret—
Their day of liberty in darkness set
To rise no more; confin'd in dreary gloom
Mid cries arising from a parent's tomb!
  And when the last destructive flames expir'd,
The foe with frolic rage and plunder tired,
Relentless drive the weeping Lucian train
Beyond the limits of their ancient reign.
With dismal hearts and languid step they go,
Oft looking back (while briny sorrows flow)
To view their paradise; but all had fled—
The groves were withered and the flow'rs were dead:
They saw drear slavery's hated cup before,
And mus'd of better days to come no more.

LAWRENCE.

KIND Hesper saw distress'd our peaceful star,
Set in the dread tumultuous sea of war;
Whose dismal reign of slaughter, ruin, wo,
Bespeaks its birth with Satan's sway below;
Where first it rag'd, when his rebellious arms,
Spread discord wild above and dire alarms,
And heaven's tremendous Sov'reign headlong hurl'd
Him and his legions to the burning world.
But soon the guardian genius, joyful smil'd,
When Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Britain foil'd,
With Lawrence, bravest of the mighty brave,
Who now lamented moulders in the grave;
To whom the muses dedicate their lyre,
And hail his honor'd shade with hallow'd fire.
  Far on the rolling deep a ship he spied,
Nor saw content, the voice of glory cried:
Why rests my Lawrence passive in the bay,
While his proud foes presumptuous plow yon way?
Have not sufficient honors been decreed
For former victory, to renew the deed?
  In restless plight he heard the sacred sound,
And joyful call'd his gen'rous heroes round;
With patriot ardor all their souls inspires,
To rival combats, which the world admires.
The list'ning bands, exalted by his voice,
Applaud the high design and loud rejoice;
The ship unmoor, the sails extend to wind,
And glide the deep and leave the shore behind.
Now gleaming lightnings cast portentous glare;
Dark rolling clouds around the ships appear;
Dread thunders roar; the bullets furious fly,
Glance on the deep, and scale the murky sky.
Soon grappling fast, dire horrors thicken round,

Loud dying groans join the tremendous sound;
Gregarious deaths dart swift on fatal wing;
Weapons on weapons clash; red sabres ring;
Dire grenades fly; the cannon ceaseless roar
In stormy fight, and Lawrence breathes no more:
Ere this, some winged death had borne him far
From earthly troubles and tumultuous war;
A light malignant gleam'd on Hesper's throne,
His radiant stars in mournful glory shone
On silent cliffs, and rais'd the fairy moan;
When thus he spoke: O son of freedom's soil!
Thou sleep'st in glory from thy dreadful toil;
Unfading honors shall upon thee wait,
And deathless fame record thy hapless fate:
Thy name shall flourish in remembrance dear;
And oft for thee shall flow the patriot tear.
Thus he addressed him from his throne sublime,
When faint he fell in honor's field divine,
And loud exclaim'd, with fast decaying breath,
"Do not give up the ship," and sunk in death.
Now fairy forms in many a mournful band,
Dejected wander o'er his native land;
Through midnight's solemn shade or blazing noon,
And ceaseless thus lament the hero's doom.

Lawrence, the gen'rous, bold and brave,
Sinks untimely to the grave:
Gen'rous, brave and bold was he,
Who fell in fight on yonder sea.
Long his loss his friends will mourn,
Long with flow'rs his grave adorn;
Ne'er forget his honor'd name,
Seal'd with everlasting fame.
Solemn sound the fun'ral knell,
Airy forms, and mourning tell,
The plaintive shade of Lawrence dead,
A nation's tears are for him shed.

ROSSALINDA.

Ah! Rossalinda, art thou fled
To gloomy regions of the dead:
The blush of youth and beauty gone,
To never, never more return?

Like visions pass the proud away
From whence they came to senseless clay:
The breast that once disdain'd to see
An equal live, is cold as thee.

Though blest with wealth, and dazzling charms,
Death's angel comes, the grave alarms,
And all thy future prospects bright,
Are swiftly whelm'd in mournful night.

Amidst glad scenes and youthful days,
While hope her brightest star displays,
What sudden darkness round is spread!
How soon are human pleasures fled!

While wand'ring life's tempestuous stream,
Fair signs portend, but dimly seen;
Man thoughtless strikes the fatal shore,
Devoted to return no more.

PASTORALS.

PASTORAL FIRST.

SPRING.

Beside Peconock's shaded river rov'd
Two blooming youths by tender passions mov'd.
By artless nature rul'd, the twain reveal'd
What more dissembling lovers had conceal'd:
One sung the beauties of his virtuous fair;
The other ru'd his choice in deep despair;
He hail'd Melinda, whom he once deceived;
And so, his breast of happiness bereaved.
To him the ghost of buried days appears,
While thus he tells his errors, hopes and fears:
When first soft passions mov'd my youthful breast,
Melinda, fair and kind, my heart possess'd.
Her from the cradle I had friendly known;
But fate our suit denied at fortune's frown.
Once, mov'd by soul-subduing love, I swore
By all that angels, heaven and earth adore,
That she was mine, and I would constant be,
Though wide between us roll'd the boisterous sea:
Still, I departed from the promise made,
And solemn rites in Mammon's temple paid:
A youth, to virtue's heavenly reign unknown,
Who reverent bow'd at pride or anger's throne,
Allur'd me from the path that nature chose.

Ah! for vain gold my life was stung with woes.
Why did I thoughtlessly in wedlock join
With one whose will can never yield to mine;
Who feels no love, and has no fear to wound
My wretched heart in legal fetters bound.
'Twas on a luckless day, and evil hour,
When stars malignant o'er my fate had power,
That we with garlands green adorn'd our brows,
And spousal rites perform'd with empty vows.
I now will wander in the shades forlorn
Of thickest forests, and Melinda mourn,
Who well remembers, with a just disdain,
The faithless Pleuron she engag'd in vain.
By dimpled rills my future hours I 'll spend,
And sadly sing of her who was my friend.
Repentant tears shall oft bedew the ground,
While plaintive strains, with murmuring streams, resound;
Or, from some ragged cliff, projecting high,
Make fatal leap, and for my follies die.
  Thus Pleuron sung; the mild Peconock wears
A pensive brightness to the swain in tears.
To him the pines, with pity, seem to glow,
And gazing flocks a mute compassion show.
While Mydon, on the neighboring grass reclin'd,
Divulged the dictates of a happier mind:
  Amanda, fairest of sweet beauty's train,
Now strays beyond the hoarse tempestuous main.
Her blooming vizage sheds enchanting light,
That moves my heart, and feeds my ravish'd sight.
More fragrant odors fill the blossom'd groves,
And nature smiles as she displays her loves.
The kind expression of her pleasing eyes
Enchains my soul, and heaves my breast with sighs.
Delightful accents play'd upon her tongue,
When, in these flow'ry groves, she tuneful sung;
And, uttering truths divine, dispers'd the gloom
That sadly hovers o'er the swallowing tomb.
The strains melodious seem'd to charm the breeze,

And wake attention in the blooming trees.
Though fickle fortune on her beauty frowns,
Celestial virtue our connection crowns;
Unites by friendship and endearing love,
Unfading bands, by truth and nature wove!
May prosperous gales attend her o'er the deep,
And balmy pleasures lull her cares to sleep!
Fly swift, ye rosy hours, till she returns!
Nor linger, while impatient Mydon mourns!
As thus he sung, sad Pleuron comes along;
Alternate, then, they tell their thoughts in song.
Pleu. May nature waste, the hills in smoke decay,
Pale death transport me from these scenes away,
If I again with mortal woman join,
Unless that mortal's will conform with mine;
As curling ivy, grown around the trees,
Bends with their limbs to every passing breeze;
Caress'd and prais'd Amelia heard my pray'r,
But now disdainful scorns my love to share.
Alas! the sylvan scenes no pleasure give:
Melinda lost, her Pleuron hates to live.
Myd. In vain you mourn a wo-begetting choice,
And waste, to heedless winds, a wailing voice.
Grief ne'er averted fate's resistless sway;
No soothing pleasures turn his shafts away.
May resignation to the eternal king
A lasting comfort to thy miseries bring;
A humble spirit move thy sorrowing mind,
To own th' affliction just; to heaven resign'd,
On wings of hope from present evils soar,
Nor deem the lov'd one will be thine no more.
What folly lost good fortune may restore.
With happy flocks beside the rivers rove;
Inhale the fragrance of the smiling grove;
Till roll the wheels of time to that glad hour,
When, on thy bosom, blooms th' enrapturing flower,
And kind oblivion buries all your harms
In the sweet circle of Melinda's arms:

While milder breezes on the waters play,
And happier strains amuse the passing day:
While roses, with increasing blushes, glow,
And waters, in more gentle murmurs, flow.

Pleu. A dreary sadness hovers o'er the plain;
The flow'rets blush, the riv'lets flow in vain:
Each passing breeze some dismal message bears,
By forms unseen, low whisper'd in my ears.
E'en hope, like blasted flower, within me dies.
Each rising prospect swims before my eyes.
The golden time, youth's blissful dream, is o'er:
Melinda's angel smile will charm no more.
These perjur'd lips shall to the groves complain,
Until I plunge in yonder roaring main.

Myd. Ye powers benevolent, endless source of good!
Safe waft Amanda o'er the stormy flood.
On her mild face the lily's whiteness blows,
With brilliant crimson of the fragrant rose.
In her fair presence rival beauties yield,
Like Luna, when Sol fires her silver field,
Unheard, the waters flow, and breezes sigh,
And larks, unnoticed, rove the liquid sky;
If she withdraws, the birds are seen to play,
With noisy murmur, riv'lets steal away,
And lambent zephyrs from the deep arise,
Kiss the sweet blooms, and fill the air with sighs.
On hope I rest; nor Pleuron hopes in vain.
Dejected Pleuron woo'd vain wealth to vain.
Oh! sad result of nuptials void of love!
May this to other swains a warning prove!

Pleu. Farewell, sweet scenes of youth! ye shady bowers,
Clear sounding streams, gay flocks, and dulcet flowers,
And thou, Melinda, innocent and fair;
The guiltless author of my love's despair!
For you I mourn, a prey to cruel wo,
And deep in caves of boundless ocean go.
By fortune curs'd with too severe a doom,
Dejected Pleuron seeks a watery tomb.

Myd. She comes, and round her glows superior day;
Celestial beauties on her visage play.
The flocks, unmindful of their pasture, view
Her tread the meadows wet with glistening dew.
More fragrant odors seem to fill the grove,
And all the graces in my lov'd one move.
Kind nature brightens in each budding tree,
And happy myriads tune their voice for me.
But hapless Pleuron goes in mournful way
O'er yon pale cliff, towards the boundless sea.
Where faint he walks, responsive to his woes,
The lordly sun more pale effulgence throws.
Ye heavenly powers, console, or lead his breath
In easy slumbers through the shades of death.

PASTORAL SECOND.

SUMMER.

As o'er the fields Sol held his sultry reign,
While weary reapers left the scorching plain,
And panting flocks, beneath their shepherds' care,
Retir'd, the banquet of the shade to share;
In sweet content, beside a fountful hill,
Where, winding devious, flow'd a murm'ring rill,
Sat tuneful Nireus, with his warbling lyre,
Whose tender strains diffus'd a living fire:
As, through the groves, the witching music ran,
In pleasing accents, Nireus thus began:
Come, weary swains, beside this breezy hill,
Where, constant murm'ring, flows a crystal rill,
Where lofty trees, with foliage green, display
A cooling prospect, in this sultry day;
Here, if you thirst, the lucid water flows,
And bending grass invites you to repose.

Lo! Daphne comes o'er yonder crystal stream!
And where she walks fresh morning's beauties beam.
An osier basket and a bowl she bears;
This, fraught with milk, and that with dulcet pears.
My Daphne, welcome to this cool retreat,
Secure from fervid Sol's oppressive heat!
Dap. The yellow harvest hides the fruitful soil,
And kindly pays us for our irksome toil.
When winter cold resumes his hoary reign,
And binds our country with an icy chain,
A gentle dove, within thy sheltering door,
Shall oft remind thee of th' unhappy poor.
For know, tho' blest, thy stay is transient here;
Wait Heaven's high will, and Charity revere.
As late, in yonder bower, sleep seal'd my eyes,
Her heavenly form arose, or seem'd to rise
In fleeting vision, and dissolve away
Like dancing forms we in the stream survey.
Daphne, she said, with sweet, enchanting voice,
In God's just bounty may your heart rejoice.
If, cross'd by fate, less happy swains there be,
Perform for them the part of heaven to thee.
While spoke the Phantom, she resolv'd to air;
Her voice melodious still, methinks, I hear;
Still see her visage bright with heavenly joy,
And virtue's luxuries that never cloy.
Partake the grateful food, ye worthy swains,
While Daphne tries to please with humble strains:
'Twas here, Amanda, rosy maid!
Led joy triumphant round the shade,
Till disappointment nipt her bloom;
Then languish'd pale in sorrow's gloom;
Lone, wander'd thro' forsaken bowers
Unblest, while Spring rejoic'd the hours;
And, when her lover's fate was told,
She fell in death's embraces cold.
Where blooms she now, may shepherd tell?
Perhaps with him she lov'd so well,

Disports her native fields around,
And joyful hears her harp resound.
Remembrance often haunts yon plains
To drink her soft melodious strains,
And view her dance along the grove
As light as airy visions rove.
Orlando! sweetly temper'd youth,
Mild Plautus! son of love and truth,
Ye liv'd to mourn that faded flower,
But I, surviving, all deplore.
Your tuneful strains of other days,
That wail'd her fall and told her praise,
Still float along the wild of years,
And Daphne fancies still she hears.
O could she make the harp you gave
Resume the tones it used to have,
Again, methinks, the flocks would rove
Unknown of all that throng the grove.
This tuneful harp, ye strung of yore,
Amanda gave to fame before:
Some future day 'twill seem to mourn
For Nireus from his Daphne torn.
It oft shall dulcet tones supply,
While we beneath the green turf lie;
Nor longer walk these groves along,
And only live in shepherd's song.

Nir. What soothing zephyr gave thy tuneful breath
The wondrous powers that call our friends from death,
To seem the same as when they triumph'd here,
And sung the beauties of the rolling year!
When kind Orlando tun'd his melting lyre,
And utter'd tones that heavenly thoughts inspire.
When Plautus, listening to the moving strains,
Forgot his flocks that roam'd in yonder plains;
Confess'd their charm, with many a joyful tear,
And saw fresh flowrets grace Amanda's bier.
Her form revives in thy sad dulcet strains;
Again she dances o'er the blooming plains;

Again she pines in hopeless love and dies;
Again death stops her tuneful voice and seals her eyes.
Dap. As runs yon river to the sounding main,
We pass to dust, and meet our friends again.
To their green graves indulgent fancy strays,
Conversing with the scenes of other days.
The pleasing, mournful strains, once taught to flow,
When Plautus' death Orlando stung with wo,
Still move the soul. In evening's tranquil reign,
When silver Cynthia lights the glimmering main
I 'll tune the lyre that he bequeath'd to me,
And praise his virtues which respire in thee.
In his kind arms I spent my tender years:
He taught my mind, and hush'd my infant fears.
From him I learn'd the melting song to pour,
To love our race, enjoy the fleeting hour;
Recall of pleasures past the image dear,
Exalt the mind and swell the joyful tear.
Nir. Remember'st thou our friendship's vernal day,
When e'en while watching lambs we let them stray?
From weeping clouds descended milder showers;
The teeming meadows blush'd with brighter flowers;
Regardless of the stream, we saw it flow,
And O I joy'd to hear the thunder so;
Because it frighten'd from her quiet nest
A gentle dove, and drove her to my breast.
Dap. The tender sighs, the music of that spring,
The gentle doves to my remembrance bring.
In that kind mirror of our early love,
What happy scenes the soul with gladness move!
The tales of hope were true, by yonder fields;
Consenting fortune to our wishes yields.
But see the sun in watery clouds descends,
And o'er the land collected storm impends:
With louder sound the riv'lets cross the plains;
The owl, portentous, in the woods complains:
The prostrate harvest waits thy timely care;
For moistening rains its future worth impair.

Soon, sudden showers, will thirsty earth revive,
And smiling nature in fresh beauty thrive.
Nir. Behold, on distant lands, the rain descends,
Thro' fading silvery mist Sol's light extends;
The clouds are gone, by cooling breezes driven
Along the blue expanse of smiling heaven.
Upon the trees declining sunbeams play,
The shadows lengthen with decreasing day;
The feather'd songsters with the sun retire,
The flies of night disclose their fitful fire;
Cold dew-drops gather on green nature's face,
And sleep invites us to her soft embrace.

PASTORAL THIRD.

AUTUMN.

In valley deep beneath stupendous trees,
Whose falling foliage sail'd the northern breeze,
An aged shepherd tun'd his sounding lyre
To melting tones parental woes inspire.
His fleecy flocks, descending from the plains,
Collected round him, listening to the strains.
A lover, bright with hope's exulting rays,
At distance heard the pleasing, mournful lays,
From foreign realms return'd to native vale,
And listening, thus he heard the shepherd's tale:
Mild, playful lambs! ye make my Delia rise
From other days, and greet her parent's eyes.
Though pale she slumbers in the deathful gloom,
She seems, like spring, to shine in living bloom.
The gentle mien, the harmless traits, I see,
O, absent Delia, always liv'd in thee!
Ne'er didst thou in a daughter's duty fail—
Blest nature wrapt thee in celestial mail;

Of docile mind, and of the kindest heart,
Sure of the elect the most select thou art.
Alas, as Sol with glory deck'd the dawn,
She, musing, wander'd from her native lawn
To see the river's eddying waters glide,
Or her resemblance in the glassy tide:
Her soothing voice in tuneful numbers rose,
As beauty sweet and soft as zephyr blows,
While cheerful birds, on many a bloomy spray,
In mute attention heard her matchless lay,
While glad she sung her mind, with thought elate,
Became forgetful of the present state,
When down the rocky steep she fell, and death,
With ghastly presence, snatch'd away her breath.
Ah, silent is the voice and cold the tongue
That erst in listening groves so sweetly sung!
Dead those dear eyes so lovely wont to roll
And tell the gentle temper of her soul.
I soon must follow through the land of gloom
To where she blushes in immortal bloom,
And wings, unbounded, heaven's eternal plains,
Exempt from age and all corporeal pains.
The youth, attentive to the mournful tale,
His heart fast fluttering in misfortune's gale,
With haste approach'd, and thus address'd the seer,
While down his visage stole the lucid tear:
What dreary story tell thy tender strains?
Is she, my loved one, held in icy chains?
O cruel fate, reverse thy hard decree,
Let lovely Delia please the groves and me.
Oft have we carol'd in yon shady bowers,
In friendly converse spent the winged hours,
While roaming round us fed our fleecy care,
And birds with music thrill'd the balmy air.
Shep. Most welcome son, and blest the ship that bore
The youthful wanderer to his natal shore!
All things are moving with resistless speed:
To vernal blooms autumnal fruits succeed.

As oft as man attains perfection's day,
Some deluge sweeps his golden age away:
The sad survivors then their toils renew,
And Nature's wilds again with art subdue:
Again to civilization slowly tend,
And reach its summit to again descend:
The virtuous labor of ten thousand years
In one tremendous earthquake disappears.
Should Earth no longer in one posture run,
Turn north or south, then man would be undone;
O'erwhelming oceans o'er broad continents pour,
And all his works and glories be no more.
In vain we murmur o'er the tomb of joy;
E'en this fair world will conquering time destroy.
When fate decrees, shall feeble man repine?
Though all, like Delia die, we must resign.
Time yet is ours, nor barren of delight,
Redundant harvests labor's pains requite.
From teeming presses dulcet liquids flow,
And loaded grain'ries heaven's indulgence show.
Then take the pleasures present objects yield,
Nor with triumphant fate dispute the field.

Dre. Me wouldst thou counsel to resign my love?
Tell Dresus rather not himself to prove:
With tender Delia pass'd my infant days,
Each pleas'd the other with unartful lays.
Her lovely smiles with melting brilliance shone,
Subdu'd my heart and made me all her own.
Where're she came methought new verdure grew
And whispering winds a sweeter fragrance blew.
O, is she wreck'd on death's relentless strand,
No more to wander o'er her native land,
No more to play in yonder blissful bowers,
Awake the lyre and pluck the blooming flowers?
Beneath what cypress sleeps the wither'd fair,
Alas! my sorrowing heart is buried there.
The groves in faded beauty seem to mourn
The absent Delia and her lover lorn.

Oh haste the moment for my soul to rise
To her blest spirit in the pitying skies.
Shep. Tell not to heedless winds of sorrow's pains,
Nor rue the act which Providence ordains.
The blooming season is decay'd and gone,
Its faded beauties scatter'd o'er the lawn;
So all things vanish, so our joys decay,
So Delia dies, and pleasure fades away;
But recomposing nature soon will bear,
The vernal flowerets of the gliding year;
So shall new Delias greet their Dresus' eyes,
As morning fair and lovely as the skies.
Mourn not the absence of the luckless fair,
To woe resign'd and steadfast in despair,
As Pleuron erst companion of my youth,
Who sway'd by gold forsook the path of truth,
Forsook Melinda and incurred her scorn,
To wed Amelia, and the error mourn.
He sadly wand'ring by the sea-beat shores,
Till night o'erspreads the skies his woes deplores,
Fast down his cheeks the briny torrents roll,
And sorrow's tide swells darkly on his soul;
There lonely moaning by the sullen waves,
Hears ocean mutter storm from all his caves;
Sees frowning clouds the lofty ether sail,
And fast the silver host with darkness veil,
While roars the distant deep; by slow degrees
To lofty mountains rise the boisterous seas;
Huge, tumbling surges lash the trembling strand,
Roll back in foam and whiten down the land,
The bushy cliff tops frown with gloomier brows,
And groan and reel with all their rustling boughs,
The quivering lightnings shoot a sudden glare,
Surprise the world and fire the fields of air;
Redoubled thunders awful sounding roll
Through stormy heaven and shake the distant pole.
As he beholds the terrors of the skies,
He feels no dread no chilling fears arise.

So overwhelming is the sense of woe,
Unheard the thunder roars and wild winds blow;
Its cruel pangs so grieve his feeble mind,
That all the horrors of the night are kind.
He thus exclaims: Loud thunders swifter roll—
Ye pour dread comfort on my wounded soul.
Thrice welcome gloomy cliffs, surge-dashing shore,
Grim darting lightning, night-invested hour—
Ye screaming spirits of the tempest bear
The thunder's chariot down the wilds of air;
Let all his bolts on Pleuron's head be hurl'd,
To sweep his name and being from the world.
  He frantic speaks, and swooning, strikes the ground;
Nor hears the ocean's roar; nor thunder's sound.
No more distress his panting bosom rends:
He senseless lies, and far from helping friends;
While vision'd shapes, and other worlds appear—
Elysian fields, aud hell's expansion drear.
  Meantime the storm subsides, a calm ensues.
The clouds dispers'd, the stars faint light diffuse.
The wasted winds from whence they came repair,
And dulcet fragrance floats the midnight air.
Old ocean's waves lie silent on their deep,
And earth and air and main are hush'd to sleep.
  Soon bright Aurora pours the early day
On nature's face the gladdening sun-beams play.
In smiling lustre rise the verdant hills,
And gently murm'ring flow the winding rills.
Above, blue ether looks on earth serene,
And earth beholds with joy the cloudless scene.
The leafy woods in fresher green revive,
Confess the day and seem with birds alive;
Translucent drops impend from dulcet flowers—
All nature brightens from th' abundant showers.
  Reviving Pleuron, on the shore forlorn,
Casts tearful eyes upon the golden morn.
Now thinks of plunging in the unbounded deep,
And, freed from miseries, in its bosom sleep.

Now views the prospect of alluring shades,
And happy flocks that roam the flow'ry glades—
Hears feather'd warblers raise melodious voice,
And all the land in various strain rejoice.
While rural beauty thus attracts his mind,
Lo! Wisdom comes to wretched Pleuron kind.
Acute perception, born of light divine,
And deathless graces on her visage shine.
She thus bespeaks him, in her guardian care,
To sooth his soul and drive away despair:
Reject, sad Pleuron, thy severe intent:
Sufficient 'tis of follies to repent.
Let sober reason o'er thy passions sway,
Nor for one object throw a world away.
Behold the beauties of the blooming plains,
The rural pleasures of well-doing swains;
Philosophy's delights, the sweets of love,
And hear the songs that charm the fragrant grove.
'Tis folly smites the breast and heaves the sigh;
To wisdom deaf, unhappy lovers die.
That mighty power who rules all things below,
Affords our pleasure and inflicts our woe,
Perhaps intends to purify with tears
The soul before it at his throne appears.
The objects interpos'd 'twixt us and bliss,
He kind removes: and shall we mourn for this?
Say, wilt thou deathward take the guilty road,
Or, gathering good from evil, trust in God?
Depart, then, Pleuron, from the threat'ning deep;
Enjoy the foodful earth and cease to weep.
Thus spoke this heavenly friend; his spirits rose
This faint heart swell'd, abated were his woes.
With secret shame he quits the sounding shore,
Quaffs rising odors and complains no more.
Pleas'd nature hails him from her rosy bowers
And soothing pleasures gild the fleeting hours.
Will Dresus then fair wisdom's aid implore,
To give him, over evil fortune, power?

Dres. Farewell, my Delia, and my mournful sighs;
And ye, dejecting thoughts, forget to rise.
Adieu, dear maid, that never can be mine.
Adieu, remembrance of thy charms divine;
Nor linger on my soul one thought of thee:
For wisdom bids from thy lov'd form to flee?
Ah no, she tells me never to deplore,
The wither'd blossom tears cannot restore;
Nor interdicts the memory of the past:
'Tis hers to think of joys that could not last.
She sits on tombs of buried hopes and cries:
Lo! what are these? consider and be wise.
Thus sung the shepherds till the starry veil
Of night with frosty stillness chill'd the vale.
Too wise to nourish ill-producing woes,
They, with the day, withdrew to calm repose.

PASTORAL FOURTH.

WINTER.

The trees, divested of their leafy cloud,
Through naked limbs the cold winds murmur'd loud;
When fair Mahalah, mourning for the dead,
Sought rest in woods, and in the tears she shed.
Her grandpa, pitying, heard her sorrowing sighs,
And thus address'd her, leaning from the skies:
My fair descendant, check thy flowing tears.
How different from the girl of other years!
When like the roses on the fertile plain,
Thy visage bloom'd and charm'd the gazing swain.
What various troubles follow youthful days!
The time of flattering hopes and blissful plays.
A lovely child has from thy arms been torn.
Couldst thou behold him here thou wouldst not mourn;
But bid kind Death to haste th' immortal morn!

Mah. My hopeful offspring, once his parents' pride,
Like loveliest lily bloom'd, and blooming died
Ere thrice the world her annual journey run,
Around the moment that his life begun:
Ere yet he strove th' admiring world to please,
Or brave for glory life's tempestuous seas;
While I behind, in hapless plight remain,
And mourn the gift which heaven bestow'd in vain.

Grandpa. Such are the scenes that human life unfolds;
And such the frequent prospect man beholds:
His hopes are shaken by relentless hands:
Death chains the spirits with his icy bands.
Incessant revolution shifts the scene:
Now winter scowls; now smiles the world in green:
Unceasing change on nature's march awaits:
One step dissolves, another step creates.
The stroke of fate 'tis useless to deplore.
Though winter kills, the vernal days restore.
Seek consolation in the page of truth;
In buoyant faith foretaste immortal youth.
Upon her pinions fly from gloomy cares,
As birds from frowns that wintry nature wears.
They, tuneful songsters of the summer day
Retir'd beyond yon clouds, appear to say;
"Farewell, ye frosty bowers, that cease to bloom;
Our wings release us from your barren gloom."
Their songs no longer glad the faded grove,
Whose dreary smiles no more excite to love.
Adorn'd with fleecy snow the boughs appear,
The hoary garment of the aged year.
The fragrant breeze has left the clouded skies;
To chilling winds the leafless forest sighs.
The rivulets groan in icy fetters bound,
And roll reluctant o'er the frozen ground;
But soon new verdure shall the fields adorn:
The flowers, with joyful tears, salute the morn;
Refreshing zephyrs through the blossoms play,
And tuneful songsters charm the wakeful day;

Resounding rivulets wander through the groves,
And pleasing nature shines in all her loves.
So shall thy joys revive and sorrows die,
When grief's sad causes in oblivion lie;
And thou again the rural choir attend,
And lose in bliss the memory of thy friend.
Yet shall thy fleecy lambs confess thy care
And sportful play, though no Sylvester there;
Though he no longer, tripping o'er the mead,
In broken accents, eloquently plead.
Great nature, anxious for her lover's rest,
Withdrew him early to her peaceful breast:
Yet not unmindful of his worth, she sigh'd
In gloom autumnal as her lov'd one died,
A while inclin'd to give him back to wo
For vain celebrity and empty show!
With me he wanders in th' Elysian fields,
He tastes the joys that goodness only yields;
Unstain'd by earth his lovely spirit rose,
And left his body to its long repose,
That free from ills now hears no tempests rave:
Sweet rest and silence bless his humble grave.

M. Feel as I feel would'st thou true counsel give:
Can fish in air, or birds in water live?
Like the drear aspect of the autumnal sky,
That shows the year's pale shrouded hearse is nigh,
The present prospect of my life appears
O'ercast with sorrow's darkness, big with tears!
I fain would practice all your words advise;
But flowers of May ill suit with winter's skies:
If, in my bosom, one fair blossom blow,
'Tis quickly blasted by the breath of wo.
Ah, let me pass to some more blest abode!
Kind angels, waft me on the starry road!
Where age is unattended with decay,
And nature glories in eternal May;
Where mortal buds in heavenly youth unfold,
And tuneful winds fan groves of living gold.

Grandpa. Revolving seasons shall remit thy pain;
Retune thy reed and call thy joys again:
Thy woes will vanish in the pleasing sounds,
And earth forgot, you 'll rove on heavenly grounds.
The soul that patient bears the storms of fate
Surmounts the troubles of terrestrial state.
Thou 'lt still with pleasure breathe the fragrant gale,
And happy wander in the flow'ry vale.
Though now a sullen darkness clouds your day,
Though there dejected and forlorn you stray,
The flight of years shall bear thy grief away.
Full soon the trees will spread a grateful gloom,
Involv'd in verdant clouds, and odorous bloom;
Then may'st thou linger in the groves, and prove
Thou still hast much to lose, and much to love.

M. Alas! no spring can cheer the gloomy urn;
Nor make my darling to these arms return.
When feeling shall be lull'd by fleeting years,
And memory of the lov'd one bring no tears,
Then, nature's may give way to reason's voice;
The heart forgetful of its pain rejoice;
But long, oh long, will last my wintry gloom;
My spring will sadly smile in barren bloom.

THE BEREAVEMENT.

'Twas night, and oh that night was drear,
That from me snatch'd my parent dear.
O cruel death, what horrid glare
Thy visage cast upon me there!
I saw him gasp; his life depart;
Saw the dear form torn from my heart?
No; still he there superior lives;
There, still, a mournful pleasure gives.
The scenes are sweet, though ting'd with wo,

In memory's grateful light that glow;
And oft my thoughts shall wander where
I knew a father's tender care.
What sorrows dimm'd my infant eye!
What barren scenes of life were nigh!
An orphan, lone, while fortune frown'd,
And fearful scowl'd the world around.
Faint hope was in my sky to cheer;
No hand the budding mind to rear:
From parents, and from riches hurl'd,
To brave a selfish, thankless world.

ROSALINDA.

Departed days came o'er my soul,
While held by slumber's sweet control;
Th' enchanting face, the graceful air,
The snowy arm, and ringlet fair;
The blooming groves, and shady bowers,
Where happy roll'd the summer hours;
And art thou yet in life? I cried;
Then memory that dear scene belied;
And quick recall'd the mournful youth,
That cold she fell in lovely youth;
That unavailing tears were shed
For gentle Rosalinda dead:
That old and young in sadness paid
Funereal honors to the maid.
Still wandering o'er a desert way,
In silver robes, she seem'd to stray,
Pale, quivering, on the moonlit air:
I reach'd to grasp the spectre fair.
Alas! no blooming charms were there!
My arms clos'd through the howling air:
Fit emblem of my troubled soul,

That seeks green summer at the pole,
In her, that with the maids of old,
In death's embraces, slumbers cold.
  Her spirit, mingled with the breeze,
Flits o'er green hills, brown vales, and seas;
In roses blooms; in waters flows:
Scents morning's breath; in ether glows;
And in the west, as day declines,
From golden clouds refulgent shines.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU who walk'st the aerial field,
Full orb'd, and round, as warrior's shield.
Whence is thy ceaseless, gentle light?
When thou appear'st in beauty bright,
The stars, the moon, before thee fly;
She hides her in the western sky.
Thou, in thy journey, mov'st alone:
Who dare approach thee, blazing sun!
The oak from lofty height descends;
The rock beneath time's sceptre bends;
Seas flow, and ebb; above the sky
The moon is lost; but thou, on high,
Forever shedd'st transcendent light,
Rejoicing in thy splendor bright.
When lowers dark storm, with thunders loud,
And lightnings pierce the gloomy cloud,
Thou look'st serene; thy purple hair
Waives, smiling, through the troubled air.
In vain thou smil'st on Ossian's eyes,
From eastern, or from western skies:
No more he sees thy morning state;
Nor farewell at night's dusky gate.
Perhaps, like me, thou 'lt have thy end,

Slumbering in clouds, forget to send
The day; rejoice, then, youthful sun,
Ere dark, uncheerful age, shall come:
'Tis like pale Luna's feeble rays,
When, through thick mist, she seems to gaze;
Like winds, that from cold regions blow,
Or wounded traveller, faint and slow.

WISDOM'S COMMENDATION OF HERSELF.

FROM "PROVERBS."

Who hears not Wisdom from high places cry—
Beware, O man! the ills that hidden lie!
Ye fools, awake! and hear the truths reveal'd
The vain and wicked still would keep conceal'd:
I'll throw upon your intellectual night
A useful, pleasing, fair and heavenly light.
Nor gems, nor rubies shall with me compare;
Nor all earth's flattering honors prove so fair:
I guide invention's lofty flights afar;
Of sages, kings, and mighty states, the star,
Beneath my rays laws, fix'd as nature, bloom,
And prudent justice speaks th' offender's doom.
Who me obeys shall walk life's easiest road,
And, loving me, be lov'd by nature's God.
For I with him convers'd, when time was young;
Before these worlds from ancient chaos sprung.
I saw when first he form'd the ponderous ball,
Bade mountains rise, and ocean's valleys fall,
The fluent air in lofty regions play,
And clouds, and thunders, throng the aerial way.
'Tis my delight, with human kind to dwell;
Content are they who keep my precepts well;
And blest is he, who watches at my gates;
For, finding me, eternal life awaits.

A DREAM.*

In darksome wilds methought I stray'd
Forlorn, and far from friendly aid.
Earth thunder'd from her caves profound;
A trembling seiz'd the solid ground.
With voices strange the welkin rung,
And forms unseen in chorus sung:
  Traveller! wheresoe'er ye wend,
Sorrow, woes, and death attend.
Pleasing forms sweet bev'rage give;
Mortals drink and cease to live.
Hapless they whom genius fires;
Hapless they of low desires.
Few the happy medium know;
All are born to suffer wo.
Wildly toss'd by passions strong,
On they rush in courses wrong.
Passions grovelling, passions blind
Rashly urge th' immortal mind:
Now bid seek for naught but gold;
Now for fame a world be sold.
Warring nations' blood they sail,
Vice their bark and lust their gale!
  While yet the candid, thrilling strain
Was echoing o'er the gloomy plain,
Delightful sounds invade my ear
Of heavenly harps and voices near;
And lo! more fair than blooming May,
Approach'd the Muses, dancing gay:
They pointed to Parnassus' height,
And thither bade me take my flight.
Straight, by the touch ethereal fir'd,
I had to that proud height aspir'd;
But Avarice came. With downcast eye

* Written to present to one who advised not to write poetry, because poets generally are poor.

The various arts of thrift we try.
Past Glory's votaries, as we bound,
And see them spreading splendors round,
Diffusing light in great debates,
Enacting laws, reforming States,
Supporting virtue, bold and strong,
In glowing eloquence of song;
Scarce heeding wealth, our joy and pride,
Their thriftless course we loud deride;
Exclaiming: Fools! they soon will know
That wealth excels all else below.
But soon we reach'd life's journey's end,
A point, where 'tis too late to mend.
Then quick my guide to ashes turn'd;
His eyes on me malignant burn'd.
I stood, methought, beside my grave,
Beheld the cypress o'er it wave,
While near me pass'd of youths fair trains
Outpouring elegiac strains.
Behind, appear'd the pomp of war,
And Glory rob'd the mournful car
In living light, and deathless bloom;
And thus they sung her votary's doom:

As Sol he came, as Sol retir'd,
Spreading truths, by genius fir'd.
He like Sol again will rise:
Virtuous genius never dies!
Bright around his deathless name
Rages emulation's flame.
Bright will shine his glory's day,
Till the earth shall pass away.
Often may we boast his peer,
One so great, so good, so dear;
Where his honor'd relics sleep
Virtuous travellers will weep,
When they to his tomb repair,
Seeking inspiration there.

Long his name will gather praise,
Brightening with increase of days.

I wept, for I was wise too late:
Not Jove himself reverses fate;
And ask'd why e'en my heirs forgot
To cast a look upon this spot?
A voice replied, with scorn and rage:
"You shed no glory on your age.
No muse shall save thy name from death,
Or give thee life in others' breath;
For you repress'd the flame divine
That makes in lofty deeds to shine:
With avarice quench'd the heavenly fire,
That frees the soul from low desire.
Shall slaves to fortune honors find
Like glory's man-exalting kind?
Still, what most pleased claims your care:
Still, deal with all things as they are:
What fits the genius best, pursue;
To mind and body's wants be true:
While you ascend Parnassus' height,
Keep always fields of grain in sight.
Of these, forgetful if you stray,
You might the trust of life betray.
Man thwarts a law most wise and good,
When without sweat he wins his food.
Hope not to reap but what you sow;
From parts, well acted, honors grow.
The muses never take offence
To see man seek a competence;
But when for wealth he needless bends,
This, this the heavenly maids offends.
"Still, in thy sphere, thou didst prevail,
As part of earth's essential tail.
The various world, 'tis very plain,
Must have its legs as well as brain.
What matter where one's lot is cast,

As tail or leg of being vast?
As one of these, you labor'd well;
Sink down, then, to your narrow cell;
Nor think that you have liv'd in vain
By getting all you sought to gain,
Though form'd to sing the deathless strain."

FROM "PROVERBS."

Rebuke shall more than flattery gain applause.
Who harms his parents wars on nature's laws.
Who trust in God shall have a prosperous life.
Fools trust themselves. The proud are doom'd to strife.
When vice predominates, fair virtue mourns;
Nor, till pure justice reigns, her joy returns.
Who feeds the poor shall dwell in pleasure's light;
Who on them frowns shall rove in joyless night.
The fool will tell what wisdom bids conceal.
Who hasty speaks will foolishness reveal.
Meekness shall triumph o'er the grave of pride.
Rash anger shows the faults we fain would hide.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE SEA.

Grim night o'erspread the deep; winds adverse blew;
The ship roll'd wild, with pale dishearten'd crew;
When, upright, walking on the waves, appears
Th' Eternal Son; he o'er the deep careers
As on dry land; the mariners sore amaz'd,
Believ'd they on some troubled spirit gaz'd.
Not so; "be fearless; for 'tis me," he cries—
"Bid me approach thee," Peter then replies—
He bids, and Peter quits the rolling ship,

And walks secure along the foaming deep;
But faithless, soon the waves had whelm'd him there,
Had God not rais'd, and bid the billows spare.
The conscious tempest from his presence flew;
To east and north the sighing blasts withdrew;
Till solemn stillness o'er the sea prevails,
And easy rolls the ship, with slacken'd sails.

PSALM I.

God is my rock, my shield, and trust;
He humbles all my foes in dust.
Midst woes, to him I raise my voice;
He hears, and bids my heart rejoice,
Though death approach me, drear and pale,
And foes and miseries prevail.
  To him I call, the God gives ear,
And rocks the ground, and quakes the sphere;
His nostrils breathe devouring fire;
Before his way the seas retire;
The shades of night around him lower;
Red lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;
Hoarse bellowing winds rend earth and heaven;
Stern fate before his feet is driven;
Nor earth withstands his arrows dread—
Rocks melt, hills fall, and wake the dead.
  Is this because his David wins
His friendship for eschewing sins?
The upright man his God will guard;
He ne'er shall want a due reward;
For David's God is great and just,
And him in every plight I'll trust.

FROM SOLOMON'S SONGS.

I.

O, LET me of thy kisses share,
The ointments sweet perfume thy hair.
Supreme delight thy name inspires,
Thy presence kindles virgins' fires.
A kinder love bestow on me,
And I'll that love repay to thee;
'Twill fire my memory more than wine;
For sure my love is most divine.
Though black I am, my form is fair
As Solomon's tents or curtains are:
Nor should complexion change my fate;
'Twas caus'd by wrong domestic hate:
My brethren made me till their vine,
Though I bestow'd no care on mine.
Where feed thy flocks at noon? Oh! where?
For why should I not meet thee there!
Thou art to me the myrrh or rose.
Oh! couldst thou on my breasts repose,
That we might talk in tender sighs,
And nectar quaff from dove-like eyes!
Our bed is green, and far more fair
Than Pharoah's chariots Solomon's are.

II.

A lily, midst the thorns, is she;
Nor can the rose out-blossom me!
She's like the tree that apples bears,
Its head in gloomy woods that rears.
I sat, while hung her branches o'er,
And dulcet was the fruit they bore.
My love, in wakeful fancy, roves
A youthful roe through blooming groves.
As once I slept, he kind did say,

Rise, rise my love and come away;
For winter's past, the sky is bland,
The turtle's voice is in the land;
The linnets sing, the flowers appear,
And sweetly smiles the rolling year:
Delightful odors charm the day:
Rise, rise my love and come away!

JOB III. PARAPHRASED.

Die the day that I was born,
Darkness hide its evil morn;
God, behold it not, nor light,
Sink it in profoundest night,
Let it not increase the year:
Joyless solitude be there.
  Be no morn nor twilight grey
On that early, luckless day.
Why beheld it not my death?
Why did milk support my breath?
Endless sleep had held me bound
In forgetfulness profound;
Where repose the kings of old,
Heedless of their thrones of gold.
There the wicked ne'er molest;
There can weary mourners rest;
Prisoners no oppression bear:
Great and small are equal there.
Hence, can misery see delight
Beaming through life's dreary night;
Meet with joy the herald pale;
Fearless enter death's dark vale.

  Why to man is knowledge given?
Humble instrument of Heaven!

Sorrows thick upon me pour,
What I fear'd has whelm'd me o'er.
Tasting joy, I swallow'd pain—
Prudence, all thy cares were vain!

YOUTH.

See, furrow'd age, yon blithsome boy;
His tender heart o'erflows with joy;
E'en like the summer cloud he weeps,
And soft as twilight shades he sleeps.

'Tis now his happy day of prime;
He feels no guilt, he knows no crime:
He sees no ills that torture thee;
But lives from care and sorrow free.

The rising scenes of nature gay
To him superior charms display;
The ways of manhood seem so fair,
He fain would swiftly travel there.

Ah! infancy, how happily blind!
Hope's pleasing scenes thou ne'er shalt find:
Before the silvery hairs appear
We mourn you gone, and age so near!

But man shall be forever young,
(For Virtue's sake so Hope has sung,)
When past death's valley, dark and drear,
And bloom through Heaven's eternal year.

THE WRECK.

The sun roll'd down the western steep,
And grim, and dark, night cloth'd the deep.
Nor star, nor moon, was seen above;
But blackest clouds, by auster drove;
When, sudden, burst the storm around,
With lightning flash, and thunder sound;
Thick streaming, dash'd big floods of rain,
And winds rush'd dreadful o'er the main.

Ere while, the lofty canvas furl'd,
The mariner braves the watery world:
Swift, down the dark profound, he glides;
Swift, midst the flashing clouds, he rides:
Now, deep through dark'ning valleys flies;
Now, dances wild through stormy skies,
On peaks of rushing mountains tost!
In gloomy caves of ocean lost!

Pale terror reigns, loud calls the tar,
Resisting vain the watery war.
At length he utters smother'd cries,
Ingulph'd, and in the wild waste dies;
His winding sheet, the angry swell;
The howling storm his funeral knell.

THE SLAVE'S SOLILOQUY.

When first my wandering mind began
To feel the joys and woes of man,
How pleasant was the Bentang tree
That cool'd my countrymen and me!

Beneath it's shade my kindred smil'd:
A sister, like fair morning, mild,
A father kind, and mother dear,
Protecting, cheer'd my gay career.

The lovely maidens, sweet and coy,
Held distant still hope's promis'd joy;
But oft sky-roving fancy there
Gave to my arms the tender fair.

Before me what blest seasons sprung!
What tales deceitful fortune sung!
Gay boy, she said, the time will be
When love and wealth shall wait on thee.

Alas, that time was distant far:
Fast onward roll'd the storm of war:
It ruin'd all that pleas'd before—
It hurl'd me e'en from Afric's shore.

Unhappy Africa how long
Must thou give theme of tragic song!
Till avarice dies, or Christians bend
To practice precepts they commend?

Now midst unfeeling men, in chains,
I rave and weep o'er ocean's plains;
Drove by the roving wind that fann'd,
In happier times, my native land.

Soft skies no longer yield delight;
No dreamless slumbers shorten night;
No kind sensation gives the breeze:
All happiness from Mungo flees!

Mourning my fate, I ask of heaven,
Why winds are to injustice given?
Why shines the sun on deed so foul?
Why points the magnet to the pole—

Assisting wicked men to bear
To loath'd disgrace, and dark despair
The African, and no red arm,
Reach'd from wrong'd heaven, to do them harm?

But true, that wind is fair to none
Which wafts to crime; nor kind the sun
That lights the way; the magnet's course
Conducts to misery and remorse.

That untried life must soon begin,
When conscience, shuddering at the sin,
With loud lament shall curse the hour,
T' enslave mankind they had the power.

Yet no relief their endless pains
Can me afford, in cruel chains:
To me restore no parent's form,
Nor hush misfortune's withering storm.

Ah! while I see their future doom,
My mind is wrapt in deeper gloom.
No cruel joy poor Mungo bears,
That his wo ends, but never theirs.

May he soon land on death's calm shore,
Where vice can never triumph more;
Clay-cold and dead to earth return,
Forget this life, and cease to mourn.

NAPOLEON'S FALL AND MORAL GRANDEUR.

How weak the prop of human trust!
All earthly things go down to dust!
The chief who order'd many throne,
Who view'd great nations as his own,

The friend of merit and her train,
Or seen in princes or the swain
Is reft of lofty sway, how soon!
What darkness clouds his blazing noon!
  Though his great mind and matchless power,
That aw'd the world, now awe no more;
False friends forsake, and lowering night
Succeed fair victory's dazzling light.
His fame shall still refulgent rise;
Misfortune lifts him to the skies!
  In moral strength he soars elate,
And triumphs o'er the storms of fate;
With firmness fortune's anger braves;
The mind (his better kingdom) saves.
Nor needs the aid of suicide,
The fool's relief for wounded pride.
  Gay fancy oft shall haunt his isle
To see him o'er earth's baubles smile:
And thither admiration stray
To view the evening of his day;
To see the great, by doom severe,
Upon misfortune's bosom drear
In converse with the glorious past.
He knows his fame with earth will last;
That kings perceive he fills the world,
A throne whence one cannot be hurl'd,
And feels that he all eyes confines,
And, though in ruins, realms outshines.

TO MY OLD HORSE SHANDY.

Why is my breast o'ercast with sorrow!
  Indeed no fop nor fool is dead:
Plain dealing Shandy sees no morrow;
  An honest friend as e'er wore head.

He was not skill'd like human lords;
Yet of his powers he well dispos'd:
He lost no time with lying words:
His deeds his brethren's faults disclos'd.
Let all who fitly act their part,
Though more or less with legs supplied,
Receive the reverence of the heart,
To nature and to truth allied.
Yes, he has gone the race-ground o'er,
Whence back he ne'er will canter more;
Nor hold his tail aloft, and squeel,
And in old stumps see shapes of de'il.
Upon this life has turn'd his heels,
No more will whinny for his meals;
But on th' bounteous earth will sleep
In dreamless rest, till up he leap
In form of pink, or clover green,
And bloom amidst some rural scene:
In thousand shapes his poor remains
May swell the beauty of the plains.
Poor beast, thou hast no ghost for de'ils
To pinch and crack on burning wheels;
But if thou had'st I cannot think
The rogues would break thy rest a wink.
Thou seldom didst from duty stray,
Though tempted much by oats or hay.
How oft thou did'st to church repair
And, tied to stake, do penance there!
I saw old grandam thither ride
High on thy back, with youthful pride,
While beaus at distance strain'd their eyes
At winter in fair summer's guise.
In youth, you triumph'd in the race,
And leap'd all fences in the chase;
But palsying age depriv'd, at length,
Of graceful gait and useful strength.
E'en thou could'st see in thy short day
Thy easy wrack and pace decay

To awkward trot, while disrespect
Thy frailty follow'd with neglect.
  Thou quite hast slipp'd thy bridle now;
Eluded being's joy, or wo.
Although in life thou wast a slave,
And thy cold remnant found no grave;
Yet many a sinner, idly great,
May envy thee so mean a fate.
  No more thy night is vex'd with dreams
Of mounting hills in loaded teams;
No more thou dread'st the morning sun
Will see thee with a chariot run:
No more thou wilt to weddings go
For human sport to suffer wo.
In short, 'twere hard to count thy gain,
By quitting this rough sod of pain.
The sons of man may earnest pray,
That none pursue more hurtful way;
That every future hero prove
As worthy of his country's love:
Like thee the world's affections keep;
Nor till he dies make mortals weep.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH'S ADDRESS TO VIRGIL

ON VISITING MANTUA, VIRGIL'S NATIVE PLACE.

WHERE dwell'st thou now, thou poet great?
The honor of the Roman state—
The muses' hope—O tell me where;
Or in dark hell, or upper air;
Or with Apollo and the Nine,
Enchanted by their songs divine.
  Perhaps Elysian fields ye rove;
With Homer walk the happy grove,

And others of immortal name,
Who strung the lyre and shine in fame.
Inform me if your dreams were true;
What life you lead, what joys pursue.
  I glad believe thy moments roll,
Where never comes unhappy soul;
If human shades thy heaven ascend,
May mine thy golden courts attend.
Thy poems' fate I'll tell thee then—
The glory they've to Mantua been.
Thy native land has had its woes;
But yet remains unrul'd by foes.
'Tis there I write, by thee inspir'd;
Midst rocks and fields where you retir'd:
On silver Mincio's banks I rove,
Where oft you sought the shady grove;
Where on the verdant grass ye lay,
And shunn'd the sultry heat of day.
All these remind me of thy name—
They fire my breast and boast thy fame.
  Forbear to ask the Roman lot;
Ah! better that ye know it not.
Learn rather how thy works have prov'd;
Old Tityrus' songs are still belov'd;
Nought with your Georgics can compare;
The fields still blossom heavenly fair;
Your Eneis o'er the world abounds,
Delighting with its martial sounds:
What gratitude Augustus claims,
Who snatch'd it from devouring flames!
  Adieu, great bard, forever dear;
My thanks to Hesiod and Homer bear.

PEACE.

Hail blooming peace, enchanting power,
Forever bless the muses' bower.
Fair sov'reign of the age of gold,
Thy reign with joy the good behold;
It spreads the useful and the fair;
Of charity extends the care;
Of human anger slakes the fire,
And calms the tumult of desire.
As comes she from her native skies,
What prospects cheer the good and wise!
Blithe industry on frugal wings,
Contentment, wealth and pleasure brings.
Mild innocence, the graces gay,
And bright-eyed hope around her play.
Her gentle, soul-exalting mood
Disperses sin's unhappy brood:
Before her envy turns to praise,
And malice pours of love a blaze.
More fair than rosy tranquil morn,
With whom the loveliest scenes are born;
Her countenance casts a light divine;
Her looks the melting bow outshine.
  Would man her happy counsels keep,
Humanity might cease to weep,
The voice of battle cease to roar,
And fields be stain'd with blood no more.

THE CONSENT.

An oak thick clouds of foliage bears;
And high above the groves appears
In its wide shade a blooming boy,
Contented, sings the notes of joy;

Disporting in life's hopeful morn,
He in its roses finds no thorn.
In verdant plains and shady bowers,
Romantic mountains, fields of flowers,
He roves and feels no ill control;
No furious passions toss his soul;
His faithful dog, delighted, plays,
And frisking round, his love betrays:
His lambs on flowery beds repose;
The bending grasses o'er them close—
While Sol high blazes, and the trees
Faint whisper in the fragrant breeze:
When lo! a dulcet voice he hears
Express a maiden's hopes and fears:
  Unnumber'd days, I've look'd for thee:
Ah, sad and irksome days to me!
I could not think a swain would shun
The tender breast his beauty won;
His fond adorer and his friend,
Whose love but with her life will end.
Of noble parents is my strain;
But wealth and pomp, you tempt in vain,
When Hiram walks along my grove,
Refulgent in the arms of love!
O blooming lands! why should ye know
Distress, or hear the voice of woe!
Ah! why he wrong'd a heart so true!
That e'en forsakes a world for you!
That lets high suitors cheerless rove,
And tell to trees their hopeless love;
Engrave her name on poplars fair,
And give their sighs to needless air.
But ah, what boots it to implore!
I'll seek the grave and weep no more.
Perhaps in future days you'll shed
A pitying tear for Julia dead;
Lament her lost thou wouldst not save,
And strew sweet roses on her grave.

The youth exclaims: Let not decline
In storms a day so fair as thine!
Let many a rose thy bosom grace,
And many a kiss impress thy face,
Ere Hiram stand by Julia's grave;
If aught in him has power to save.
Thus he; and straight the maid refus'd;
And wonder'd he such language us'd:
Alas! said she, may one not joke,
And not your impudence provoke?
Still love had stung each gentle breast
And both excluded from the blest.

DISPUTE BETWEEN LABAN AND JACOB.

What is my fault that merits this pursuit?
My goods thou hast explor'd; what hast thou found
Of thine? If aught, expose it to our trains,
That they our lot most rigidly decide.
With hunger pinch'd I serv'd thee twenty years,
Nor used for food thy she goats or thy rams:
If beasts devour'd our flocks, I bore the loss,
Not thou; dry winds parch'd Jacob's face by day,
Sleep fled his eyes by night for twenty years;
Fourteen of which I serv'd to get my wives,
And six to get my cattle; full ten times
You chang'd my wages, and e'en now had sent
Me off in empty plight, had not my God
Beheld his servant's woe, and thee rebuk'd.
I blush to mention, though it should convince
Of my great grievances, that shameless breach
Of a plain contract on thy part to palm
On me thy eldest daughter: when 'twas told
To me that Rachel had possess'd my bed
By thy deluding tongue, I went with joy,

Such joy as in this sorry mood I scarce
Can well explain, t' enjoy her radiant charms,
Charms won by sweat of sev'n laborious years;
But O what fraud the morning sun display'd!
What perfidy! may such morn ne'er return,
Cold disappointment gathering on its brow—
There Leah lay for Rachel—fruitful vine!
Sure angel's pity for my lot, made her
A consolation to my mind, a root
Of Jacob's seed: but this was my good luck
And not thy honesty. Then seven years more
You made me toil for Rachel—kindest spouse!
Won spite of fraud and fourteen toilsome years!
Now what hast thou to ask of me but frowns?
Sure nothing else I owe, yet take my smiles,
For evil, injur'd Jacob good repays.
  Thus he, while Rachel on the stolen gods
Sat deeply anxious; Laban then replied:
  I nought required of thee but what seem'd just.
If I have err'd, 'twas human nature err'd,
Not me; 'twas accident, and not design,
That made me wrong thee; for suspicion strong
Urg'd me to this pursuit; thou gav'st the cause
Thereof, by this most secret flight, as if
Thy conscience had condemn'd thee—happy time,
When by strict search I can pronounce thee free
From such suspicion! Thou shouldst deem it well
To have by trial thy innocence confirm'd.
  Blame then thy flight, for this pursuit, not me:
My gods were lost at thy departure sly;
Hence, erring reason taught me to believe
They kept thee company; though I did doubt,
That you would do a sacrilegious theft;
And I rejoice to find you innocent,
Though much 'twas fear'd 'twould differently transpire;
For vice from little seeds, quite unperceiv'd,
Will on occasion grow and bloom aloft,
And with chill shade make virtue's flow'rets pine:

Your early frauds, impos'd upon your sire,
To get your brother's birthright, plainly show
You dare transgress the rule of honesty:
That fraud, on a blind parent practis'd, soars
Above all frauds, that Laban ever thought!
Though your excuse for fornicating Leah
Were true, was my deception wicked?
'Gainst filial duty, and a brother's right,
Like yours? ah, no! invention cannot find
On me it seems a fraud to equal yours!
Audacity, to cheat thyself, and say
Unblushingly 'twas me, that did the deed!
You hop'd to soil the virgin Leah's name,
Then plead mistake, and still with Rachel wed;
A double field, thus reap, by double game,
While the dishonor was upon my house.
This could a father brook? To cast the stain
Of whoredom from my family, I bade
Thee wed the one thy ardor had embrac'd;
Yet by a charity, how undeserv'd!
Allow'd thee to remain, and purchase Rachel,
And, at my cost, accumulate much wealth.
How far you merited my blessing, hear—
Each pact of ours was made a path to fraud;
Regardless of our meaning, thou didst 'deem
Thyself quite lucky, if a wretched quirk
Spoke in thy favor, glorying in that
Which honest men would deem a scandal foul.
Beneath ambiguous language thou wouldst hide
The letter, not the spirit of our pacts,
Thy chief regard commanded—shelter mean!
Witness the strip'd and speckled whips you placed
In watering troughs, to take from me my flock
By certainty, while I repos'd on chance,
Nor thought the solemn contract to infringe.
After these frauds of thine, ungrateful frauds,
Dar'st thou rebuke me for dishonesty?
And why this plaint of hunger and of toil:

Because it wrought thee poverty? sure not;
You rival oldest patriarchs in wealth.
You labor'd well indeed; but who has reap'd
Most profit of that labor? 'Tis not I.
Look whence ye sprung, and what thou art this day:
Thou wast a wanderer poor; upon my boughs
Thy vine I lifted, gave it nourishment;
Now with what clustering riches art thou fraught!
O where couldst thou have toil'd to better purpose
Than under me? If from th' amount of fruit
The tree is judg'd, all must infer that mine
Has been quite fruitful of good things to you.
  If thou didst not eat mutton, 'twas because
Thou wouldst not do it. If you bore the loss
Of cattle violently ruin'd, 'twas for that
Thou didst omit to keep them from that ruin.
For thy omissions do not blame me; nor
Arraign me for the winds that parch'd thy face.
Had I the winds controll'd, a milder air
Had fann'd thy face by day: had I possess'd
Those eyes that could not sleep in such employ
By night, and free to seek a happier state,
I had so done, unless rewarded well
For that unuseful wakefulness—but hear:
He whom I've bless'd I hope will wish me well,
And shield me from my enemies, and aid
Me in my age to walk contentment's road.
I then propose, we join in leagues of peace,
And raise a monument in sign thereof
To future generations, that our seed
Observe the duty we thereby impose.

TO THE MUSES.

Blest muses, all your succor bring;
O teach a child of earth to sing!
Come, with me rove by lucid streams,
That glimmer bright in Phœbus' beams;
Or, midst the flowers, in tuneful play
Pursue sweet pleasure all the day;
With zephyrs kiss the quivering green,
Addressing nature, beauty's queen:
Or sing of artless love of swains,
Of heroes, realms, and sanguine plains,
And haunting palace, town, or grove,
Your heavenly nature let me prove!
Descanting on the things of earth,
The pupil show the teacher's birth;
Nor give the world a single line,
That serves not virtue's cause divine.

NOON.

The shepherdess, with looks serene
Attends her flocks; they eye their queen
With secret pleasure, visage kind,
And all that shows the happy mind.
She to a shady oak retires,
While Sol mid heaven outpours his fires.
While sultry breezes faintly play
O'er fragrant plains, and die away.
The shepherd there, repos'd from toils,
Receives her with admiring smiles;
And both reclin'd upon the grass,
In converse sweet the moments pass;
And thus she sings: How fair the flowers
On which we spend the fleeting hours!

In other times, beside a rill
That half encircles yonder hill,
I led my flocks to quaff the stream,
Bright glittering in the lunar beam,
While round me soothing winds convey'd
A fragrance from this flowery glade;
Then evening spread her dusky wing,
And feather'd songsters ceas'd to sing.
Blest warblers of the woods and plains—
They please the world with grateful strains.
Gay liberty among them dwells,
And animates their tuneful spells.
When balmy breezes softly play,
And ether smiles in cloudless day,
Or when green summer's sudden showers
Expel them from the festive bowers,
We hear no thankless voice repine;
They sit beneath some drooping vine,
Until the clouds no longer rain,
And heaven's fair brow is clear again.
Then loud their happy accents rise,
The earth rejoices, smile the skies!
  The shepherd then: Beneath a tree
One lives, as fair as life can be.
In lovely splendor roll her eyes,
Like stars, exulting as they rise.
Her breath in tuneful numbers flows,
Which, echoing through the listening groves,
Attracts the feather'd nations round,
And men delighted, hear the sound,
Respectful glance at beauty's throne,
Admiring treasure not their own,
And, thinking of his bliss, the while
Behold a happier lover smile
In hymen's band: then let us raise
To heaven a grateful song of praise,
For all that nature's hand bestows
To form our bliss, or ease our woes;

Since here, remote from war's alarms,
Where folly seldom struts in arms,
We live in plenty's smiling sphere,
And peaceful run in life's career.
  He next of buried kindred sings,
And back to life past actions brings.
Aerial shapes seem hovering round,
Repeating oft the silver sound.
  He sings the grace his God displays;
The happiness of virtue's ways;
And asks of innocence and peace
The gentle reign to never cease,
That fills his bosom with delight,
And gives of heaven a prospect bright.
The blazing source of life and day
Receives the tribute of his lay:
He ardent tries, but tries in vain,
To paint the glories of his reign,
The radiance of the purple dawn,
The sparkling of the dewy lawn,
The dazzling splendor of his noon,
His bright investment of the moon,
And him descending in the west
Mild gazing, like a spirit blest.
  The shepherd ceas'd, then sweet and wild,
His spouse thus sung of Fancy's child:
  Pour'd on hills the morning light;
Fled the stars and sullen night;
Flora lovely, blushing smil'd;
Fragrance flow'd on zephyrs mild;
Rob'd in bloom were groves and plains;
Birds were warbling dulcet strains;
Dew-drops bright impearl'd the flowers;
Joyful flew the blooming hours!
  Through the shadowy forest wild
Wander'd fancy's rapturous child,
Wooing nature, beauty's queen!
Drest with flow'r-bespangled green.

On her breast, in careless play,
Loud he swell'd the lofty lay,
While the various beings round
Silent heard the pleasing sound:
Scowling bulls forgot to roar;
Flocks delighted fed no more;
Dogs, rejoicing in the song,
Crouched, and roll'd, and leap'd along.
  Sung he of the peasant's state,
Free from cares that wealth await,
Roaming freedom's circuit wide,
Unrestrain'd by tyrant pride:
Or, to moving tales of love
Gives the cadence of the dove;
Seems to mingle with the Spring,
All its blooming charms to sing,
Heaven and earth, the tame and wild,
Friends and mates of fancy's child,
And applies the tuneful art,
As of nature it were part.
Inspiration's power he finds,
Glows, expands, outflies the winds;
On the blazing wings of light
Darts to other worlds more bright;
Basks in hope's refreshing beams,
Gilds his hours with golden dreams;
Still his spirit cannot rest—
Ah, how few are truly blest!
Cloy'd with earth, his fancy flies
To the raptures of the skies.
Mortals waste their strength in vain
When they nothing useful gain;
Roving through the world unknown,
Soon the child dislikes his own.
Thus I hear th' ingrate complain:
Angels must I here remain!
When will nature cease to bind
In the dust the deathless mind!

When untrammel'd shall I rise,
Hearing music of the skies!
Haste ye moments, haste away,
Lift me to the realms of day!

ON VISITING AARON MERCHANT'S SCHOOL, JUNE, 1823.

HERE Milton's fire, as yet unknown,
May into glorious flame be blown
By science' mind-exalting breath,
And many a name be snatch'd from death.

ROSSALINDA.

AH, Rossalinda! art thou fled
To gloomy regions of the dead!
The blush of youth and beauty gone
In darkness, where no day will dawn!

Like visions pass the proud away
From whence they came, to senseless clay;
The hero, that disdain'd to see
An equal love, is cold as she.

Though blest with wealth and dazzling charms,
Death's angel comes, the grave alarms;
And all her future prospects bright
Are swiftly whelm'd in mournful night.

Amidst glad scenes and youthful days,
While hope her brightest star displays,
What sudden darkness round is spread!
How soon are human pleasures fled!

While borne on life's tempestuous stream,
On which dim beacons feebly gleam,
Man, thoughtless, strikes th' eternal shore,
Devoted to return no more.

IMPATIENCE.

Oh, how can I stay
From my Sally away!
If here I should tarry,
My feet will miscarry;
My nose will stick out
Like the mast of a boat;
My bones seem a hatchel
Inclosed in a satchel;
My eyes, too, resemble
A light in a thimble:
Then blow, snorting gales,
And fill my broad sails;
Let ocean roll white
As the snow clad in light;
The vessel be drove
Swift as thunderbolts move;
For how can I stay
From my Sally away!

ELEGY ON A CHILD.

Though fair as the sweet blushing rose of the morn;
Though Hope said for glory and fame thou wast born;
Though beauty and dignity beam'd from thy eye,
All wither'd and lifeless in ruins you lie.

No more will thy eyes roll in loveliness o'er
The meadows, that felt thy light dances before;
Thou never wilt utter the wisdom of eld—
In fetters of death thy soft features are held.

As lilies unfold on the waters bright breast,
Ere Sol spreads his curtains of gold in the west;
So lovely you bloom'd on the ocean of time,
But faded and fell ere the day of your prime.

No brilliance of glory blaz'd o'er thy doom:
A fair spreading flow'ret cut down in its bloom!
Thou sink'st in the grave without building a name,
Or time to perform what may flourish in fame!

No country can owe its salvation to thee,
Nor canst thou a Dryden or Washington be,
Or aught that shall make thee with mortals remain:
Alas, thy existence was given in vain!

No traveller shall visit in far distant years
Thy grave, and it bathing with generous tears,
Say, "here lies the hero, the poet or sage;"
For thou wast cut down in the morn of thy age.

Yet visions, like Virgil's, on Mincio's stream,
Or such as young Milton's arose in thy dream:
In tone with the grandeur of nature, thy mind
In tempests and thunder a pleasure did find.

Proud heaving in majesty, often it rose,
Felt motions of greatness no words can disclose:
Its grandeur of thought started heavenly tears;
But lost was its light upon infantine years.

It rul'd no great action, illumin'd no page;
Awaken'd no voice that might senates engage:
Well hadst thou ask'd heav'n to lengthen thy date,
And leave to thy genius to labor thy fate.

ODE TO DEATH.

Gloomy, stern, resistless power,
Threat'ning all things to devour,
What can shun thy fatal rage?
Blooming youth and hoary age,
Lofty oak and lowly tree
Fall an equal prey to thee.

Sweet the gentle infant smiles;
Hard the hopeful parent toils:
Vain the labor, vain the care;
Nought thy withering blast will spare!
Low the lovely flow'ret lies;
Stung with grief the parent dies!

Sickening sun of sorrow's morn;
Tyrant o'er all woman-born;
With destruction's spoils elate
Ruins of the good and great;
Wilt thou early in thy race,
E'en their names from earth efface?

Loath the single dart to throw,
Bid the deep o'er mountains flow?
Or that ocean's tribes may end,
Life and fame at once descend.
Wrap the busy world in flame?
E'en extinguish Homer's name!

O permit the lofty song
Time's drear wild to lighten long:
Still on crumbling matter prey:
Snatch the weeds of earth away:
Here thy fatal shafts confine;
Aim them not at things divine.

If thou mak'st a Titus bend,
Or a godlike Cato end;
If a Newton to thee cower,
Or a Franklin's day be o'er;
Let his works survive to tell
What of heav'n on earth may dwell.

'Tis not given thee to control,
But release th' immortal soul;
Whose bright steps, on Wisdom's page,
Shall not feel thy mighty rage,
Till of time the gloomy end
Shall thy ruthless bow unbend.

In thy suicidal hour,
Time itself shall feel thy pow'r;
All that joy or sorrow gave,
Moulder in the dreary grave;
And thy dreadful flag unfurl'd,
Shade the silent, lifeless world!

THE TRUE OBJECTS OF AMBITION.

Who may boast a glorious name,
Takes not praise of fools for fame:
Justice, Virtue, Wisdom crown
Him, that goes with glory down.
Those of whom the just are proud,
Ne'er to hellward vice have bow'd.
They, in heavenly records, live;
Angel hands their chaplets give.
Rather let no warrior's name
Proudly float the tide of fame;
Vanish Cæsar's empty state,
Perish all things idly great,

Than meek Worth's example kind,
Fail to move the world of mind.
Not that virtue's praise can die:
Bright before the omniscient eye,
Blooming in immortal youth,
Flourish Innocence and Truth:
Faithful mothers; rulers lov'd,
Who by peace their prowess prov'd;
Gladden'd life's bewildering night,
With their virtue's grateful light;
Cheer'd the troubled waste of years,
Drying hapless mortal's tears;
Potent to restrain the ill;
Strong to do the eternal will;
These their blissful labors see
Blessing their eternity.
Happiness on earth they find,
In the self-approving mind.
Though o'erlook'd in mortal's lays,
Seraph choirs resound their praise;
Write their names on records high;
While their foes in darkness lie;
Banish'd from th' angelic pen
To the puny strains of men!
Thousands bent on vain applause;
Barren soils in virtue's cause!
Sink in time's ingulfing tide,
While the good sublimely ride.
  Not in vain the meek and just
In prophetic wisdom trust.
Men shall swords to ploughshares turn;
Heavenly love in mortals burn;
Nor they always slight the good
To exalt the men of blood.
E'en on earth the sword shall cease
To outshine the wreaths of peace.
Evil shall to goodness yield:
Justice, guarding glory's field,

Drive from all the limits bright
Things ungrateful to her sight:
Proud ambition treat with scorn,
Praise, of vice and frailty born;
And, indignant, spurn the lays
Folly to her brows would raise.

ON BYRON'S DEATH.

A TUNEFUL wave has broke on death's dark shore;
Byron pale slumbers with the bards of yore.
A sadness settles on Parnassus' bowers;
For death has snatch'd the brightest of her flowers.
He fell, the Muses sigh'd, and Glory spread
Her living mantle o'er her poet dead.
Stern Tyranny's rough features joyful glow;
But tears fair Freedom's lovely face o'erflow—
Because her useful votary is no more,
Whose deathless numbers spread her happy lore—
Whose lofty spirit rode her rushing blast
And o'er the darken'd east its radiance cast.
As musing o'er her moss-clad mouldering towers
The noble torrent of his soul he pours,
The land of song awaken'd by the strain,
With conscious grandeur leaps to life again;
The crescent dripping blood indignant hears,
And midst war's iron storm her bosom bares;
Leonidas and Miltiades return,
And modern breasts with ancient ardor burn.
Though chain'd in death he lives in many a page
To rouse the genius of each future age.
The voice of nations deepens in his praise,
Resounding frequent his melodious lays.
His monument is in the lofty soul;
Vain on its base shall wasting centuries roll;
Nor undermining time, nor barbarous sway,
Shall sweep the mind-enchanting pile away.

JEFFERSON AND ADAMS.

One day has seen falling two pillars of state,
That stood undepress'd mid the tempests of fate;
That from the proud isle snatch'd the gem of the west,
The land o'er all others by liberty blest!

They fearlessly launch'd into war in their prime,
And darken'd with perils their summer of time
To avert usurpation and freedom maintain,
The brightest of all of Britannian strain.

Sagacious to see, they were bold to repel
The stroke of encroachment, nor slept till it fell;
But, watching its movements, directed its fall;
Hence ocean drank cargoes design'd to enthrall.

Though fetters were forg'd they could not reach our shore;
We just heard them clank, but we felt not their power:
Say not then we came from a race, that could bear
To breathe any other than liberty's air.

We sprung not from mortals degraded and tame,
Who relish'd existence in slavery's shame.
No, Adams and Jefferson were of a race,
With millions for fight, not a cent for disgrace.

Great champions of Justice, they liv'd to behold
The coming of all that kind Hope had them told
When, darkness and dangers o'erclouding our doom,
The great Revolution seem'd kill'd in its bloom.

How happy, that Heaven awarded the meed
Of basking so long in the light of the deed,
Which hoisted, mid tempests, the standard of state,
The firm *Declaration*, asserting our fate!

They saw their America happily sail,
Avoid all the rocks, and advance with each gale,
Themselves at the helm, or in greatness retir'd,
And compass the objects their fondness desired.

They heard mighty millions, with filial zeal,
Lament for their wo, and rejoice for their weal,
As sires of a nation, for fifty bright years,
They rose, must we say, from the valley of tears?

They rose midst the thunders of that jubilee,
In which they declared that their country was free.
They rose, when the heavens seem'd leaning to earth,
To hear a great nation rejoice for its birth:

A country where justice is shielded by law;
Whereto from all climes high and lowly withdraw:
Whose lofty example incessant supplies
A guide to the nations beneath other skies.

Whatever of dangers a statesman may brave,
Whatever of labors a people may save,
Whatever of honors the good may obtain,
Were yours, hoary sages, the pride of our strain.

Yours, too, was the spirit, that never shall fail,
That flam'd in Thermopylæ's death-glutted vale,
That Runnymede shrouded, that lighten'd in Tell,
On Washington, Hampden and Lafayette fell;

That follows, unceasing, the march of the mind,
And leads on, in triumph, the rights of mankind.
By which war and wrong from the earth shall be hurl'd,
And justice and peace fill the throne of the world.

Blest sires! full of honors, of worth, and of days!
What millions to you shall a monument raise!
In the hearts of the great and the good it will rise,
The pride of the earth and the lov'd of the skies.

INDULGENCE INVOKED FOR THOSE WHO ESTIMATE THINGS DIFFERENTLY FROM OTHERS.

INDULGE the child of tender years;
What trifles melt his soul in tears!
For a bubble broke, or whistle lost,
In storm of grief his heart is tost!

Before his meek pretensions pause;
Nor judge with needless haste the cause;
Ah! let not thoughtless harshness rend
The gentle breast it seeks to mend!

O never, manhood, in thy noon
Forget life's tearful dawn so soon;
Nor overlook thy own decline;
A second childhood may be thine.

Thy wealth takes wings, and darkness vast
Upon thy day of life is cast:
An equal gloom o'erclouds the joys
Of youth for loss of worthless toys!

His views and playthings can you blame,
Because your own are not the same?
O think the flight of years has hurl'd
You far away from childhood's world!

Full soon will come life's chilly eve,
When little things again will grieve.
Let grateful manhood then assuage
The woes of youth, the ills of age.

THE PRESENT.

The present times are always bad:
'Twas such that made our fathers sad;
And such shall make our children mourn,
When we are past the fatal bourn.

What now is held is not complete:
Both past and future seem more meet;
For all departed joys can see;
And all far happier yet will be.

Great Milton "fell on evil days,"
A sadness dwells on Tasso's lays.
Hear Job of life and fate complain!
And Solomon tell that all is vain!

This man at home is ill at rest,
Amidst its blissful shades unblest!
Strange lands and dangers he must try,
And thus for home be taught to sigh.

Long practice, which perfects his skill,
And soon would brightest hopes fulfill,
Is irksome, and he quits his trade
To lose what self-denial made;

Or if he tugs the useful oar,
He feels as near a leeward shore:
Unlike the thousands luckier born,
Who easier fill the golden horn.

All states grow powerful, then decline,
The present mends the past design,
The structure former statesmen rear
The present sages rashly tear,

Bold ignorance boasting all the while,
How much its labors help the pile,
The daubers of a tavern's sign,
Retouching Raphael's works divine!

But one advantage favoring heaven
To woe-surrounded man has given;
It is to see without surprise
The present always is most wise!

Mind ebbs and flows; conceit remains;
In every age its pride retains:
Augustan, Periclean light,
To crusade hosts appear'd as night!

The skill that made the father gain,
The son considers crude and vain;
Though he in twenty months has lost
The wealth a life of cares that cost!

THE PAST.

The past abounds with giant men?
No poetasters flourish'd then?
Ah! many such obscur'd the past,
By winnowing time in darkness cast.

Unnumber'd shallow poets sung,
While Homer's mightier numbers rung
Unheard amidst the general din,
That sought the vulgar ear to win.

But soon the earth-born poems died,
And o'er them clos'd oblivion's tide.
Then unobscur'd by mists, and bright
The lofty Iliad strikes the sight.

Who rais'd the pile of living fire?
The Greeks through all their states inquire;
And find 'twas one both blind and poor,
Who sung for bread from door to door.

Dull mediocrity had won
The wreaths due Genius' deathless son,
And so conceal'd his lofty mind,
His birth-place long was undefin'd.

But now the chaff was swept away;
Both wits and readers turn'd to clay.
Ev'n death-tam'd envy hiss'd no more.
Those saw who would not see before!

The future, with a like surprise,
Shall on the present cast its eyes;
And see the great, now dimly seen,
For dulness' envy's mist between.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS TENDS TO PERFECTION.

All beings to perfection tend.
Th' exceptions general taste offend.
Both ugliness and weakness feel,
That love for them has little zeal;
While strength and beauty ever fire
The breast and kindle soft desire.

Why then should any race decay,
If art to nature yield the sway,
Who for the vigorous and the fair
Awakes in all a tender care;
But seldom stirs the heart to seek
The ugly, graceless, or the weak.

So all who happiness pursue,
Must needs approach perfection too:
Avoiding low and bad desires,
The soul to heavenly height aspires,
And there, at length, from discord free,
Abides with God in harmony.

THE MASTER PASSION RULES THE JUDGMENT.

JUDGE not, lest thou be judg'd; for know
The sun may spots of darkness show.
No one is with perfection blest;
On all detracting foibles rest.

E'en as thy neighbor seems to thee,
Thyself to all the world may be.
Some master passion rules his soul;
And art thou free from like control?

One wastes his wealth with lords to dine;
One starves himself in silks to shine;
Another, for poetic lays,
To poverty resigns his days.

This man to swell his heap of gold,
Enacts the slave to Fortune sold;
And though with cares and labors gray
Some think he scarce has liv'd a day.

Bright reason's intermittent gleam
Warns all to shun th' absurd extreme;
Yet each would understand her voice
To justify his passion's choice.

The man whose joy is slothful ease,
Or thriftless jaunts o'er lands and seas,
Would doubtless learn with much surprise,
That bliss from gathering wealth might rise.

Though hard and toilsome be the race,
The hunter still enjoys the chase:
No matter what the game may be;
Fame, riches, power, or luxury.

Says Ben, "though rich, G. coachless died;"
"And verseless, also," I replied.
Though pleas'd I read blank verse all day,
Most men will not as listeners stay,

But think of business left undone,
And fly th' amusement one by one;
Then may we not with truth opine,
All men's enjoyments are not mine?

And if we may a crowd disperse,
With seemingly attractive verse;
Might not a coach repulsive be
To those who would from cares be free?

If one must sport because he can,
The poorer were the luckier man;
Exempt from Fashion's whip and spur,
Which oft from Nature's path deter.

The use of wealth will be confin'd
To what delights the owner's mind;
And what to one is punishment,
Affords another sweet content.

SEEK A COMPETENCE.

This is not the age
That epics engage
The human attention!
Such age can you mention?

Simplicity sweet!
For childhood how meet!
Pray when was the time
The grand and sublime
Attracted the many?
And how few, if any,
Can bear to behold
The living enroll'd
With the mighty of old?
The ocean of thought
Meonides brought
'Tis said could not save
From want, though his grave
Was shook with dispute,
To win the repute
Of giving him birth,
When gone from the earth.

E'en Tasso, whose fame
Gilds Italy's name.
And Portugal's bard
Found Milton's reward;
On evil times cast:
Times always to last!
For though in each age
The glorious rage
Is felt by a few,
High merit that view,
As midway they soar;
'Tis not till life 's o'er
They speak of it slow
To the many below:
Thus Addison gave,
Almost from the grave,
To Milton, 'tis said,
To be prais'd, if not read.
As one then must pass
Through them to the mass,

Of Zeno take heed:
Provide against need;
Nor let the world taunt
The poet with want.

NIGHT PASTORAL.

'Twas night; the moon in pallid glory rose:
A flood of splendor from her disk she throws;
Displays the nightly sphere to mortal view,
And tips the mountains with a silvery hue.
Deep silence o'er the leafless forest reigns,
Save where the solitary owl complains;
Or wolves rapacious, in pursuit of prey,
Howl through the woods, and rue the borrow'd day;
Or where, in busy murmurs, flow the rills
In mazy courses down the snow-clad hills.
The farmers in their cottages regale,
Scan reason's chart as mov'd by passion's gale,
And things discuss as hopes or fears prevail.
Good Dimon, once the pride of youthful swains,
As was his Susan sharer of his pains;
And Dorcas, now in early beauty bright,
Her aged parents' pride and fond delight,
Secluded live, with humble means content,
And Dimon thus reviews his moments spent:
The clouds may scatter their collected snow,
The rivers freeze, and frigid Boreas blow,
Th' inclement winter hold his frosty reign,
For we have stored sufficient wood and grain.
Your Dimon spends his time not idle long;
Nor lets a summer pass away in song;
The stubborn farm has yielded to my cares,
And nourishment applied, luxuriant bears.
Though oft, my father said, when he was young
Mere shrubs and thorny briers from it sprung.

It long had been the summer range of cows
And fleecy sheep its scanty greens to browse.
Adverse to culture, that unfruitful soil
Most stingily responded to his toil:
But now, by lime and clover's quickening aid,
We see our labors gratefully repaid.
Blest industry! what happiness it brings!
Exhaustless source, whence all contentment springs;
The kindest law, on man impos'd by heaven
Is that by which his days to toil are given.

Sus. Our flocks supplied the garments by us worn;
But now, unshelter'd, see them wandering lorn;
Oppress'd by rising wind, they seem to say:
Remember us to ruthless cold a prey,
While man unthoughtful near a soothing fire,
In sweet contentment, sees its flames aspire.
How prone are we, while plenty round us flows,
To rest regardless of our creatures' woes!
Should those who merely for our interest live,
Meet such requital as we thoughtless give!

Dim. With joy I hear thee for their comfort plead;
Were they as we more shelter might they need;
But nature form'd them of a different kind;
Who shields them not is to his interest blind.
In verdant summer I propos'd to form
An ample shed to shield them from the storm,
And you consulted, straight the work forbade,
Else this reflection had not now been made.
Oh, Susan, Susan, (not unlike thy kind)
Why thus in search of ills employ the mind?

Dor. How drear and cold appear the mountains bright,
While lofty Luna gilds the sphere of night!
Thin fleecy clouds glide through the welkin pale,
And leafless trees sigh mournful to the gale.

Sus. Alas! how chang'd since you and Caleb sung
The flowery glades and blooming groves among!
His evening visit he will now delay,
For ice and snow-fraught winds obstruct his way.

Dim. Can lovers true be kept apart by storm,
Or rivers wide, though raging winds deform?
In other days when, bright in youth, I shone,
Ere some were born, long since to manhood grown,
I could unwearied thrice the journey go,
Through blustering tempest, flinging smothering snow;
Yet, blindly amorous that gallant must be,
Who treads this night the icy wilds for thee.
Before him far will buildings seem to rise,
Invested with the brightness of the skies;
But near approach, the fabrics disappear;
Still distant is the point he thought so near:
On lengthening road, though chill'd, he still must go,
With toilsome step, through banks of drifted snow.

Sus. But wast thou blind when first our love begun,
To visit me through storms and floods you run?
Or when to rival my melodious strains,
And win my heart, you sung the suitor's pains?
Deceptive, then, I tumbled to the ground,
And death apparent clos'd these eyes around.
Then you, low bending o'er the artful fair,
Bedew'd her breast with many a mournful tear;
And while the signs of sorrow glistening ran
In eloquence of grief, you thus began:

Oh, why forget those lovely eyes to roll,
That, darting living fire, inflam'd my soul?
Has heart-enchanting music stopp'd thy breath,
And borne thee to the gloomy gates of death?
Must that sweet voice delight the groves no more,
Nor charm the breast it often charm'd before?
This seems the subject of a recent dream,
In which I wander'd by the moon's pale beam
Through fragrant groves, and pleasing numbers sung:
All things seem'd listening to my tuneful tongue;
The zephyrs chang'd their course, and hovering o'er
My vocal grove, could softly breathe no more:
The birds were silent; rivulets ceas'd to flow;
And heaven cast wistful looks at earth below.

A secret anguish kindled in my breast;
But whence the cause no pondering could suggest.
At length, like flash of light, in shining tears,
With hair dishevel'd, thy fair form appears;
To grasp thee, swift I strive, but strive in vain;
You shun my kind embrace with rude disdain,
And thus address me: Dimon! grace my bier
With blushing roses, wet with many a tear?
Let friends lamenting in long order move,
And soothe my shade along my native grove.
Hang high thy harp on some dark cypress tree
To sigh to passing winds and mourn for me.
Excited at the view, I wildly scream,
And waking, gladly find it all a dream.
The sad presage I rightly read too late:
The problem dark is now resolv'd by fate.
Thus, deeply sorrowing, while the tear drops roll'd
Fast down thy cheeks, the piteous tale was told.
Then I from that delusive plight arose;
Else had I seen thy day in darkness close.
Dim. Full forty years have made the subject stale.
Once reason was too weak for passion's gale.
Experience since has temper'd well the mind:
To greater losses, now, it were resign'd.
Some wisdom in my later life appears;
Discards the follies of infantine years;
Excites desire again through life to wade,
To mend its errors and its ills evade;
But yonder comes our daughter's spark of hope,
I see him walking down the mountain's slope.
The more he toils to reach the object dear,
The more the lover proves his love sincere:
Hence through the cold I gladly see him come,
Presaging for our girl a happy home;
For all the virtues in his conduct shine:
Industrious, modest, frugal, with no sign
Of dissipation from tobacco's use,
Which often leads to drunk'ness from abuse;

Besides, he is just comfortably poor
Enough to make his virtues more secure,
And teach him to preserve as well as gain;
That what he gets will not be got in vain.
Then, let us to the grateful bed retire,
And to the young resign the cheerful fire;
They to each other will their views reveal,
While lulling slumbers o'er our senses steal,
Till weary nature yields to blissful rest,
And morning finds us with refreshment blest.

THE BRAVE.

THOUGH foreign foes the land invade;
Though ignorance, in bewildering shade,
Deems wandering comets, streaming far,
Portend fell pestilence and war;
Though superstition o'er the land
Throw terrors from her goblin hand,
Firm stand the brave, in proud disdain,
Like rocks that bound the stormy main.

When erring frenzy wildly burns,
And wit of multitudes o'erturns,
That onward rush, like torrent floods,
Or angry fires, through branching woods,
Vile demagogues to elevate,
At risk of ruin to the State;
Then interpose the virtuous brave,
And seek th' endanger'd land to save.

When darkening war-clouds, thundering near,
Inspire a nation's heart with fear,
And patriotism makes demand
Of vengeance for her native land;

Calls all her powers, leaves naught undone
To make all hearts unite as one;
Then on the brave turns every eye,
And all upon their worth rely.

In peace and war, their country's guard,
A grateful people shall reward:
Their names be held in memory long,
Inspiriting the patriot song.
Where rob'd in honors bright they sleep,
Admiring virtue comes to weep;
A nation's tears are o'er them shed;
They live, though number'd with the dead.

ON THE PIOUS MOTHER OF AUGUSTUS GRIFFIN.
JUNE, 1811.

From earthly cares and scenes unblest
The pious mother sinks to rest.
Death's pale embrace benign appears,
That bears her from the vale of tears
To glow again in youthful bloom,
Where never enters sorrow's gloom;
Where beauty ceases to repine,
Bright with intelligence divine.
But oh! how hard to break the ties
That held her from the blissful skies!
Fond friends and worthy children, all
Endear'd to her the stormy ball;
Besides the wish of one that lives
To keep the life that nature gives.
But could we hear, she now would say,
(Earth's night exchang'd for heavenly day,)
Farewell, vain world, a fate severe
Once made me wear grey tresses there.

My cause to mourn, on Earth your stay
Is more than yours that I'm away.
Life's ills, dear son, still menace thee,
From which your parent now is free.
All-conquering Death is hovering near
To lead you through his valley drear;
Be ready, then, ere long to come,
And share with me th' eternal home.

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

WHERE move the world and systems bright
Once brooded dark chaotic night.
Disorder'd matter, uncontroll'd,
In wild commotion fractur'd roll'd;
When God proclaim'd his sovereign law,
And, speaking, fill'd the deep with awe.
Creative virtue sunk profound:
Off flow'd the water, rose the ground,
The Sun and all that gild the sky
Then took their shining thrones on high:
The Earth rejoic'd, and day, in prime,
Commenc'd the ancient reign of time.
Then flitting scenes of life began;
Then rose the lion, horse, and man;
And birds, with various plumage gay,
Leap'd deftly on the budding spray;
Chirp'd sweetly, uttering glad surprise,
As newborn objects round them rise.
Then angels pour'd melodious praise
Of God's omnipotent displays.
  Lo! worlds created (thus they sung),
A man is given angelic tongue.
O how can we enough adore
Our God, or tell his boundless power!

Burst forth in praise, ye orbs of light,
To whom 'tis given to banish night;
Ye flowery fields, just sprung from gloom,
Sing praise and shine in fresher bloom:
Let every star resound the lay,
Nor cease through heaven's eternal day.
  Thus they; and swiftly downward wheel'd
To earth, they crossed the starry field;
Then o'er its surface flew, with smiles,
O'er ocean's deep and verdant isles;
O'er continents wide, now known no more,
Where rushing mountain billows roar;
Then upward sought the bright abode,
And joyful o'er heaven's pavement strode,
Near God, involv'd in living light,
Enchanting to the angelic sight:
When sudden, from his glowing throne,
A fiery, glimmering radiance shone,
From intermittent darkness dread,
And thunders mutter'd round his head,
While Sol cast pale and doubtful light,
As threatening to retire in night.
He spoke to one beside him there,
Of aspect mild, and heavenly fair:
  My son, I see expos'd to harm
What gives us joy—for which this arm
Restrain'd the elemental strife,
And boisterous chaos call'd to life.
A man I made, of angel kind,
To freely act as pleas'd his mind;
Before him set the good and ill,
And full explain'd our sovereign will.
But now towards the blooming world,
The fiend, you lately hellward hurl'd,
Progresses rapid; bent to reign
O'er man and make our labor vain.
'Twere well had he not been brought forth,
Nor grac'd the chambers of the north;

Or when you did my thunders wield,
Had clinch'd him to th' infernal field,
To howl unnumber'd years in vain
In immortality of pain:
Or, while our fatal rage did last,
Had hurl'd him with resistless blast
Beyond immensity, so far
No thought could reach nor ray of star.
Though man may well elude his snare,
Yet hell will seize him unaware.
Decisive justice must be done,
Though perish worlds and fade the sun;
Offending man shall hellward fly,
Ne'er to ascend our happy sky;
Unless some power divine atone
For his transgressions as his own.
  The heavenly hosts in silence heard,
And none to atone for man appear'd.
At length the son address'd the sire,
Calm rising midst the living fire:
  My will is thine; the task impose
To check the tide of human woes.
Though great the labor, pain and care,
For thee and man I'll patient bear.
Thy mercy softens judgment's ray;
Of justice tempers well the sway.
May man into thy truth be led
Without beholding rise the dead;
Induced to all things rightly do,
And e'en as they'd be done unto.
But ah, I fear their low desire
Unfits to know their heavenly sire:
Still victims to the false will die,
And crimes with vengeance cloud the sky.
Far distant is the happy time,
When all will know the will divine;
When Mammon's front to thee shall bow;
My flowers in Pagan temples grow;

When my redeem'd, not cloth'd with power,
Live peaceful, and all wars be o'er.
  While spoke the Son, the Father turn'd
To mildness; no grim vengeance burn'd,
Threat'ning to wrap all things in night,
Wreck heaven, and put the stars to flight.
  On earth the Son, as man, appears;
With mercy lights the vale of tears,
And precepts gives divinely fair,
By which mankind for heaven prepare.
  Mount Calvary soon beheld Him die.
How startled then were earth and sky!
Hell trembled. He her monarch bound,
And chain'd him on th' infernal ground;
Again his legions headlong hurl'd
To gnash and snarl in horror's world.
Then, reascending from the tomb,
Resum'd in heaven his deathless bloom.

UTOPIA.

WITHIN Utopia all is fair.
Such civilization triumphs there,
That none defensive arms need wield.*
The law o'er all extends its shield.
It's form of government is so good,
That, if with virtue manag'd, would
To person and to property
Accord desir'd security.
There wrong would not, with viper sting,
Through recreant courts its venom fling:
No scoundrel juror's perjur'd breath
On justice pour the blast of death;

* Thucydides considers the Athenians attained to civilization from the time they ceased to go armed.

No partial judge, with trickery, hide
His leaning to the popular side;
Right stating law, in words of art,
False senseto juror's to impart;
Nor low-bred counsel strut and prate
Of shameful, as of actions great;
Bad motives charge, for conduct just;
Pure truth o'erclouding with distrust;
For honesty, with noble soul,
Would dignify and all control;
And prejudice blind, and meanness fail
Of justice to disturb the scale.
  Of governments, then, it is confess'd,
The best administer'd is best;
The form is but a lifeless shell;
The ruler works it ill or well,
As under vice or virtue's sway:
Oh, let not virtue, then, decay;
Let every parson have a care
To bid his lambs not falsely swear,
As legislator, juror judge,
Or witness; nor from justice budge,
Though acting singly, or with crowd,
Where sneaks grow bold, from hope to shroud,
As one of twelve, their deeds of shame,
And bear but fractional part of blame;
For each, though countenanc'd here by eleven,
Must answer for himself to heaven.

TO THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

JUNE 13, 1861.

SIGN of our power, forever wave—
Power only felt as kind to save;
On thee proud realms respectful gaze:
We see with pride thy glory's blaze.
'Midst storms by valorous Virtue borne,
Grim danger gloomed thy early morn;
Oft, floating o'er thy bearer's bier,
Around thee flowed the patriot tear.
At length, emerg'd from trouble's night,
You shone in victory's cheering light:
Most, when on Trenton's icy field
You saw the host of England yield;
When, streaming over spirits bold,
War back from Saratoga roll'd;
When, banded with the troops of Gaul,
You triumph'd o'er Cornwallis' fall;
And when th' astonish'd seas beheld
The thunders of proud Albion quell'd,
Then victory, with realm-startling tongue,
O'er the wide world thy glory flung,—
O'er a broad continent bade thee wave,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and nerve the brave.
Earth's millions, panting to be free,
Still turn their hopeful eyes on thee,
And in thy peril quickly find
In thine the danger of mankind.
No patriots ask what party holds
The helm of state beneath thy folds,
When threat'ning enemies are nigh.
But swiftly to thy rescue fly.
When they behold thee tempest-tost,
They feel they in thy wreck were lost.

SANE party strife will silent be
As oft as danger frowns on thee.
  Shall foreign or domestic foe
Ere lay thy sky-born glories low?
Man's civilization backward roll?
Kill freedom and benight the soul?
The curses of th' indignant world
Shall at the snaky head be hurl'd,
That, with a traitorous purpose, dare
Degrade the dignity you bear.
  "Ambition's fools," for selfish ends,
Sow tares, and blast the ties of friends;
To seize the reins of guilty power
They bid the sword mankind devour.
They care not for the general woe,
If thence their private fortunes grow.
Such men, loved symbol of the free,
Would e'en lay traitorous hands on thee!
Make all our father's labors vain,
And on their sons place Slavery's chain.
But fierce as lightning cleaves the sky,
Again shall valor bear thee high
'Midst bleeding battle's stormy roar,
Until the wicked plague no more.

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